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J.O. 211

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

FROM

MAY TO AUGUST INCLUSIVE,

1827.

VOL. V.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

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PREFACE.

In consequence of representations which have been received from time to time, from several of the most respectable subscribers to this journal, it has been determined that the *Appendix* to THE MONTHLY REVIEW shall be discontinued. As it was published only three times in the course of the year, many unavoidable irregularities occurred with respect to its transmission to the country, which caused much inconvenience to those who preserved their sets for the purpose of being bound in successive volumes. This inconvenience was the more material, as the Index, on which great care is bestowed, and which forms an essential ingredient in a work so miscellaneous in its character, was uniformly inserted in the *Appendix* alone, as well as the Title-page and Table of Contents, which are equally indispensible to the completeness of the series.

Another disadvantage arising out of the distant intervals at which the *Appendix* was published, and which the modern fertility of the Foreign presses rendered too conspicuous to be neglected, was this—that as the best French, Italian, and German works were necessarily reserved for that part of the journal, six, and often twelve months elapsed, before those productions could possibly be introduced to the notice of our readers.

To obviate these and other inconveniences, which need not be enumerated, the *Appendix* will be altogether dispensed with. But, in order *that its useful and* very valuable object, the Review of

FOREIGN LITERATURE, may still be retained, and more effectually cultivated, *Three sheets* will be added to the *Seven*, which at present compose the Monthly Number. This addition of space will enable us to do justice to the foreign publications, immediately after they are imported, and also to give a page or two of Literary News, as well as a Monthly List of new Books, English and Foreign; both of which are naturally looked for in a Literary Journal.

As the description of matter, therefore, hitherto confined to the Appendix, will be considerably augmented, and distributed in equal proportions through each of the Monthly Numbers, in addition to the quantity of matter hitherto prescribed for those numbers, it is but equitable that the price of the *Appendix* should also be divided and appropriated in a similar manner. At present, a subscriber pays Twelve shillings and sixpence for each volume, unbound, and Thirteen shillings and sixpence, if not something more, for it, in boards. Under the new arrangement, it will cost him Fourteen shillings, thereby requiring an addition, obviously of no consequence, and which will be much more than remunerated by the great convenience the alteration will afford to all parties.

N. B. Four numbers will, in future, form a volume; and a *Title, Table of Contents*, and *Index*, will be given three times a year, in order to enable subscribers to complete their sets.

*** Those subscribers who have not yet received the last Appendix, which was published on the 1st of April, are requested to send their orders to Messrs. THOMAS HURST & Co., 65, St. Paul's Church-yard.

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ERRATA.

The reader is requested to correct the following errata, which occur in the two last numbers of Vol. IV.

P. 345, line 24 from the top, for Christiana, read Christina.

P. 347, place a semicolon after the words "to prove," line 18 from the top; and for the word "that," which immediately follows, read "but."

Same page, line 9 from the bottom, for Socinius, read Socinus.

P. 432, dele the article *a* before "banditti," in lines 15 and 22 from the bottom.

P. 436, top line, for "volume," read "volumes."

P. 448, dele "be," line 23 from the top,

P. 499, lines 12 and 24 from the top, for "Botany Bay." read "Bantry Bay."

In the Index, the references to Mr. Buckingham's Travels, in Mesopotamia, were omitted. The reader must therefore be directed to that work by the table of contents, which is prefixed to the fourth volume.

the whole picture, he has recourse to his pencil, and by a few masterly touches, makes us at once acquainted with the scene. So also with respect to the personal appearance of the Laplanders: he enters into all the minutiæ of their costume, their pursuits, enjoyments, and social and industrious habits; and though he speaks more favourably of them than some of his predecessors, yet he does not overlook the few, though unhappily increasing, vices, by which, added, perhaps, to the unimproveable character of the territory over which they wander, they are kept in a condition little removed from that of the Indian savage.

When we compare the account presented to us by Mr. Brooke, of the present state of the Laplanders, with those published nearly thirty years ago, by Dr. Smith and M. Von Buch, we lament to observe how little that people have advanced towards the refinements of civilised life. On the contrary, they would appear rather to have retrograded, in proportion as their increased commerce with foreign

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MAY, 1827.

Art. I. *A Winter in Lapland and Sweden, with various Observations relating to Finmark and its Inhabitants; made during a residence at Hammerfest, near the North Cape.* By Arthur de Capell Brooke, M.A., &c. 4to. pp. 612. 3*l.* 3*s.* London: Murray. 1827.

Mr. Brooke is already known to the public as the author of a pleasant volume of travels through Sweden, Norway, and Finmark, to the North Cape. In the work now before us, which may be considered as the sequel of his former production, we have a valuable mass of observations made by him during his residence at Hammerfest, on the peculiar manners and usages of the Laplanders; and also a highly interesting account of his return to Stockholm from the neighbourhood of the North Cape, in the depth of winter. Considering the bleak and ungenial nature of the field to which his survey was limited, we must do Mr. Brooke the justice to say, that he has clothed it in as many and diversified colours as it was possible to do. He leaves no spot worth attending to, undescribed; and where language fails, as it often must fail, to convey the whole picture, he has recourse to his pencil, and by a few masterly touches, makes us at once acquainted with the scene. So also with respect to the personal appearance of the Laplanders: he enters into all the minutiæ of their costume, their pursuits, enjoyments, and social and industrious habits; and though he speaks more favourably of them than some of his predecessors, yet he does not overlook the few, though unhappily increasing, vices, by which, added, perhaps, to the unimproveable character of the territory over which they wander, they are kept in a condition little removed from that of the Indian savage.

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countries has enabled them to obtain larger supplies of those pestilential liquors, which carry in their train all the vices of Europe, without any of its virtues. They are still a nomade people, their huts and their tents are still as wretched as ever they have been; they preserve, indeed, their phlegmatic, benevolent, and inoffensive dispositions, as well as that purity of morals among their females, for which they have been always distinguished. But it cannot be concealed, that the taste for ardent spirits has of late gained an ascendancy over them, and that its effects have not only interposed a serious obstacle to their improvement in religion, and in all the relations of social life, but have, moreover, corrupted the natural innocence of manners which had formerly been their stay and their ornament.

Mr. Brooke is careful in distinguishing throughout his work, between the Laplanders and the Finlanders, and shews that, in many respects, there is a marked difference between them, greatly in favour of the latter, although several travellers have confounded the two nations. The name of Finmark, however, properly belongs to the country which we call Lapland. Qualoen, or Whale Island, where he fixed his residence after his return from the North Cape, is about sixty miles in circumference, and less than a degree distant* from that extreme point. Its principal town is Hammerfest, and like all the Finmark isles, it is desolate and barren; its surface is broken and indented in the most fantastic manner, and the only wood which it produces, consists of a dwarf birch, which rises to about the height of a man. In such a country, this scarcity of fuel is most sensibly felt, and it is the more remarkable, as it is said that in former ages wood was generally abundant in the northern parts of Europe. It is attributed by some of the natives to the increasing severity of the climate, and apparently not without reason, as every year adds to the magnitude of the glaciers, even in the more southern districts of Norway.

Mr. Brooke describes the bay of Hammerfest as not only well sheltered, but sufficiently capacious to contain the whole British navy. The harbour is small, but so completely land locked, that even when a gale is raging on the outside, it is as unruffled as a lake. Both the bay and harbour are much frequented by Russian, Norwegian, and English vessels, which trade with the island for stockfish. The principal British merchant established at Hammerfest, is Mr. Crowe, to whose hospitality and kindness our author expresses himself on all occasions greatly indebted. That gentleman appears to be the great medium of barter between the natives of Finmark and England: he is the admired dispenser of jewels, bonnets, gowns, shawls, and all the artillery of the toilet among the ladies of Qualoen; in return for which he obtains

* 70° 38′ 34″

the furs, and fish, and fish-oil, collected by their industrious husbands.

Where such exchanges take place, it may be supposed that gaiety sometimes lifts her laughing face upon the scene—rocky, fishy, and Lappish, though it be. In fact, Hammerfest, and Fuglenæs on the opposite side of the bay, appear to have their fashionable *seasons*, as well as London, if Mr. Brooke's memory may be depended upon, after the life of dissipation which he led there. We must give his description of an evening party, at a period when the arrival of a great number of vessels had made a considerable addition to the society of Fuglenæs.

'Mr. Crowe had now returned from Tromsöe, whither his affairs had called him previous to my visit to the Cape: and the addition of so many strangers to the little society of the place, in consequence of the number of vessels that had arrived, combined with the fine weather, gave a lively air to the scene. Fuglenæs was the great centre of gaiety, and my chamber at the Red House nightly resounded with the notes of mirth and merriment. So constant and uninterrupted a train of festivity did not, in truth, exactly suit me; as, there being but two chambers, it was necessary to give up that which I occupied for the accommodation of the visitors. This not a little deranged my books, sketches, and other things, which were obliged, in consequence, to be thrown hastily together in a corner, or be exposed to the curiosity of the merry party, that could not sufficiently admire the execution of the most trifling articles. Any thing, in fact, of English workmanship, was regarded by them with the greatest interest, as affording no small contrast with the rude and simple manufactures of Norway. Notwithstanding the interruption this occasioned me, yet the good humour and honest frankness of all made me willingly submit to the inconvenience. One evening, the whole small society of Hammerfest would come in their boats to drink punch and smoke their pipes at the Red House; and this number being swelled by the captains of the different vessels, the party was consequently pretty numerous. My little room then resounded with the loud effusions of hearts unacquainted with care, and little anxious about what the morrow would produce. These drinking bouts were conducted with such spirit, that it reminded me of the good old days, when our ancestors were in like manner worthy disciples of Anacreon, and would have caused a blush in the cheeks of the degenerate water-drinkers of the present age. They were in fact so determined, that many a head, far stronger than my own, would have sunk in the conflict; and I really despaired, that any exertions, however great, on my part, during my short residence, could render me a worthy companion to such men as the Foged, Meyer, Aargaard, or Jentof. The first of these was a giant, with powers unrivalled in Finmark. Enveloped in smoke, and swallowing streams of liquid fire, the sheriff was, in fact, the soul of every party; and his arrival at Hammerfest from Alten, where his presence was frequently required from his high office, was the speedy fore-runner of a succession of jovial parties. At these the only liquor drunk is punch, wine being almost unknown in Finmark: except that occasionally a few bottles of a villanous black compound find their way from Bremen or Flensburg, and enabling those *who can afford to drink* it to form no other idea of that

wine, the name of which it bears, than what its colour may suggest. This however is rarely the case, as the merchants wisely prefer their own native liquor; and in the making of this the ladies of every family are so skilful, that, having once tasted the nectar which flows from their hands, it is scarcely possible to resist its temptations. They nevertheless do not participate farther in these ceremonies, than entering occasionally to replenish the bowls. These bouts in summer time commence generally about six o'clock, and in winter about four, and are carried on without intermission till after midnight. Every one brings his pipe: without this he would be miserable, and not even the punch could make him feel comfortable. The room is presently filled with a smoke so dense, that it is difficult to distinguish persons. Most of the company during this time are deeply engaged, each with his pipe in his mouth, at their favourite game of whist; while the remainder pace the room with slow and measured steps. Now the first toast is announced by the master of the house, which is *Gammel Norge*, 'Old Norway!' The effect produced is electrical; the whole party instantaneously rise, the capacious glasses are filled to the brim; every one then touches with his own the top of each in the room, which is called *klinking*, and is similar to our old fashioned custom of hob-nobbing; and the contents are drunk off, and smoking resumed, till the national song of Norway is commenced, and sung in loud chorus by all with the greatest enthusiasm.'—pp. 17—20.

Mr. Brooke favours us with a copy of this Norwegian national song, and also with a translation, which is adapted as nearly as possible to the metre of the original. It enumerates with much simplicity the few enjoyments of which man is susceptible in that climate, and a convivial spirit shines through every verse, which will, perhaps, compensate to many readers for its deficiency in other respects.

'Should I dwell on the lofty mountains,
Where the Laplander, on his snow skates, with his rifle shoots the reindeer;
Where a fountain bubbles up,
And where the ptarmigan flutters in the heath:
With my song will I bring forth
Every treasure concealed within the fissures of the rocks;
With them am I happy and rich,
Buy wine and pay my expenses.
The summit of the rock which bears the pine
Is the free town of jovial souls,
The noise of the world beneath
Reacheth not to my "cloud capt" dwelling.

'Should I dwell in the green valley,
Where a river meanders gently through rich grassy meadows;
Where my saloon is a cottage of leaves,
And the produce of the earth satisfies me;
Where the playful sheep and lambs
Skip about, and nibble leaves, and where the oxen low:
I there laugh heartily at the boastings of fashion,

And at interest of money which increases riches.
From my lowly peaceful dale
I see the fall of many of the mighty,
Sit in safety on my grassy sod,
And empty my goblet " to friendship."

'Should I live near the naked beach,
On a holm* abounding with eggs, in the midst of the rolling billows,
Where a flock of birds on the water
Pursues the herring, sprat, and morten †:
If I then get a draught of fish,
So full of roes that my boat is in a fair way of sinking,
I am happy, rich, and satisfied.
Let the miser complain as long as he pleases,
One dish suffices for the table of the contented.
Long may fish swim! that was the toast
On which I took my glass,
Sang and drank, Long may the fisheries flourish!

'Let us sing then the mountain, the valley, and the strand;
Gold from the rocks, bread from the valley, and fish in abundance from the shores.
Let the fool drink water;—
Fill you your glass with wine to the brim!
Norway is not a desert:
Joy is there cherished even by Nature herself.
Let who that will be a Turk,
Sit thirsty, peevish, and ill-natured!—
We drink Norway's honour and prosperity,
Sing of our valleys, mountains, and shores,
And wish that every thing may prosper with those,
To whom our country and society are dear.'—pp. 22—24.

Among the toasts we are pleased to find, that " Gammel Engeland,"—Old England—was not forgotten. These drinking bouts are not in the least interrupted by the balls which take place almost every other night. The only difference is the introduction of the fair sex and a violin, 'the smoking and drink being carried on with the usual spirit.' The prevalent dances are the waltz, the polsk, and the hopska. The first is well known; the polsk, we lament to say, we know nothing about; but the hopska (query, hop*skip*?) is said to differ little from our country dances, except that it embraces a greater variety of figures. The ladies are remarkable for their personal attractions, for the elegance of their dresses, and particularly for the peculiarly graceful manner in which they display their beautiful light hair.

While residing at Fuglenæs and Hammerfest, Mr. Brooke had many opportunities of seeing the Laplanders of Finmark, whom he

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* 'Holm means, in Norwegian, a rocky isle, the resort of sea fowl.'
† 'Morten, is *young sey or coal-fish*; *in* Scotland they are called podleys.'

justly considers as the most genuine specimens of this singular race. One class of these still lead the lives of the primitive shepherds; and as the mountains and forests which gave them birth offer no attractions either to Russia or Sweden, it is probable they will go on to the dissolution of the globe, in the same wandering habits. In the summer, they invariably migrate from the interior parts of Lapland to its coast, and visit the neighbouring islands. One of the reasons assigned for this uniform practice is this, that the interior of the country, particularly that portion of it which is covered by forests, is so infested 'by various species of gnats, and other insects, that no animal can escape their incessant persecutions. No creature suffers more than the rein-deer from the larger species (*œstrus tarandi*), as it not only torments it by its sting, but even deposits its egg in the wound it makes in the hide.' In order to preserve his herd, the Laplander, therefore, migrates to the coast, which is unfriendly to these insects. Another reason which he gives for this movement, arises from a general belief, that 'it is absolutely necessary to the existence of the rein-deer, that they should once during the summer drink the salt water.'

'This, which appears not a little singular, I had no opportunity of witnessing, as it only takes place immediately on the arrival of the herd from the inland parts; but all constantly agreed in saying, that as soon as the deer arrived in sight of the ocean, they hastened forward with one accord, and drank eagerly of the salt water, though they were never observed to drink it afterward during the time they remained near it. I was informed also, that this draught was efficacious in destroying the larvæ of the gad-fly, which lays its eggs in the hide of the deer, before they leave the forests, and that instinct prompts them to adopt this remedy.'—p. 33.

Upon this occasion of their periodical visit to the coast, the Laplanders carry with them all their merchandise, consisting of rein-deer skins and horns, the skins of bears, foxes, gluttons, and martens, and the feathers of the ptarmigan, which they barter with the merchants of the coast for coarse cloth, meal, gunpowder, tobacco and brandy. We regret to hear from so competent a witness as Mr. Brooke, that the passion of the Laplander for spirits is so great, 'that the whole produce of his deer-skins, furs, and other articles of commerce, is often bartered for brandy; so that when he is about to return to his winter quarters, he is occasionally obliged, though with reluctance, to part with his deer, in order to supply himself with what is absolutely necessary to him.'

From the description which our author gives of the tents of these inland Laplanders, it appears they are still the same as they were fifty and a hundred years ago. They consist of a mere rag of coarse cloth, manufactured chiefly in Sweden and Norway, which is supported by three branched poles of birch. They are so open at the top, and even at the sides, that though

they may afford protection against the rude blast, they can scarcely be said to supply any shelter from the cold. Yet under this wretched covering they endure the long winter, wrapped up in their rein-deer skins and heavy leathern socks, which, however, are sufficient to keep them perfectly warm, even when the thermometer is below Zero. They are distinguished from the coast Laplanders by that haughty spirit of independence, which usually marks the character of mountaineers. They are surly, morose, suspicious, inhospitable and sometimes even hostile towards strangers, until their good will is won by a glass of brandy, or any other equally acceptable present. An ounce of tobacco changes them in a moment from enmity to kindness. They are, like all the other northern tribes, of diminutive stature, though not so short, it appears, as those which are more south. They are bony, muscular, active, capable of enduring the most astonishing degree of fatigue and privation; their hands and feet are very small; the voice thin and weak, and disagreeable to a foreigner, from its squeaking tone.

The Laplander who is master of a herd of four or five hundred deer, may be said to be in a comfortable condition. They supply him with cheese the year round, and abundance of exquisite venison for his family. Should his herd dwindle to two hundred, if he have only a small and frugal family, he still can get on; if it should be reduced to one hundred, his subsistence becomes precarious; and if to fifty, he must either join his to some larger herd, and perform all the menial offices for the master, in order to gain a livelihood, or he must give his small stock in charge to a friend, and repair to the coast and follow the fishing line. He is a tremendous consumer. When very hungry, he eats like a jackall, if he can; and if necessary, he introduces into his interior as much solid food as will last him some days! But this happens only in winter, when he chiefly lives upon the finest venison in the world. In summer he becomes abstemious, and subsists chiefly on milk, curds, and cheese.

By the way, we wish that Mr. Brooke could prevail on some of his Lappish friends to send us over a cargo or two of their milk. He advises all idle epicures to take a trip to Finmark, were it only for the purpose of tasting this fascinating beverage! We fancy the arrangement would be more acceptable, which would allow the said epicure to indulge himself at home. By all accounts, the milk is delicious. A portion is set by in summer for the purpose of being frozen. When reduced to ice, it appears formed in square logs. Its flavour is highly aromatic, from the kind of herbage which the deer browzes upon in summer. In colour and consistency, it resembles rich cream; but though peculiarly grateful to the palate, much of it would be unwholesome. It is remarkable that this milk, exuberant as it is, produces hard, dry, disagreeable cheese, which *no mortal, save a Laplander*, can taste, unless it be

toasted. Butter he seldom or never makes, as the cheese is more useful.

The second class of Laplanders, consisting of those who dwell on the coasts, differ, in some respects, from those of the forest and mountain. They are more hospitable, more benevolent, and less suspicious. In all other respects, allowing for the difference of their occupations, their characters are similar. Mr. Brooke will not allow that any of the Laplanders want courage, though he admits that they are no soldiers. They all enjoy an extraordinary degree of good health. If attacked by rheumatism, or pain in any particular part, they cauterise it, and find the remedy effectual. Vaccination has put an end to the plague of the small-pox amongst them. They are generally blear-eyed, in consequence of the glare of the snow as some affirm, or of the perpetual smoke in which they live, as others maintain. Both causes, perhaps, conspire to afflict them with this disagreeable infirmity. We have already mentioned their predilection for ardent spirits. It is so universal, that 'no inconsiderable part of a Laplander's life is literally passed in a state of intoxication.' Mr. Brooke mentions one fact which places this matter beyond doubt. 'At one shop, alone,' he says, 'a barrel of brandy of thirty-six gallons, was daily drank in single glasses, during the space of four months.' The greater part of the Sabbath is spent in inebriety, and the sacred ceremonies of confirmation, marriage, and even of burial, are never celebrated without giving rise to scenes of the grossest intemperance. The misfortune is, that the Finmark merchant finds it his interest to gratify this passion of the Laplanders; and this misfortune is greatly aggravated by the fact, that throughout the whole country, not a single clergyman is to be found capable of preaching to his flock in their native language.

Strange to say, the passion of love, which is usually supposed to prevail in a greater or less degree wherever man meets the glance of woman, is scarcely known among the Laplanders. 'Love,' says Mr. Brooke, in language somewhat bombastical, 'love, which in hotter climes kindles at a thought, and, blazing fiercely, consumes itself in its own flames, appears to have its pinions frozen by the snows of the frigid zone, and to lie torpid beneath the chilling embrace of an almost perpetual winter.' The conjugal tie, it may easily be supposed, is therefore seldom violated; nor is the parental one of any lengthened duration. As soon as the children are able to shift for themselves, they are abandoned to their own exertions. Theft is so little practised amongst them, that the doors are left generally unbolted; and property of every description is exposed in the open air. They had, formerly, many superstitions, of which they still retain a few, notwithstanding their adoption of Christianity.

It has been often a subject of inquiry among northern travellers, whether any sound proceeded from the Aurora If we rightly

remember Captain Parry's observations on this matter, they never enabled him to come to any conclusion in the affirmative. Mr. Brooke *imagines* that he heard a sound on one occasion, as of a faint rushing noise, but as he never heard it again, he is not able to speak upon this point with any certainty. He adds, however, that numbers of respectable persons whom he met in Finmark, attested, generally, the fact of an audible sound accompanying the Aurora. Against their testimony we have the negative evidence of several travellers, who have witnessed that phenomenon hundreds of times without feeling that it was attended by any noise whatever; whereas, in support of it, other travellers assert that they have actually heard a noise repeatedly. Hearne positively affirms, that in still nights, he has frequently heard the northern lights make "a rustling and crackling noise, like the waving of a large flag in a fresh gale of wind." Is it improbable that the noise, or the absence of it, depends upon the electric, or non-electric state of the atmosphere, at the time the Aurora lightens?

As to the source of the Aurora itself, it has long been a matter of vain conjecture among the philosophers. The best opinions seem to connect it with electrical causes. The lower classes of Finmark have a strange fancy, that the northern lights are produced by 'the immense shoals of herrings in the Polar sea, which, when pursued by large fish, make a sudden turn, and the luminous appearance which takes place in consequence, from the agitation of the waters, and, perhaps, their own natural phosphorescent qualities, they believe to be reflected by the heavens, and to occasion the Aurora.' The Laplanders, on the other hand, imagine the lights to be the shades of their departed relations dancing about, believing that, in some of the gleams, they can recognise a father, a mother, and now and then a group of evil spirits.

Mr. Brooke quitted Hammerfest about the middle of November, on his return to Stockholm. By this time the degree of light was so small in that latitude, that candles were necessarily used during the day. In order to accomplish his journey, or at least, in order to pay his way through it, he was obliged to turn merchant, and to provide himself with a quantity of trinkets and hardware. Nothing but Swedish currency could be of any use to him in the shape of money, and this was only to be procured in exchange for merchandise. He gives a very full and entertaining description of the preparations which were made by himself, and by a large party to which he belonged, for the journey. It will be sufficient for our purpose to observe, that the vehicle to which, after being completely enveloped in skins and furs, he was committed, resembled a boat, 'in length seven feet, in breadth about sixteen inches, and its general depth eight; the back-board or stern part being about sixteen. The head of the *pulk* (as it is called), comes to a point like the canoe; the stern is flat, and the bottom, or keel, convex. *Above, it has an oval* half-deck in front, covered with

seal skin.' This is the sort of machine which is generally used by merchants and travellers in Lapland. To a stranger, it is obviously exceedingly difficult at first to preserve his balance in the pulk, while it is whirled onward with great velocity by the reindeer. In fact, if he were not well bound up in it with thongs and skins, he would be flung out at every step. Add to this the delights of traversing unbeaten tracts of snow and ice, in the middle of winter, through a long uninterrupted night, the sun all the while lingering among his more favoured climes. The reader will, perhaps, be enabled to form some idea of the enviable situation in which Mr. Brooke was placed on this occasion, from the following light-hearted description of his embarrassments.

'The morning was cold and stormy; I was jaded, miserably tired for want of rest, and just on the point of being tied to the tail of a wild deer, and dragged at random in the dark, in a kind of cock-boat, some hundred miles across the trackless snows of Lapland. In truth, I was never less inclined for such an expedition, and had something like the sensations, which an inexperienced horseman feels when mounted upon a spirited steed, and about to take the first high fence at the commencement of a fox-chase. Our pulks were ranged together in close order; and the *wappus* (guide) having performed the last office for us, by tying each of us in as fast as possible, and giving us the rein, jumped into his own, and then slightly touching his deer with the thong, the whole of them started off like lightning. I had not time to reply to Mr. Aasberg's parting exclamation of *Luk paa reise* (good luck to your journey) as we flew past him, but I devoutly wished within myself it might be realised.

'The want of light rendered it difficult to distinguish the direction we were going in, and I therefore left it entirely to my deer to follow the rest of the herd, which he did with the greatest rapidity, whirling the pulk behind him. I soon found how totally impossible it was to preserve the balance necessary to prevent its overturning, owing to the rate we were going at, and the roughness of the surface in parts where the snow had drifted away, the pulk frequently making a sudden bound of some yards, when the deer was proceeding down a smooth, slippery declivity. In the space of the first two hundred yards I was prostrate in the snow several times, the pulk righting again by my suddenly throwing my weight on the opposite side. My attention was too deeply engrossed by my own situation, to observe particularly that of my fellow travellers, or to be able to assist them. The deer appeared, at first setting off, to be running away in all directions, and with their drivers alternately sprawling in the snow. As I passed Mr. Heineken's deer at full speed, I observed, to my great wonder, the former turn completely over in his pulk, without appearing to sustain any damage, or his deer at all to relax his pace. My turn was now arrived; and as we were descending a trifling declivity, and about to enter the fir forest, a sudden jerk threw the pulk so completely upon its broadside, that I was unable to recover it; and I was dragged in this manner for a considerable distance, reclining upon my right side, and ploughing up the snow, which formed a cloud around me, from the quick motion of the vehicle. My deer, before this happened, had been nearly the foremost in the race; this unfortunate accident, however, enabled the rest to come up,

and I had the mortification of seeing the whole pass me, without their being able to stop their deer to render me any assistance, the *wappus* being already far a-head. Among this number was Lundsted the Swede, who appeared, from the experience of the day before, to be going along in excellent style; and I could not help thinking how completely the laugh was now against me. To render my situation more helpless, on losing my balance I had lost also the rein; and though I saw it dancing in the snow within an inch of my hands, I was unable, from the position I lay in, to recover it. Notwithstanding the great increase of weight, the deer relaxed but little of his speed, making greater exertions the more he felt the impediment. The depth of snow, however, in parts, exhausted the animal, and he at length stopped for an instant breathless, and turned round to gaze upon his unfortunate master. I began to fear I also was now going to receive some punishment for my awkwardness; but after resting a moment, he again proceeded. In the mean time I had been enabled to recover the rein, as well as to place myself once more in an upright posture, and we continued our way at increased speed.

'This accident had thrown me back so greatly, that no traces of the rest of the party were to be seen; nor could I hear the sounds of the bells fastened round the necks of the deer. The fear of being entirely left behind, and the situation I should then be in, made me regardless of ever thing, and I urged on the deer to the utmost. I was now crossing a thick wood of firs, which proved a constant impediment to my progress. Getting entangled among the trees, and being obliged, beside attending to the balancing of the pulk, to steer clear of these, the task was still more difficult for one so inexperienced; and in the course of a mile I had so many overturns, that at last I cared little about them. Presently I heard the distant tinkling of a bell; and was rejoiced to find I was gaining upon the rest. It was not long before I overtook one of the hindermost, who had experienced some accident similar to my own; and on coming up with the main body, the *wappus* made a halt, to give the deer a little breathing, and to collect the scattered party. In a few minutes we were all assembled; no injury had been sustained by any one, a few rolls in the snow having been the only consequences; and we started again.'—pp. 410—413.

When the party arrived at running streams or rivers, they were obliged to follow the Lappish practice of leaping each deer, with its driver and pulk together. This was not always done without an immersion in the water. It is easy to imagine that a five-barred gate is nothing to this sort of steeple-chase. The stages for repose not being yet regularly ascertained in Lapland, our travellers were quite at liberty to stop wherever they thought they were least likely to be buried in the snow. Of venison, and punch, and chocolate, they seem to have had a sufficient store; and though exposed during sleep to all the rigour of the elements, they appear to have suffered no inconvenience on that score. Two of the guides being called up one morning, a little before their usual time, from their couch of snow, dryly made answer, that they could not move, being *frozen to the ground*, adding, that nothing but a dram could thaw them!

The cold at this time was excessive, the thermometer being at sixteen degrees below Zero. Under such circumstances, the effects of the application of cold iron or steel to the skin, are not a little singular. A knife raised to the lips will stick to them, and bring away with it the skin which it touches. It produces the same sensation as if the blade were red hot. The dense mists, also, which appearing at first in the distance, like a tiny cloud, suddenly overspread the whole face of the country, are a fruitful source of inconvenience to the traveller, particularly while traversing the elevated regions which lead from Lapland to Sweden. In going down the descents of the mountains, the pulk, not unfrequently, acquires a velocity, which urges it before the deer; the animal gets entangled in his traces, and down roll the deer and vehicle with its firm burthen, helter-skelter, one over the other, till they reach the bottom in amazement at their safety!

Such being a few of the difficulties attending a tour in Lapland, one is surprised to hear that it was attempted by an English lady—Lady G. Tickel, accompanied by her husband; who, however, on proceeding as far as Drontheim, deemed it more prudent to retrace her steps. Mr. Brooke informs us, that she had intended to take Lapland and Russia on her way to Palestine! whither she was bound on a visit to her sister, the celebrated Lady Hester Stanhope.

Towards the latter end of December, our author arrived at Tornea, a town well known as having been twice the theatre of the operations of French and Swedish academicians, for the purpose of measuring a degree at the Polar circle. This town, we need hardly say, has been also frequently visited by distinguished travellers, who wished to observe the 'singular spectacle of *the midnight sun*,' which is here visible for a short time during the summer solstice. At Tornea, too, our author saw the sun for the first time, during an interval of two months.

'Christmas day, on which I little expected to have found myself at Tornea, arrived, and was marked by an event, which could not but make a considerable impression upon me—the reappearance of the sun. For some days I had been expecting this; but our arrival at Tornea, and attention to other things, prevented my thinking farther on it. About half after eleven o'clock, however, as we were crossing the river, turning my head accidentally to the south, what was my surprise to see the sun risen over the frozen waters of the gulf, and already about a diameter above the horizon! It was indeed a glorious sight to us, who had not seen its rays for two months, and I gazed on it with rapture. Nature appeared suddenly to revive, and every thing to put on a cheerful appearance. The morning was clear and delightful; and the pure surface of the river, sparkling with frost, glittered in the new sunbeams. Before one o'clock it again sunk beneath the horizon, and the same pleasing twilight prevailed as before.'—p. 558.

From Tornea, Mr. Brooke and his party pursued their way to

Stockholm, where we shall take leave to bid him "good bye," assuring him that we have been much amused with his very pleasant, lively, and intelligent manners as a traveller and a scholar. He may be at times, perhaps, prolix, and now and then disposed to rhapsodise, but he always writes with a warm interest in his subject; upon which he appears to have collected all the information that it was possible to acquire.

Art. II. *Observations on the impropriety of Men being employed in the Business of Midwifery.* 8vo. pp. 56. London: Hunt and Clarke, 1827.

It is astonishing at first sight, that such a thing as a man-midwife could be long tolerated in this country of modesty and morality. The exotic was derived by us from France; a country of which we may say, that its example never seems worthy of imitation in the eyes of our professional men, except on those occasions when it has neither reason nor nature on its side. But even there, the cultivation of man-midwifery has been materially checked: and the *sages femmes* are now rapidly increasing in number and repute.

We look on the man-midwife as neither more or less than an usurper: he has taken possession of the natural office of respectable old ladies: he subsists upon vulgar bugbears: he sits supreme arbiter of the puerperal chamber: he is no better than his name imports, a mere menial old woman. He can boast of having expelled the whole race of matrons; a gentle and a genial craft, whose ministry was at once so safe and so soothing. What could be more decent than their attendance on the mother elect? Their "stealthy pace," as they glided from side to side, appearing in a moment at any part of the couch, where the patient might want their presence, would not have discomposed an eye-lash: ever ready with their word of sympathy or comfort; (*haud ignaræ mali miseris sucurrere discunt*), forbearing to answer the frowardness of their pain-stricken companion, but taking all in gentleness, and waiting her humour through the long, long night, with unwinking vigilance. And then, when the danger is over, how their frown dissipates, and that low tender accent which seemed to be but the echo of the patient's sigh, is changed to a tone of congratulation: and in time, they ring out their grateful anecdote, or rally the new mother upon past perils and distresses, making the very bed-posts shiver with their modest mirth and simple pleasantries. Who is there that does not lament that any necessity should exist for the extinction of so amiable a race; ill-exchanged as we think they are for a succession of male functionaries?

Not only is the service of the one natural and desirable, but the attendance of the other is abhorrent, at least, to those whom cus-

custom has not conciliated to the usage. Does then a real necessity exist for the employment of accoucheurs; or is not the plea for that necessity altogether delusive? Have they not, in good earnest, obtained possession of this branch of practice by stratagem; by working upon fear and ignorance in the first place, and establishing, by the most artful means, the example of a few, into the final custom for the many? We apprehend that the right of determining these questions must finally rest with medical men themselves: and we think that the testimony of one of the faculty, supposing him to be a person of the necessary degree of talent and experience to make his authority of sufficient value, against the expediency of male practitioners, is not far from being conclusive on the subject. We say so for this reason: It is a declaration made directly in the teeth of his own interests; and it is next to impossible, that such a man would hazard a proposition, which, if unfounded, would, he knows very well, tend to be very mischievous in practice. We allude to the recent letter of Sir Anthony Carlisle, which has created a strong sensation in the medical circles.

"Man-midwifery," he says, "has only been practised in England during the last hundred years, and it was introduced as a French fashion. From the beginning it has been strongly opposed, on the score of its indecency, by many distinguished and scientific medical men, and also, because the birth of mankind appeared to them to be a purely natural process, so wisely ordered, *that it very rarely demands any other aid than experienced mothers can safely give.* Even so late as the time of the illustrious mother of his present Majesty, that exemplary Queen was personally attended by good Mrs. Draper, without difficulties or misadventures; whereas the contrary result, under male management, in the fatal affair of the Princess Charlotte, and her infant, will be long remembered.

"If it should be asked why so many professional men addict themselves to a degrading vocation, it may be answered, that the practice of man-midwifery *leads to unlimited power in every family*, and thence to lucrative ends. Women, naturally timid, and ignorant of their own structure, are peculiarly exposed, during the most important office of their existence, to the persuasions or menaces of more knowing persons, and they are thence easily made to believe, that the natural and wholesome delays and pains of child-bed are within the control of medical or surgical art,—an assumption which is too generally acted upon, and with unvarying evil consequences, because it is a violation of the ways of nature."

We do not understand the writer to propound, that in no case whatever is the assistance of a surgeon to be admitted, although we will venture to say that whenever his opinion comes to be combatted, the argument of his adversary will turn upon the assumption, that he had ventured upon that universal proposition. At least such has been the course pursued in the only deliberate notice of Sir Anthony Carlisle's opinion, which we have seen, proceeding from Dr. Jewell, a very eminent and esteemed professor of the obstetric art.

"If," he observes in reply, "the functions of parturition were never opposed by physiological difficulties, nor the system of the female affected by disease, midwifery would never have existed as a science; but it is these difficulties, and this aberration from healthy structure, which declare the necessity of midwifery as a science; and I would appeal to all unprejudiced practitioners, whether such do not impede the progress of labour oftener than once in "a thousand cases!" The register of every lying-in institution in the kingdom, will be a sufficient contradiction to this gratuitous assertion. Again, I would appeal to any man competent to a faithful discharge of his professional duties, whether circumstances as unforeseen as alarming, do not commonly arise, which, if not instantaneously controlled, prove destructive to the patient: and I would ask, whether there is a woman to be found possessed of sufficient nerve and capability to carry into effect those means upon which the safety of a patient so frequently depends.

"A strict knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the parts, both in a healthy and morbid state, concerned in the process of parturition, is equally necessary for the operative practitioner in midwifery, as general anatomical and physiological knowledge is for an operative surgeon, from the acquirement of which, women are in a great measure precluded; besides, a woman, unfitted by nature, as she is, for scientific mechanical employment, can never possibly use obstetric instruments with advantage or precision, had she presumption enough to undertake their management. And I do maintain, that when difficulties, whether mechanical or otherwise, do present themselves, that practitioner will be able to render the most effectual assistance, who is most familiar with parturition in all its varieties, by attending upon all cases indiscriminately."

In this passage, we believe, is compressed the whole case of the accoucheurs. Because in one out of a vast number of cases, it is possible that a man-midwife may be of use therefore, say they, employ him in all instances. This is the reasoning of those gentlemen. Suppose that once in eight hundred times, it becomes necessary to perform such an operation in midwifery, as very dextrous and refined surgery is alone equal to; we ask, will the attendance of the operator in the other seven hundred and ninety-nine ordinary cases, fit and prepare him to execute his part in the difficult one? No such thing; but it is the art of the male midwives to diffuse an opinion that it will. To wield skilfully and successfully either forceps or crotchet, at a given time, depends on the experience a man has had in the actual use of those instruments before: indiscriminate acquaintance with midwifery cases avails nothing towards giving him a command of those revolting engines, which we have just named. Keep off the doctor, then, until the emergency arises, which calls for his interference: let him indeed be within summons, in case any lingering apprehensions disturb the sufferer: but before this armed pacificator is introduced to the patient, let it be ascertained from the attending matron, that nature has committed a blunder, and that it is within the power of art to repair the fault.

In those simple days, when man-midwifes were unknown amongst us, did we hear of such a thing as "alarming mortality," amongst the parturient? Was the process of giving birth to mankind dreaded like the small-pox, as an enemy of almost certain destruction? We are sure not. We are sure, also, that the proportion of prosperous labours has not been increased under the modern system; and we are further sensible, that we commit no breach of charity in asserting, that the lives which the presumption and ignorance of accoucheurs have been the means of abridging or destroying, are, at least, equal in amount to those which they have been instrumental in prolonging or preserving*. But let us look at the case more narrowly. Almost the only operations which, even admitting a great deal to the advocates for male interference, the ordinary experienced matron is not competent to execute, are those very processes, the morality, as well as legality, of which, are more than doubtful. To break the head of a *living* infant *in utero*; to lop it away, limb by limb, from the sacred resting-place, where nature had mysteriously enshrined it, even though such an operation were necessary to the preservation of the maternal life, are deeds which no law will tolerate, or religion sanctify; and which no human being, save a man-midwife, can hear of without indignation. And yet, such is the real tragedy which we find familiarly described, and coolly recommended and enjoined to be repeated in our books of midwifery cases†. This is an all important branch of the subject which, we do not despair, one day, of being able to bring before the country in all its frightful deformity.

The author of the work whose title stands at the head of this paper, objects to the employment of accoucheurs, on the score of the indecency of the custom; but more particularly on account of the enormous abuse, said to be committed by those men, of that

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* In books of midwifery, we find frequently disclosures like the following:—"I recollect upon one occasion where, in my hurry to deliver the patient, I omitted attending to this circumstance (namely, to perforate the child's head laterally), in consequence of which, the child receded into the cavity of the abdomen, where I was obliged to follow it, and deliver by the feet: an operation which, independent of the enlargement which it must have occasioned in the rent, put the patient to considerably more pain and distress than she otherwise would have had to encounter."—*M'Keever, on Lacerations of the Uterus.*

† "I turned the child," says Mr. M'Keever, describing one of his cases, "with great facility, and experienced but little difficulty until I came to the head, *which I was obliged to perforate behind the ear*, in consequence of some deformity in the bones of the pelvis. I employed all the force I thought justifiable, for the purpose of completing the delivery, but in vain; and I am satisfied that, had I continued my extracting efforts much longer, I should have separated the trunk from the head."—p. 14.

facility of intercourse with families which is inseparable from this line of practice. The picture of the abuses with which we are presented in these pages, is altogether extravagant; indeed, so mischievously exaggerated are its details, and so refined and sophistical its arguments, that we should not be surprised to discover in this forward railer at accoucheurs, a secret friend to their cause. At the same time we are fully persuaded, that man-midwives, much more frequently than is generally credited, make use of the opportunities and pretexts in their power to acquire influence in families, and to turn that influence to the basest purposes.

Apart, however, from all this, we think there is a very decided objection to the employment of that *particular class*, who offer themselves for midwifery practice in the metropolis. It is necessary, for a moment, to look at the state of the profession, as it is now organised in the capital. The amount of sanatory aid required for a given proportion of population is, we apprehend, best determined by a reference to places, where nothing hinders the demand and supply from accommodating themselves to each other. The city of Paris, where the equilibrium between those two principles is suffered to adjust itself, and which is also in circumstances very nearly alike to those of London, is the fairest example for the occasion. In Paris, the proportions of medical men (including every species of accredited dealers in medicine), to the inhabitants, is, as one to nine hundred.—In London, the proportion is, as one to three hundred and forty-five, being about the relative proportion of professional assistance, that is thought necessary for regiments going to battle, or to make a noiseless, but quite as perilous a campaign against the climate of Sierra Leone. Here is an alarming difference in the first place—this, however, might be endured—but who are the two-thirds of this superabundant proportion of medical men? They are surgeons and apothecaries, dispensers of drugs, who swarm about the metropolis, and who are encouraged to do so by a baneful system, which keeps back the natural supply of regular respectable *physicians*.

But where is the difference, it may be asked, if the apothecary cures as well as the physician? The obvious difference is this, that in the latter we have a man of generous education, of long professional preparation: but above all, we have a man who has only *advice* to give. He has nothing to do with the profits of drugs; and we may be sure that he will cease to recommend them, when they cease to be of any use. Now the other description of practitioner, whose caste, be it always remembered, is in possession of two-thirds of the actual practice of the town, has no mode of remuneration but the sale of medicines. He is not paid as the physician is, for attendance and counsel—he is paid for his drugs, and gives attendance gratis. In the Irish inns, formerly, the customer who called for a bottle of claret, had his dinner for nothing—We may easily believe that the wine was a profitable commodity.

"It appears," says the author of a recent work, of great ability and information*, "that there are in London, 800 surgeons and 2000 apothecaries more, and 826 physicians less, than there would be, if there were no artificial limitations, or, if the three branches of the professions were left freely to adjust their due proportions to each other and to society. The functions of the 826 physicians who are deficient, are of course at present supplied by the extra surgeons and apothecaries, or by empirics." Now let it only be remembered, that this overwhelming body of apothecary-surgeons and surgeon-apothecaries, which is quartered on the inhabitants of London, has a direct interest in the consumption of medicines, whilst it is exempted from any check in pouring them into families.

The "general practitioner," as he is called, is ever on the watch to make a lodgment within a patient's house, to penetrate his doors in a great variety of characters. He is surgeon, man-midwife, apothecary, doctor—he has great competition to encounter—the market is overstocked—delicacy must give way—he must *contrive* business, for he must subsist. Experience shews that the surest road to custom, is midwifery attendance—it is an admirable expedient for hopeless adventurers. A surgeon-apothecary, a "general practitioner," in town or country, may be wooing customers until doomsday, without effect; he may, by dint of gas-light and magnifying vials, shine forth through the live-long night in all the fascinating splendour of blue and crimson, a beacon to the distant passenger, which marks the approach to the harbour of health; and alas! instead of a place of shelter to be courted, the wayfaring man may think it a rock to be avoided. But let him have a case of midwifery; let him be called to attend a respectable lady of solvent circumstances in her confinement, and then, what a golden prospect opens upon him! The mother and child—they are marked prey: and then it is ten to one if anxiety and restlessness have not discomposed some other member of the family—at least the affair cannot have gone off so harmlessly to all the residents in the house, as to leave no little shivering fit, or hoarseness in some quarter or another:—down they go on the list. The spring-tide of juleps and infusions now sets in!—its ebbing who shall command? What has one to oppose to "such a sea of bottles?" One cannot with rude hand turn a professional man out of doors—one cannot say, "so far shall you go and no farther." The whole family, to the little finger, rejoices in vigorous health; confessed—but may there not be danger in too much confidence? A draught or two, and some strengthening pills can do no possible harm, but may perchance effect a world of good!

Here is the way in which a man-midwife takes root. His is an empire of opinion;—he must maintain it by whatever means—he must get a hold upon our admiration or gratitude—he must impress

* "Exposition of the state of the Medical Profession," p. 13.

us with the notion that he is the very wisest, the cleverest man we could employ;—he *must* do this, for there are so many thousands in the market, that he is in danger of being supplanted every day. Will he not sigh for an opportunity to distinguish himself—to exhibit his skill—to shew his knowledge and dexterity? Will he not pretend that there is occasion for an operation in midwifery? or, will he have too much integrity to create the necessity himself?

The writer of the observations now under our consideration, informs us, I have lately heard of some distressing cases having occurred from the improper interference of the accoucheur, when there was good cause to believe that nature would of herself have duly performed her own work. What did this uncalled for interference arise from? The reply is evident—to make work, as it is technically called, by forcing or obstructing nature, and by which, the lives of women have been sometimes sacrificed'*. No doubt we are justified in assuming, and that upon the authority of medical men themselves, that the number of those accoucheurs is not limited, who, to use the bold language of Sir Anthony Carlisle, in the letter already alluded to, "seek notoriety by desperate acts, *often involving manslaughter*—operative acts, the moral propriety of which is very doubtful."

Mr. Charles Bell, one of the most distinguished anatomists of modern times, makes the following important observation, in the last edition of his "Anatomy of the Human Body." "I wish that my present subject permitted me also to state, *what I have found on dissecting the parts after the use of the crochet*†; and in particular where the *forceps* had been used, *as I must presume*, in a case *improper* for them. The *injury* which the *seeming harmless instrument, the forceps*, is capable of doing, might then be *proved*, and *a wholesome admonition given to young surgeons.*" Vol. 3, p. 495.

It happens that labours in cases of first children are more severe and protracted than at other times, and are therefore unfortunately of a nature to present the adventurous audacity of the accoucheur, with a great number of temptations to professional display. Once the use of instruments takes place, woe be to that female in whose case their employment has been resorted to! The chances are numerous that some irreparable injury is done, which will either disqualify the patient from ever again becoming a mother, or, should such an event occur, will very considerably aggravate the severity and the perils of the case. There is scarcely a volume, or treatise on the subject of midwifery, which does not disclose some fact tending to shew the mischief of this mechanical interference—"It is probable," says one writer‡, "that in the majority of cases,

* Observations, p. 42.

† An instrument employed in midwifery operations.

‡ Dr. M'Kever.

the structure of the parts has been so weakened, either from the effects of former labours, or *by the use of instruments*, as to lay the foundation for this accident" (laceration). The truth is, that accoucheurs will not permit, if they can, the belief to be entertained that nature is every thing, and all their pretended art as nothing, in the great process of the birth of mankind. Thus, in the Dublin lying-in hospital, numerous cases of difficult parturition were absolutely created, by the preliminary treatment to which the inmates were subjected. They were kept in a close warm room, and sustained on coarse stimulating diet. How many operations took place under this system it is impossible to tell.—All we know is, that when the treatment was reversed, the whole of the doctors began to marvel very much, and to tremble a great deal at the wonderful power of unassisted nature*.

We trust that enough has been said to rouse attention to the subject, particularly that of our country-women, on whose good sense and courage we are, after all, mainly to rely for the abolition of so enormous an evil. Millions on millions of happy mothers, all over the globe, have never even heard of such a thing as a man-midwife. Every existing member of the royal race of George 3d, emerged into earthly life in the absence of male attendance. She whom parliaments and councils had a right to control, who was responsible to the state for due care of the succession to the monarchy—Queen Charlotte of England, dispensed with accoucheurs, and bravely trusted her own, and the fate of future kings, to the decent ministry of "good Mrs. Draper."

ART. III. *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom.* Vol. i. part i. 4to. pp. 227. London: Murray. 1827.

THE experience of literary history, is not very favourable to the establishment of exclusive academies and societies. The tendency of such institutions, in the republic of letters, has been, in general, hostile to the freedom of intellectual exertion. A chartered and privileged society, is a permanent and jealous faction, with interests and passions, adverse to the growth of all power but its own. If efficient for any purposes, it must produce an oligarchical league against the many; and the collective influence of such a body is naturally opposed to every innovation or improvement, which does not immediately emanate from within itself. Among its members

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* "Since it became usual to keep women in labour in a cool atmosphere, and to support them by mild, instead of stimulating nourishment, *the powers of the constitution fail but seldom* in expelling the fœtus, when there is no material defect in the formation of the pelvis. "*Dr. Clarke's Report of the Lying-in Hospital of Dublin.*

the narrow spirit of party, always yet more mischievous in literature than in politics, is sure to prevail; and, in the same degree in which their confederated superiority may be recognised, is the danger of its being employed for the enforcement of arbitrary principles of criticism, and tyrannical dogmas of taste. Against the solemn dicta of a constituted assembly, no dissent is tolerated with impunity; and the efforts of individual talent are repressed and subdued, by the imposing array of prescriptive and organised authority.

An appeal to the familiar history of Italian letters, will sufficiently awaken the recollection of every scholar to the real influence of exclusive literary societies upon the national mind of a country, which was once the illustrious birth-place of genius and learning. The fact is too notorious for dispute, that the miserable corruption of taste in Italy, which succeeded to the brilliant age of Ariosto and Machiavelli, and Guicciardini, was, in a great measure, the work of those pedantic academies which, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, gave law to the language and compositions of the Italian muse. Those bodies, beginning with an overstrained zeal for exquisite purity of diction, first succeeded in emasculating all vigour of expression; and next, by inevitable consequence, destroyed originality of thought, in the servile imitation of a few conventional models. Then followed the unmeaning reign of changeless words and fastidious proprieties, of affectation and "concetti," and hypercritical observances; until, in the boasted refinement of style, the Italian academicians,

> "Content to dwell in decencies for ever,"

had extinguished almost the last sparks of that inspiration of genius, which had, in other times, illumined their country and the universe.

Nor will the later instance of the French academy weaken the force of the conclusions, which are to be drawn from the example of the Italian societies of literature. Doubtless, the French language gained in correctness by the labours of the "forty," to whom the witty malice of one of their own countrymen assigned, "*l'esprit comme quatre*," for the aggregate measure of their intellectual strength. But the compilation of their dictionary was the sole real service which the French Academy rendered to their country's literature; and even of that undertaking it may be observed, that the same task was, in our own language, at least equally well executed, by the single individual, who,

> "——— like a hero of yore,
> Beat forty French, and could beat forty more."

And, with respect to the lexicographical labours of the French Academy, their success *in fixing* the standard of the national lan-

guage, must be held but poorly to compensate for the imposition of those innumerable shackles, by which they straightened and oppressed all free exercise of intellectual power. To the absurd and pedantic canons of criticism enacted by the Academy, are to be attributed the cold precision and tame mannerism, which were the monotonous characteristics of French style, in prose and verse, throughout the whole eighteenth century: until the gigantic spirit of the Revolution burst all the bonds of prescription, alike in government and religion, morals and letters.

The academic law of the dramatic unities, which narrowed even the critical precepts of Aristotle, has still been permitted to survive the extinction of the old regimé of French taste: but, in other respects, the tyranny of a high court of literature in France, has been, by universal consent, overthrown. Nor can there, we apprehend, be any doubt that, with all the faults and extravagances of the modern, or "romantic," school of French writers, the cultivation of mental originality and vigour has been greatly promoted among our neighbours, by the collision of the revolutionary struggle, and the subversion of the obsolete rules of the Academy. That body has only, indeed, merged into the Institute, under the title of the class "*De la Langue et Littérature Française*;" and the jealous intrigues, and envious cabals, which disgraced the old Academy, bid fair to be the most remarkable part of the inheritance of its successor. But the modern academicians of France will never, it is to be hoped, be suffered to exercise the despotic and paralysing influence of their precursors; and that their existence, as a body, may not be worse than useless, is all that need be desired for the general interests of literature.

With these discouraging examples of the Italian and French academies full before the world, the pompous incorporation of a 'Royal Society of Literature,' in our own country, has not, perhaps, been an act of very wise deliberation or sound judgment. The indifference and neglect with which, in so literary an age, its institution has been received by the public, may alone serve for a proof that the utility and value of its objects have not been recognised in general estimation. If ever, at any period in the literary history of a country, bounties and premiums are necessary for promoting the cultivation of letters, the present, assuredly, is not that epoch in England. If ever royal or individual protection is indispensable, or really favourable, to the development of talent, it is the infancy, and not the maturity of learning, which should demand this fostering care. Happily, in Great Britain, at least, the days are long past, and, we trust, for ever, in which the favour, or the want of titled patronage, can advance or retard the career of the aspirant to literary fame. Here is already secured all that industry and merit can need: a free, fair, and open field of competition; an enlightened tribunal of judgment; and a generous and ample reward. In this age of general education and intellectual

taste, the public, and none but the public, are the proper arbiters of the contest of letters, the dispensers of the prize, and the best patrons of talent and learning. The only Mæcenas, whose suffrage the poet, the novelist, and the historian may now condescend to solicit, is the general voice of his lettered country men. Like the private, the public patron may, and will, occasionally—but how much more rarely?—prove an unjust and capricious judge: but such is the exception, not the general rule; and, in literature, public favour and success are, after all, the least questionable standards of merit. The pecuniary ease, and —in some instances of the highest talent—the affluent fortunes, which have rewarded the profession of letters in our age and country, afford substantial and indubitable evidence, that the forced and artificial encouragement of that patronage, which is expended in medals and pensions, may tend to destroy the independence of the literary character, but can be requisite neither for stimultaing industry, nor supporting the cause of national learning.

To what purpose, then, it may reasonably be demanded, is the establishment, at a period like the present, of a Royal Society of Literature? The avowed objects of the institution may be gathered from the preamble of its charter. The society is there declared to be formed 'for the advancement of literature, by the publication of inedited remains of ancient literature, and of such works as may be of great intrinsic value, but not of that popular character which usually claims the attention of publishers; by the promotion of discoveries in literature; by endeavours to fix the standard, as far as is practicable, and to preserve the purity of the English language; by the critical improvement of English lexicography; by the reading at public meetings of interesting papers on history, philosophy, poetry, philology, and the arts, and the publication of such of those papers as shall be approved of; by the assigning of honorary rewards to works of great literary merit, and to important discoveries in literature; and by establishing a correspondence with learned men in foreign countries, for the purpose of literary inquiry and information.' Now of all these objects, which certainly sound with a very laudable and liberal zeal for the encouragement of learning, there are some which in reality are absolutely useless and frivolous, and none which might not have been better effected with a much less cumbrous and complicated machinery. In the first place, 'the publication of inedited remains of ancient literature'—or, as it is elsewhere explained, of 'valuable MSS. discovered in any public or private collection'—is the best purpose of the society: but who can doubt for an instant that, whenever such treasures should be found, the unprompted and always eager curiosity of the British public would sufficiently secure their production to the world? If a MS. be *truly* valuable, the speculative spirit of *our* booksellers will at once seize at the *opportunity of obtaining it for* publication: but the taste of the

world, and the judgment of over-zealous archæologists are not always agreed on the value of such remains; and, for aught we know to the contrary, the common sense conclusions of the public on these matters are most likely to be right. The new society has not yet given the world the first of these discoverable and valuable MSS.; and it therefore remains to be proved, by what measure the questions of novelty and worth will be determined.

But the society are also to bring forward 'such works as may be of great intrinsic value, but not of that popular character which usually claims the attention of publishers.' We must confess, that this promise very forcibly reminds us of the precious proposals of a joint-stock company for literary publication, which was seriously formed during the late season of bubbles, and whose benevolent object it was to deliver men of letters from the monopolizing tyranny of the "trade." There was not one of the initiated, who did not at a glance perceive, that the only productions of this joint-stock press would be works of 'great intrinsic value,' which every publisher in town had previously rejected:—that here, at length, was provided an asylum, in which injured and indignant authors might

"——— print and shame the fools;"

and that the goodly company of publication would infallibly be converted into a refuge for the destitute, and an hospital of incurables.

From the Royal Society of Literature we shall expect, with a very suspicious eye, the appearance of those works of great intrinsic value, for which a 'popular character' is so earnestly disclaimed. To the lucubrations of its own members, the public press will be open, if their 'intrinsic value' be of a degree to justify publication at all; and the world will naturally learn to distrust the merit of a work of any extent, which has no otherwise been able to struggle into light, than through the eleemosynary aid of the society. And what other modern works than its own transactions the society can be called upon to publish, we profess not exactly to understand. It is not true, that the booksellers will publish no other than productions of a mere popular character; and the implication contained in the charter is not, therefore, well founded. In general, the number of declared and opulent book-collectors, and possessors of great libraries in England, is sufficient to take off a profitable edition of a high priced, and particularly of a curious and scarce book; and even in very expensive impressions, there is only one circumstance which seems ever to deter the enterprise of publishers from such undertakings. It will be in the memory of most readers, that the presentation of eleven copies to public libraries, and especially out of editions which are always small in the ratio of the costliness and splendour of a work, was declared by many most respectable publishers, *before the committee* of the Commons on the Copy-

right Bill, to have operated as the only, and a most mischievous restraint upon the printing of a few valuable books of plates, which are desiderata in our illustrated literature. The repeal, then, of this scandalous privilege of the eleven libraries, would have done more general service to letters, and would more have increased the facilities of publication, than the foundation of a dozen 'Royal Societies.'

Of the next object proposed to the society—'the promotion of discoveries in literature'—it is not easy to speak: since we are at some loss to determine in what manner it can possibly be effected by any corporation; nor does the exposition of the plan of the society here much enlighten our ignorance, by declaring that the said discoveries are to be encouraged 'by all suitable means.' What such suitable means, or such discoveries are to be, it is prudently left for us to conjecture as we may. Endeavours to 'fix the standard, as far as is practicable, and to preserve the purity of the English language, and the critical improvement of English lexicography,' are more intelligible, but not more practicable or salutary designs. "Academies," says Johnson, "have been instituted to guard the avenues of their language, to retain fugitives, and repulse intruders; but their vigilance and activity have hitherto been vain; sounds are too volatile and subtle for legal restraints; to enchain syllables, and to lash the wind, are equally the undertakings of pride, unwilling to measure its desires by its strength." And in another place he strongly adds, with prophetic distrust, "if an academy should be established for the cultivation of our style, I, who can never wish to see dependence multiplied, hope THE SPIRIT OF ENGLISH LIBERTY WILL HINDER OR DESTROY THE ATTEMPT."

But we pass to a less mischievous, though equally ridiculous piece of this chartered quackery. The 'reading of papers at public meetings,' is an obsolete process of solemn trifling, which experience and common sense might have been expected to discard from any modern institution. Nothing on earth can be more intolerably tiresome than these formal readings; and they have ever the additional objection of being wholly useless, since the subsequent publication of such papers as have any merit to recommend them, is a necessary part of the scheme. The remaining objects of the society, as detailed in the preliminary manifesto of their charter, scarcely need any comment. They are at least harmless: 'the assignment of honorary rewards to works of great literary merit,' which have already successfully undergone the ordeal of public judgment, is an innocent piece of supererogation; and the 'establishment of a correspondence with learned men in foreign countries, for the purpose of literary inquiry and information,' may doubtless serve agreeably to beguile the elaborate idleness of a few dilettanti. Considering the difficulties of our public communication with foreign nations, *the absence of all interchange of literature and science, which so deplorably characterizes* the present state of

against the Scepticism of David Hume.' The *unknown* subject of Europe, and the lamentable want of periodical journals, both in our own country, and on the continent, it is impossible not to foresee the most novel and stupendous consequences to the "spread of knowledge," from the foreign correspondence of this society. We trust, however, that its epistolatory researches will not be restricted to the narrow sphere of Europe: we anticipate its accumulation of letters and science from the uttermost regions of the earth; and we shall impatiently await the period, when the transactions of the society will be graced by dissertations on the affinities of language, from the pen of some mandarin of the third class in the celestial empire, or by essays on political economy, from the royal institute of the Sandwich Islands.

But it is time that we proceed to examine the contents of this half volume before us, which the Society has given to the world as the first specimen of its transactions. The literary papers in the collection are prefaced by an account of the foundation and constitution of the Society itself, a list of its members, and a copy of its charter of incorporation. A few particulars of this introductory matter will, probably, be new to many of our readers; so little of the public attention has the society hitherto been able to command; and the details may not here be altogether out of place. The society was first instituted, under the presidency of the present bishop of Salisbury, and with the immediate patronage of the king, in the year 1821; but its incorporation, by royal charter, dates only from September, 1825. A piece of ground, near St. Martin's church, has been assigned as the scite of a hall, library, and other offices, for its use; and a contribution has been made, by some of its members, towards defraying the expense of erecting the buildings. By the terms of the charter, the society is to have a perpetual succession, a common seal, power to sue and to be sued, capability of property in goods to any amount whatever, and the right of holding a hall, or college, and other tenements and landed property, not exceeding, in the whole, the annual value of one thousand pounds rental.

The representation of the society is seated in the whole number of its members; but the direction of its affairs is confided to a council, composed of a president, of ten vice-presidents, and of not less than five, nor more than sixteen, other members, and chosen periodically, by the whole body, by ballot: with a treasurer, librarian, auditors, secretaries, and other officers. All new members are likewise chosen by ballot, in general meetings, a majority of two-thirds of the number of votes being requisite for their election; and a small annual contribution is demanded of each member. Honorary members, foreign and native, are also admissible in like manner. But by far the most significant part of the institution remains behind: with a munificence, the generous intention of which is above all praise, whatever may be *deemed of its practical tendency*, his majesty was graciously

pleased to endow the society with an annual grant of one thousand guineas, to be assigned, in equal portions, to ten royal associates, who 'shall be persons of eminent learning, and authors of some distinguished work of literature.' At the same time, the royal bounty was evinced in the farther donation of two gold medals, of the value of fifty guineas each, 'to be awarded annually, to authors of works of eminent merit, or for important discoveries in literature.' The first ten associates have been elected by the council, and all vacancies in the number are filled in the following manner: a second class of honorary associates is formed of 'persons eminent for the pursuit of literature;' and out of their number are the royal and endowed associates to be chosen. But the election, both of honorary and royal associates, as well as the adjudication of medals, is vested, not in the free and public suffrage, by ballot, of the general body of members, but in the council alone; and the influence of this principle is obvious. It must tend, virtually, if not wholly, in form, to throw all the patronage of the society into the hands of a petty oligarchy, which will generally be renewed of the same leading members; and thus is provided a certain machinery for the working of all the intrigues and cabals, which have ever been the reproach and the curse of such institutions.

This brief abstract of the constitution of the society, as it is detailed in the account before us, may suffice to explain the particular character and spirit which are likely to prevail in its proceedings. The quality of its present contributions, to the national learning and literature, may next demand notice. The papers which, after the introductory matter, occupy the demi-volume before us, and constitute the first published portion of the society's transactions, are sixteen in number. There is no evidence of high talent in the whole collection; nor is there even a single essay which may be remarked for ingenious argument, acute observation, or even very deep learning. In the debut of this royal and erudite body, therefore, there is assuredly nothing very brilliant or imposing, considering that it is necessarily learned and literary, by virtue of its charter; but the appearance of its transactions is, on the whole, respectable; and, with the exception of a few most unreadable papers, the driest dust of small antiquarian matter, the articles are, in general, such as would probably have been accepted by some of the magazines and scientific journals of the day.

The first paper which we shall select, for a short examination, is that on which the critical judgment of the council would appear to set the highest value, since it has been taken, by that learned committee of taste, out of the order in which it was read before the society, and placed at the head of the whole series. It is the production of Mr. Granville Penn; and is rather oddly entitled an 'Account of an *Unknown* Manuscript, of 1422: Illustrating the last Declaration of King Henry V., and vindicating its veracity

this paper, then, is a MS. in French, procured by Mr. Penn, at Lisle, in Flanders, in 1819, and containing the report of a military survey of the coasts and defences of Egypt and Syria, which appears to have been secretly made by a Burgundian knight, Guillebert de Lannoy, at the command of our Henry V. The authenticity of this MS. is confirmed by the existence of an exact duplicate, of the same report, in the Bodleian Library, which, owing probably to its having been erroneously entered in the catalogue of that library, as "*Itinerarium Ægypti et Syriæ, per mandatum Henrici VI.*" (instead of *Henrici V.*), had remained unnoticed, until rescued from obscurity by Mr. Penn's search after such a document. The Bodleian MS. is evidently, by its title or preamble, the very report prepared by the author, for the use of the sovereign by whose command the survey had been made: the Lisle MS. appears to be a copy reserved by Lannoy himself, for record, in his own family. The existence of the report, altogether, was thus worth notice; because it proves, that Henry V., in the midst of his victorious career in France, and immediately after the reversionary settlement of the crown of that kingdom in his favour, by the treaty of Troyes, had so far seriously meditated a crusade to the Holy Land, as to dispatch a trusty knight on this confidential and distant *reconnaissance*. And, moreover, because it illustrates the meaning, and in some measure confirms the truth, of the dying declaration of the royal hero; "that if it had pleased God to have prolonged his life, it had been his intention, after settling the peace of France, to undertake the conquest of Jerusalem:" a purpose quite in consonance with the chivalrous spirit and lofty ambition of his character; but of the sincerity of which, no evidence had appeared to remain.

Thus far the illustration afforded by this MS., if not very important in its bearings, is at least curious and interesting; and Mr. Penn's publication of the circumstance has added one little explanatory fact to the personal history of Henry V. But, having fallen upon a fortunate novelty, he has not been by any means satisfied with such a brief exposition as the case demanded; nor has he been able to forego the delight of enhancing the magnitude of the occasion, by an ambitious and not very successful attack upon the passage in which Hume has recorded Henry's dying declaration. Hence the pompous promise of vindicating its veracity against the scepticism of David Hume! The comment of the philosophic historian, upon the dying declaration of the monarch, is simply:—"So ingenious are men in deceiving themselves, that Henry forgot in these moments all the blood spilt by his ambition, and received comfort from this late and feeble resolve; which, as the mode of these enterprises was now past, he certainly would never have carried into execution!" The mere tone of this paragraph is sufficient to throw Mr. Granville Penn into a fit of violent indignation; and he at once resolves upon an exposure which shall annihilate the repu-

tation of its unhappy author. Thus, throughout several pages, he reiterates many hard words against the spirit of the whole passage, and rings the changes upon the 'perverse and vexatious'—the 'indecent and insulting'—the 'unworthy'—the 'contumelious'—and the 'foolish and MALIGNANT' scepticism of Hume!

Now really this is all very sad trifling; Hume, be it observed, does not deny the sincerity, at the moment, of the intention expressed by the dying monarch; he is only 'sceptical' on the probability that the enterprise would ever have been realised. And, considering that he wrote under the absence of all evidence, that any serious measures had ever been taken preparatory to its execution, we cannot see any thing surprising in his characterising it as a "late and feeble resolve." Nor, we imagine, will many be found in the present day to dissent from the sound philosophy of the accompanying reflection; surely it *was* a miserable delusion and self-deception, excusable only in the darkness of that age, which could believe that the intention of a crusade might atone for the blood-shed of ambition.

The next papers in the series of the Society's Transactions are, six letters or essays, by Mr. Sharon Turner, on the affinities and origin of languages. In these dissertations, it seems to have been Mr. Turner's object to classify, as far as possible, the similarities of sound used by various nations to express the same simple ideas, and, from such natural evidence as might thus be collected, to support the moral evidence of the Mosaic relation, regarding the common origin of language and the subsequent dispersion of tongues. He begins with arranging the terms employed in the different languages of the earth, to designate the numerals *one* and *two*; and he endeavours to establish, from the comparisons, the following positions:

> '1. That almost all the *numerals* of different nations are combinations of simpler terms, used also for numerals by some nation or other; and
>
> '2. That these combinations have been used for the numbers they represent, by people who have no immediate contiguity, and who often do not, in other respects, seem to have had a visible relationship.'

For the maintenance of his theory, he is, it must be confessed, able to adduce a great many coincidences which are really very curious; and he mingles with these a still greater number, which are only fanciful, and no otherwise existent than in his own imagination. Yet we are disposed so far to agree with him as to believe, that the mass of apparent similarities is, on the whole, too large to have been quite accidental. In the prosecution of his inquiry, he passes from the consideration of numerals, to observe the terms used by different nations for *Mother* and *Father*. Such is his industry, that he has 'collected three hundred and fifty-nine words, which have been used in various parts of the world to

express *Mother*, and from nearly as many languages.' These three hundred and fifty-nine words are susceptible, as he justly shews, of some very striking arrangements. The large majority of them fall naturally within two great classes, in which the letters M and N are respectively the governing sound, there being one hundred and twenty-six cases of the former, and one hundred and thirteen of the latter. With respect to these similarities, all forming the first natural call of the child to its mother, we should be strongly disposed to attribute the analogy among them to their common facility for infant utterance; but a doubt having been started to Mr. Turner himself, as he informs us, to the same effect, by an intelligent promoter and attached friend of the Society,' viz.—whether 'the sounds of *Ma* and *Mama* may not be one of those *onomatopœias*, or natural sounds, which have resulted from the instinctive utterance, or organic tendencies, of the babe in its first vocal efforts'--he has not failed to provide himself with arguments to obviate this 'fair and ingenious objection.' He denies that any single sound is exclusively natural to children; and he labours to prove that there is no universal tendency to any one articulate word more than another. His reasoning is worth attention, though it is far from being altogether satisfactory; for that some sounds —not any *one* universally—are easier of utterance to children than others, and that those are the sounds which in general prevail to express the idea, *Mother*, no philologist will surely be prepared, upon a few exceptions, to deny.

'It does not seem correct, to say, that any one sound which involves a consonant is more natural than another. All the consonants require peculiar movements of the organs of speech, and of different organs, in order to be pronounced. The vowels seem to be mere expirations of the breath, and yet, even they occasion some changes in the position of the interior parts of the mouth, that they may be made audible, or be formed; and, unless every child has the same uniform and invariable tendency to utter one sound, and that only in its first efforts of voice, how can we suppose any natural and universal utterance of one simple sound more than another? No note of an octave of music is more natural than another. The *a*, the *b*, and the *c*, are as natural as the *f*, the *d*, and the *g*; and all their combinations are artificial, or caused. Some animals are confined to particular sounds,—as the sheep to its bleat, the duck to its quack, the peacock to its scream, and the cuckoo to its note; but, they do not go beyond these: they can utter no other, and therefore, these are invariable and universal to the peculiar animals. It is not so with man: being capable of making endless combinations, and mutations of words, he is not limited to any. No single one is peculiarly or exclusively natural to him; and, it is this absence of any vocal tendency of his colloquial organs to one sound more than to another, which has occasioned the vast diversity of his articulate language. If any set of words could be more natural to him than others, it would be such flowing and liquid ones as the Italian and Malay; and, the most wild, that is, the nations nearest to the state of mere nature, would most abound with these: and yet two of the earth's tribes who seem to be

the most remote from all civilization, and the most under the government of mere nature,—the Esquimaux and the Greenlanders,—have languages that are remarkable for the harshness and difficulty of their vocal sounds.

'Herodotus mentions a king of Egypt, who directed his attention to find out the first natural sound of an infant's voice, that he might thereby determine which was the most ancient nation*. The two children, whom he caused to be brought up for two years, in a lone cottage, without hearing any language, uttered *bek* or *bekos*, as their earliest articulate sound. An Indian king is noticed, by Purchas, to have made a similar experiment: he very briefly mentions it from the Letters of the Jesuits, on the Mogul Empire: he calls the sovereign Melabdim Echebar, the Great Mogor, who reigned about the year 1600. Thirty children were brought up, by his orders, without instruction, and guards were stationed, to prevent their nurses from speaking to them. His absurd idea is stated to have been, that he would adopt the religion to which these babes should incline. The result was, as might have been expected, that the children never spoke at all, and the Great Mogul had still his religion to seek, and therefore, never settled in any†.

'It is now twenty-six years ago since I tried to observe, in my own family, if a babe was led by nature to utter any one peculiar sound more than another, distinct from that tone of crying which is common to all, and is the expression of their pain. All that could be perceived, was, that the earliest and most used sound was that which may be expressed by the word *goo*. As the babe lay in its nurse's lap, after feeding, pleased and contented, it seemed to amuse itself with repeatedly uttering this sound. As well as could be ascertained, this action was, as far as any intellectual feeling accompanied it, nature's expression of its own pleasure and satisfaction in the gratification it had received, and was enjoying; and, as far as concerned the organs that issued the word, it was the motion of the gratified throat, at the top of the larynx, and of the protruded lips, which so far operated on the exhaling breath as to give it the sound of *goo*. The feeling and effort appeared to me, to be quite analogous to the purring of a cat, in her happy and tuneful moments, but there was no peculiar use of such sounds as *Ma* and *Mama*. Other young paternal experimentalists must determine this point for themselves; they will probably find the result to differ in many cases, and the difference will shew that nature is not, in this respect, governed by any universal rule, and therefore has no universal tendency to any one articulate word more than to another.'—pp. 50, 52.

But whatever may be thought of the value of Mr. Turner's arguments, there can be no question, that his speculations are here highly interesting, and that the object of his inquiry is inoffensive, and, in its perfect harmony with revelation, even praiseworthy. We observe, that his last letter opens with an apology for the discontinuance of his essays, on the score of his occupation in preparing for the press the history of the reign of Henry VIII. It would have been well for his reputation, if the Society had so effectually engrossed his attention, as to have saved a 'royal associate' of their body, from the exposure of that monument of preju-

* L. ii. c. 2. † Purchas' Pilgr. vi., p. 39, and 515.

dice and bigotry. It would have been well, if his colleagues had weaned him from the perverted pursuit of historical studies, and confined him to philological inquiries, innocent in themselves, and more suitable to the measure and form of his intellectual capacity.

We pass over a rambling, disjointed, and utterly inconsequential paper by Sir William Ousely, entitled 'Observations on the River Euphrates,' to arrive at an interesting 'Historical Account of the Discoveries made in Palimpsest MSS.,' by Archdeacon Nares. This is a clear and satisfactory production, written with simplicity, and a total absence of undue pretensions to learning. It affords no novelty to the scholar, but may instruct and interest the general reader. The common practice, during the dark ages, of obliterating ancient writings on MSS., and using the parchment to receive some other work, too frequently entailed the destruction of the most precious relics of classical antiquity; but the endeavour totally to wash out or erase the first writing, often so far failed, that an attentive eye might, with more or less difficulty, discover the traces of the older letters, and even decypher the words. MSS. of respectable antiquity have thus been found sometimes to conceal within themselves others, some centuries older, and often of much superior interest and value. The decyphering of the more ancient matter has thus become a most interesting and laborious occupation to the learned; and Archdeacon Nares has chosen an attractive little subject of dissertation, in the history of such investigations of palimpsest, or rescript MSS., as they have indifferently been called by the learned, from having been twice washed, or twice written.

The industrious examination of palimpsests has been chiefly the work of the last hundred years. The first MS. of the kind, of which any material use was made, appears to have been the *Codex Ephrem*, in the royal library at Paris:—a rescript, of which the more modern part contains certain works of Ephrem the Syrian, but the more ancient seems to have been a Greek version of the whole of the Old and New Testament, probably of the sixth or seventh century. This has been partially decyphered, and used for purposes of collation, by sacred writers. Next, in 1762, Knittel, Archdeacon of Wolfenbuttel, recovered, with infinite labour, from under a palimpsest MS. of the Origines of Isidorus, a translation of part of the Epistle to the Romans, which had been made by a bishop of Gothland, in the fourth century, into the old language of that country. Subsequently, the attention of the learned in Great Britain, was attracted to the investigation of palimpsests; and in 1801, that eminent and eccentric scholar, the late Dr. Barrett, of Trinity College, Dublin, produced his elegant and accurate volume, containing a great part of the Gospel of St. Matthew, from a rescript MS. in the library of his college.

But, beyond all comparison, the most successful and distinguished decypherer of palimpsests, is the learned Italian, Angelo

Mai, now librarian of the Vatican. The very catalogue of the numerous works which this extraordinary and indefatigable discoverer has rescued from palimpsests, is too long for insertion in our limits; but to establish the claims of Signor Mai to the lasting gratitude of the literary world, it is only necessary to point to one of these works:—the long lost books of Cicero De Re Publica, parts of which have been recovered by his unweared exertions, from under some treatises of St. Augustine, and since published, as all the world are aware. The history of these extraordinary successes, Mr. Nares observes, will surely excite the emulation of scholars in other parts of Europe, where large collections of ancient MSS. are deposited, and not less in Britain, a country sufficiently rich in treasures of this kind. It will lead them to examine whether similar materials may not be found in other libraries, and to proceed in decyphering such as may deserve the labour. And he adds:

'What then may we not hope from the further pursuit of a species of research which, within so short a period, has produced such truly valuable fruits? More extensive and more important remains of Livy, than Bruns discovered, may thus, perhaps, be found; and since very copious fragments of the sacred books have already been produced, it is far from being improbable, that some of the disputed texts, which have occasioned so much controversy, may, hereafter, be fixed and established, as originally written, by means of manuscripts of much greater antiquity than any which we now possess.

'But they who would attempt discoveries of this nature, must first be well assured that they possess the qualifications of mind and body, indispensable to such undertakings. It will not be sufficient to bring to the task, sound learning, steady judgment, and acute sagacity, supported by invincible patience and perseverance; unless these mental qualities are seconded by great strength and acuteness of sight, and a force of constitution not easily impaired or subdued by sedentary toil. Without these qualities, the attempt to decypher palimpsests will be productive of little more than vexation and disappointment. To contend with Hercules, nothing less than the strength of Hercules is required; and to emulate the labours of Signor Mai, will be a vain endeavour, unless supported by all those qualifications which have combined to give him such distinguished success.'—p. 132.

On the next paper in the transactions before us, communicated by the Rev. H. J. Todd, and relating to a MS. by Sir John Harrington, the translator of Ariosto, we shall only have a single remark to make. This MS. (in the library of the Dean and Chapter of York), which is entitled, "A collection of Passages of State under Queen Elizabeth and King James," seems to contain only a few unimportant historical notices. But there is one remarkable passage in it, adduced by the reverend commentator, though scarcely decent enough to be copied into our pages, from those of the learned and royal society (p. 137) to which he belongs, which seems strongly to contradict the suspicious circumstances that have

sometimes been alleged against the reputation of the maiden queen.

The remaining papers in this half volume of Transactions, present nothing worthy of notice, or at least nothing interesting to the general reader. There are two most arid dissertations on Greek coins: an account, necessarily no more than a catalogue, of some Greek MSS. in a codex belonging to the patriarch of Jerusalem: an elementary paper on political economy, by Mr. Malthus: a copy of the Edict of Diocletian, fixing a maximum of prices throughout the Roman empire, with some introductory remarks by Colonel Leake: and an account, in the shape of a catalogue raisonné, by that gentleman and the Right Hon. Charles York, of some Egyptian monuments in the British Museum, and other collections, very clearly illustrated by twenty plates of outline drawings, on stone. The Edict of Diocletian is certainly a most curious document: but its novelty has been completely anticipated by Colonel Leake's own publication of a translation of it, with an able explanatory commentary, of which we gave some account in the third volume of this journal*.

ART. IV. 1. *The French Cook.* By L. E. Ude. Eighth edition. 12mo. pp. 496. 12*s.* London: Ainsworth. 1827.

2. *The Art of French Cooking.* By A. B. Beauvilliers. 12mo. pp. 380. 7*s.* Longman & Co.

3. *French Domestic Cookery.* 12mo. pp. 418. 7*s.* Boys.

4. *Domestic Cookery.* By a Lady. A new edition. 12mo. pp. 348. 7*s.* 6*d.* London: Murray. 1827.

5. *Domestic Economy and Cookery.* By a Lady. 12mo. London: Longman & Co. pp. 692. 9*s.* 1827.

6. *The Cook's Oracle.* By W. Kitchener, M. D. A new edition. 12mo. Cadell & Co. pp. 492. 7*s.* 6*d.* 1827.

7. *The Cook and Housewife's Manual.* By Mrs. Margaret Dods. 12mo. Edinburgh: Bell & Bradfute. pp. 366. 7*s.* 1826.

WE have now before us a pile of works on cookery, which, as they have been accumulating upon us ever since the year 1746, when our Review first started into existence, threaten to overwhelm desk, and table, and every other writing apparatus around us, unless we dispose of them some way or other. We had an idea of celebrating an *auto da fé*, but from this summary course we were deterred, having the fear of the County Fire Office before our eyes. A friend has suggested that we should send them to Lord Eldon, in order that he may amuse his retirement, and perfect himself and his lady in an art which they have too long neglected. We shall certainly present his lordship with a waggon load, or two, and as, we thank God! he will have no more "papers to take home," we

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* Monthly Review, vol. iii., p. 326.

wish him all manner of health and happiness, and earnestly hope that he will be a better cook than he has been a chancellor.

But even after disburthening ourselves thus much, more than enough will remain behind, though we were only to retain in our own hands the books published on cookery within the last twelve months. If things go on at this rate—if every bookseller is to have his own cookery book—our readers may, by the aid of a very powerful *calculus*, be enabled to guess at the portentous number of volumes on culinary matters, which will fall to be perused by the next generation. The evil appears to us so formidable, in perspective, that we hasten to interpose, while a reasonable hope exists of being able to *read* through (it is hopeless to *eat* through) the new cookery books: and as we are persuaded that many of our culinary statutes require repealing, at least as much as our criminal ones, we shall proceed to characterise the principal works devoted to the support of the doctrines of antagonist cooks. It is evident, from the numerous editions through which many of the works before us have passed (Ude's is in the eighth edition, Kitchener's has numbered as many, and the Domestic Cookery even more), that the sale of works on this savoury subject is enormous; and on this ground alone, we think, if on no other, cookery books are entitled to a verdict of "guilty, or not guilty, of poisoning."

If we were disposed to be ingenious, we might propound a culinary theory, for which there is a great deal to be said. Cookery has, at least, thus much in common with poetry, that it is generally found to be natural or artificial, plain or fastidious, according to the taste of the time in literature; and that both arts are destined simultaneously to fulfil a certain great cycle, or revolution, beginning with simplicity—branching into fancy and luxuriance—becoming piquant and epigrammatic—and, finally, returning to their pristine plainness, modified, however, and improved, by the changes which both have undergone. The cookery of Chaucer's time, for instance, was somewhat gross; but the *morceaux* were solid and luxurious. The *matériel* of cookery was less substantial, and more florid, in the days of Lord Surrey, Wyat, and the rest of the Italian school of *concetti*—in the latter days of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, the famous national dish, "roast beef," was introduced, mingled with foreign refinements, typifying the mingled vigour and efflorescence of the poetical spirit of the age: with the Restoration came epigrammes d'agneau, and epigrams in verse; and the old English tastes in beef and poetry began to revive with Cowper, and have flourished and survived down to Byron; not unimproved, however, by a little admixture of the piquant flavour of continental criticism and sauces. In France, again, where poets and cooks have been subjected to unalterable laws, both arts have remained stationary, and both are faultless. In Spain, cookery sunk with literature; and in Italy, so famous once for cooks and poets, the science declined with Alfieri, and is now sunk into

utter decadence, though its confectionary, which seems to hold divided empire with music, is still unrivalled. We might add many instances in support of this theory, but we despise all approaches to levity, on this serious subject; in the discussion of which, though not professing to be disciples of Mr. Bentham, we are convinced there is much "utility." We ourselves have always looked upon a grouse pie with infinitely more respect than upon a cathedral of the *purest Gothic:* both are matters of taste, —but in point of "utility," there is, as that learned legislator will readily allow, no comparison.

Cookery, among all polite and literary nations, has always been a favourite subject. What people like in *fact*, they like in *description*. If we turn to any part of Homer, particularly the Odyssey, we shall find numberless passages relative to the modes of cookery known in that early age. Every thing—a religious ceremony, an embassy, a treaty, a meeting of the Gods, a funeral procession, —brings eating and drinking along with it. The poet always describes minutely, and at great length, the killing, flaying, frying, or broiling of the various parts of the animal. In the ninth Iliad, Patroclus, in person, performs a long operation of the culinary kind. In the first book, too, and at the end of the eleventh, where old Nestor cooks, there are long and elaborate descriptions of the culinary processes. In the 24th Iliad, Achilles insists upon Priam's eating—even though Hector is then actually lying dead. In the Odyssey, again, the description of the court of Alcinous—the reception of Ulysses by Eumæus—and the general manners and conduct of the suitors, will furnish ample instances of the gormandizing tastes of those ancient days. Even the cannibalism of Polyphemus is described with a hideous minuteness; and in the *Cyclops* of Euripides, the same giant dwells with delight on the details of his Anthropophagous kitchen:

> "To whom
> But this great belly, first of deities,
> Should I be bound to sacrifice? I well know
> The wise man's only Jupiter is this:
> To eat and drink during his little day.
> I will not cheat my soul of its delights,
> Or hesitate in dining upon you:—
> These are my hospitable gifts;—fierce fire,
> And yon ancestral cauldron, which o'er-bubbling
> Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.
> —Creep in!—"
>
> *Shelley's Translation of the Cyclops.*

In imitation of Homer, all the epic writers treat of the minutest mysteries of the cuisine; and all the lyric poets of old times, duly celebrate the feast. Socrates, and Plato, to say nothing of their own symposia, daily sat "at many good men's feasts;" Aristophanes is full of cookery: cooks are constant *butts* in Plautus and

Terence: Horace is the prince of Amphytrions; and Mecænas was at once the patron of cooks and poets*. Mahomet, Boccaccio, Chaucer, Rabelais, all loved and lauded good cheer. Even the sage Montaigne applauds certain modes of cookery. Cervantes revels in the details of feasting (see *Camacho's Wedding*, &c.). Lord Bacon's tastes were rather medical than gastronomic; but his recommendations of "viperine broth" are highly gustatory. It is needless, we suppose, to quote Shakspeare, or to remind our readers of Falstaff, or Sir Epicure Mammon, or Justice Greedy, or Beaumont and Fletcher's Gastrologers, or the Gourmands, Magistrates, and Aldermen, of the whole tribe of our early dramatic writers. Moliere constantly ridiculed the physicians, those most inconsistent enemies to all good cheer; but his own taste in this respect is evident, from his only serious play. When he thought of tragedy, he chose for his subject, "Le *Festin* de Pierre;" and though he had a ghost to introduce, he could not help bringing him in to *supper*. Milton is a graver name; but his palate appears to have been as exquisite as his ear; and though, from his subject, he had not so much room for touching on cookery as his Greek and Roman models, he panegyrizes Eve's skill in blending the materials she had (Par. Lost, b. v.), in verses, that prove him to have had a delicate perception of what the best cookery (*i. e.*, French) ought to be. In Paradise Regained, the devil spreads a splendid feast in the wilderness, which is described in very magnificent verse.

> "In ample space, under the broadest shade,
> A table richly spread in royal mode,
> With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
> And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
> In pastry built, or from the spit or boiled,
> Gris-amber steamed: all fish from sea or shore
> Freshet, or purling brook; of shell or fin,
> And exquisitest name; for which was drained
> Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Africk coast," &c. &c.

This is certainly by no means a bad bill of fare. The sun, even in Milton's grand verse, "*sups* with the ocean."

Lesage delights in describing dinners and suppers, as do Fielding, Smollett, and all our own novelists. Defoe's best known hero (Robinson Crusoe) lives on a barren island; yet all his culinary operations are narrated with a gusto, which proves the pleasure the author felt in dilating on the subject. We need say nothing, we suppose, of Addison, Steele, and the rest of the essayists. Dr. Johnson, the most rigid of them all, was, at once, a gourmand and

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* His taste, however, was rather questionable; for asses (see Galen) were frequently at his table—we mean as dishes. Pliny mentions dogs as being commonly eaten, and fat puppies were reckoned very delicate. Fricasseed hedgehogs were eaten in Greece.

gastronomer. Voltaire's taste in cookery was exquisitely delicate*.

The writers of the present age have revived the ancient taste for descriptions of banquets. Our fashionable novels are full of dinner parties. Moore, indeed, is less a gourmand than a gourmet in his tastes, like his prototype, Anacreon, from whom he derives his pseudonyme; but Southey, from Madoc down to the Tale of Paraguay, deals in the celebration of more substantial matters than wine and wreaths. Scott is decidedly a festive minstrel, and would, in his favourite days of chivalry, have been worthy to sing in hall, during the intense mastication of those vast venison pasties, immortalised in his more modern lays. Of his feasts, in the novels which he has now acknowledged, it would be superfluous to remind our readers. There is not much eating and drinking, to be sure, in Lord Byron; but this is only an additional proof of his misanthropy and splenetic hatred of all kinds of enjoyment.

Cooks may readily be excused, if with such high authority in favour of their "so potent art," they have generally had a sufficiently exalted notion of their own importance, and that of the *cuisine*, which we are extremely glad to see is worthily kept up by Mr. Ude. By the authors of "Domestic Economy," and "Domestic Cookery," and even by Dr. Kitchener himself, from whose culinary name we should have argued better things, cooks are treated as mere Helots; while in Meg Dods's volume, and in all the French works, they are spoken of in a tone of mockery quite unbecoming their profession. We are therefore, we say, delighted to find Mr. Ude vindicating with his pen, a body which can boast of a Decius, in the person of Vatel†. 'I shall', says he, in his preface, in this edition as well as the former, 'say, that cookery is an art appreciated only by a few individuals, and which requires, in addition to the most diligent and studious application, no small share of intellect. There are cooks and cooks, as there are painters and painters; the difficulty lies in finding the perfect one.' In various other parts of the introduction, Mr. Ude vindicates the claim of cooks to be regarded as 'artists.' It is a pity that this spirit

* Need we refer to Candide? For stronger proofs of his delicacy of taste, however, see his Poésies Legères, and for general proofs of his love of a good dinner, let our readers turn to some of the *Notes on Pascal*, particularly that one beginning, "Grand homme, que vous êtes fou!" in answer to Pascal's Jeremiad over the miseries of human life.

† *Maitre d'hotel* to the Prince de Condé. See a lively account of his suicide, in consequence of the non-arrival of the fish for dinner, in Madame de Sevigne's Letters. But though lauded and lamented by Louis XIV., we should be sincerely grieved, if such an illustrious example were to be extensively followed; we should iufinitely prefer, that the *cause* of this kitchen Cato's suicide were to be for ever removed, by a greater degree of attention to piscatory matters, on the part of future cooks. We hope they will follow the sage advice of M. Grimod de la Reynière, and prefer the pleasure of *living* at the expense of their masters, to the honour of dying for them.

should not be more common among cooks than it is in these degenerate days. If our readers will turn to Athenæus (*Deipnosophist.* books 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th), they will find, among sundry curious particulars relative to the cookery of the Greeks, many amusing extracts from comic writers, whose works are now lost, illustrative of the lofty feelings of the "artistes" of these ancient days, some of whom (book 5th), express themselves critically in the words of Mr. Ude, quoted above. One of them tells his hearers, that his dishes have the power of rendering their eaters immortal, and that he can raise the dead by the mere odour of his cookery. Another says, that he "regards cooks and sophists, as upon a level in point of talent and importance." The Roman comic writers opened a similar vein of mocking wit, at the expense of the cooks. In Plautus, Ballio hires a cook, who protests that "Jove himself dines on the odour of his dishes." Ballio asks him how Jupiter dines, when he (the cook), is out of place? "He goes to bed hungry," replies the cook. (See the *Pseudolus*). This amusing idea, however, is borrowed (as the Romans borrowed every thing), from the Greeks. It occurs originally in a speech of Prometheus, in the Nephelococcygia of Aristophanes. It is curious enough to compare the excessive pretensions of these cooks, with what their performances must have been, if we take Apicius for our authority*; and beyond all doubt the Romans took their cookery from the Greeks. Their stuffing for fowls must have been quite execrable—to say no worse of it; and their sauce for oysters —but we shall quote the words of Apicius himself.

"Sauce for Oysters. Take pepper, *ligusticum* (a hotter sort of pepper), yolk of an egg, vinegar, *liquamen* (the juice exuding from putrid fish), oil and wine, and to these add honey!!!"

To make up for this, however, beef-steaks, or something nearly resembling them, are recommended as highly nutritive: but cheese (which was smoked like our herrings) was in still higher odour. The Athenians fed their pugilists with it, and both Greeks and Romans regarded it as a potent auxiliary to the strength of their soldiers. Mr. Thomas Cribb, and the "Game Chicken," prefer raw beef-steaks to cheese, and the mutton of our military rations is more esteemed than Double Gloucester. The French proverb says, that "La soupe fait le soldat;" and, according to Sir John Sinclair (Essay on Health and Longevity), Theseus, and all the other heroes of antiquity, lived upon good gravy soup, something like *consommé*, if we may trust the worthy baronet,—who, indeed, may now be looked upon as being *himself* as one of the ancients.

* There are receipts for Greek and Roman cookery in Athenæus, in the 12th volume of the Antiquities of Grævius, and in the last of the Thesaurus of Gronovius; but Apicius is by far the most particular of them all in his directions, and his work most resembles, in this respect, the cookery books of our own days.

The inflated tone of the comic writers of Greece and Rome, in treating of cookery, has been very happily copied by the French, and particularly by the author of the Almanach des Gourmands, and Manuel des Amphitrions. These two works are admirable for their vivacity, but contain little practical information; they are, as Mr. Ude says, very pleasant books to read after dinner, but are of no use in teaching the cook how to dress it. We have said that the tone of the two last mentioned books is not original—that it is but the re-opening of an ancient vein of humour: we shall here give a proof of this:

"*Of the Hog.* The merits of the hog are so generally acknowledged, that any panegyric on him here would be superfluous. Without him we should have no lard, and consequently no cookery: Nature, indeed, has so well arranged matters, that every part of the hog is good for something. The arts dispute with cookery, the honour of his spoils; and if the sausage-makers of Paris owe their fortunes to his flesh and entrails, his bristles have become the chief instruments of the glory of Raphael, and have contributed not a little to the fame of Rameau*.

"*Of the Goose.* But what must for ever insure to the goose the eternal gratitude of all real gourmands, are the livers, of which are composed those admirable Strasburg pies. In order to make these livers of a proper size, the person of the bird must be sacrificed. Stuffed with food, deprived of drink, and nailed by the feet before a huge fire; the goose passes, it must be allowed, a life rather disagreeable. It might even be reckoned a life of intolerable agony, did not the fate which is reserved for her, furnish her a topic of consolation. But that perspective makes her support the pain with courage: and when she reflects that her liver, become larger than her body, loaded with truffles, and covered with learned paste, will soon diffuse through Europe the glory of her name, she resigns herself to her destiny, and does not suffer a single tear to flow down her cheeks."—[*Almanach des Gourmands*, Vol. I].

If any of our culinary readers will turn to Lister's edition of Apicius, they will find a long Latin note, under the head of *Lambecius*, containing, 'THE LAST WILL OF M. GRUNNIUS COROCOTTA,'† (a hog), in which the moribund monster bequeaths, among other legacies, his halter to the cook; his skin, bristles, &c. to the various workmen and artists who employ them; and concludes by begging that he may be so well saturated with sweet herbs and spices in cooking, that his fame may, after death, become universal and immortal. We subjoin a specimen of the tone of the original.

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* Heroes and courtiers, too, have been immortalised by their cooks. The marshals of France, whose names are associated with the soups their "artists" invented,—Soubise, Villeroi, Clermont, &c. &c. are best remembered: and the Marquis de Béchamel owes his fame entirely to the sauce which bears his name. [REVIEWER].

† Words imitative of the grunting of a hog.

"M. Grunnius Corocotta, porcellus testamentum feci. Quod quoniam mea manu scribere non potui, scribendum dictavi." He then goes on to make various legacies, and thus mentions the cook:—"Coco do, lego, et dimitto popam et pistillum, que mecum detuleram a querceto usque ad haram, liget sibi collum de reste. Volo mihi fieri monumentum ex literis aureis scriptum. M. Grunnius Corocotta, vixit annos 999, quòd si semis vixisset, mille annos implesset. Optimi amatores, mei vel consimiles vitæ, rogo vos, ut corpore meo bené faciatis, bené condiatis, de bonis condimentis nuclei, piperis et mellis, ut nomen meum in sempiternum nominetur."

A diligent search among the books and manuscripts extant on the subject, furnished us with nothing concerning the history of English cookery, which is not to be found in the learned preface to Pegge's *Antiquitates Culinariæ*, 4to edition, edited by Warner, (to which we refer our curious and culinary readers), if we except a volume of MS. receipts, "commendatory of the practice of eating cats, asses, dogs, vipers,* &c., &c., and laudatory of the advantages of "eating only one meal a day." We fancy there would be few instances of inabstinence, even among men gifted with a two-alderman power of eating, if the writer's favorite *cuisine* were to be generally adopted. We should be glad to quote this hungry author's denunciation of dinners, for the amusement of our readers—but we dare not venture to extract it, lest the Lord Mayor and his court should issue an edict, forbidding our Review to be read within the bills of mortality.

We must now, however, to use the words of Hamlet, "leave our damnable prefaces, and begin." Cookery, to speak seriously, is decidedly one of the Fine Arts, being subject to certain rules, and resulting, like the rest of them, from the progress of taste; and modified, like the nature of man, by the factitious circumstances of society. Cookery *chemically* modifies the various kinds of food, and *mechanically* alters its fibres: changing the nature of aliments, as the science of agriculture has changed that of almost all our vegetables.

That mode of cookery which is best calculated to assist digestion, by loosing the texture, and softening the fibres of our food—that which most pleases the eye, which most tickles the palate,

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* This writer would have escaped the wrath of the gods, (commemorated in Nonius *de Re cibariâ*), testified by the pestilence sent among the Athenians, for killing the first ox (the origin of the festival called Βουφονια), and the vengeance of Apollo, for the destruction of the sacred steers. (Odyss. B. 1). He would, too, have been extensively popular in Egypt, where Apis (the ox), was worshipped. Dogs are eaten at the present day, in China, and among the Esquimaux. Bats are reckoned delicate in the Levant,—frogs are notoriously liked in France,—rats, and such small geer, are eaten in parts of Prussia, and squirrels in Lapland. All readers of the Spanish novels are familiar with the Spanish practice of eating cats. This is so commonly understood, indeed, that in common parlance, Gronnarobis is facetiously entitled "a hare of the tiles."

and thereby stimulates the digestive organs, is unquestionably the best. Cookery, like poetry, is intended for general delight: and if that poetry has been pronounced the best, which gives the greatest delight to the greatest number*,—surely, that cookery may be still more logically said to be the best, which not only pleases the greatest number, but the most exquisite judges. This may be said of the French *Cuisine*, and for this reason we have placed at the head of our article, Mr. Ude's "French Cook," which is infinitely the best Institute of the best kind of cookery.

It is, perhaps, not generally known, that French cookery, as it is practised at this day, is comparatively a modern invention. Louis XIV., that lover of large palaces and small dishes, brought it to its present perfection, by abolishing those monstrous *plats*, which are now facetiously styled by the French, *morceaux de résistance*. We question whether any of the sciences†, and we are quite sure none of the fine arts, have derived as much benefit from the patronage of the *grand monarque*, as this one. In an age when even Bernouilli wrote about the head and tail of a comet, there were no disputes about the comparative merits of the head and tail of a fish: and the roasting of 600 sorcerers at a time‡, was abolished by the same prince, who forbade large roasts in general.

M. Ude's work is divided into chapters, which treat of sauces, soups, removes, fish, forced meat, and the various ways of dressing all sorts of flesh, fowl, game, eggs, and vegetables, including pastry. The first article is of course the most important, as being the foundation of all good cookery. And here we may remark, that our pretensions to have entrées *peculiarly English*, are extremely absurd. Turtle, mock turtle, hare soup, &c., are all called *English* dishes, although their very basis—the thing on which all their excellence depends—is French! Indeed, if we were to strike out all the receipts for dressing French dishes badly—*corruptio optimi pessima*—that occur in our English cookery books, we should soon curtail them of their unfair proportions. Let Mrs. Rundell, Kitchener, and the rest, deal in roast beef and boiled beef, and revel on roast goose with apple sauce, and hare with sweet stuffing, and all the horrors of pork; but let them not talk of sautés, or risolles, or meddle with entremets! We are sorry to condemn goose in this way, remembering that queen Elizabeth

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* See the Edinburgh Review of Scott's Lord of the Isles, where this proposition is seriously laid down.

† Louis XIV. sent naturalists to Cayenne, for the purpose of making discoveries; and they did make one, which will, for ever, entitle them to the gratitude of posterity—Cayenne pepper! We may here mention, for the benefit of our readers, that the difficulty of rendering Cayenne pepper soluble, and distributing its flavour equally through soups and sauces, has been obviated by an ingenious preparation of Messrs. Waugh, chemists, who have crystallized it.

‡ *In 1609, at Bordeaux.*

loved it, and made it an eternal Michaelmas dish, in commemoration of the destruction of the Armada. Richard Cœur de Lion, too, was so extremely fond of goose, that he risked a dungeon for one (See *Ellis's Metrical Romances*). The monarch and two of his knights are represented, in the same romaunt, as engaged in an operation which would not have sounded well in *Bishop Heber's Palestine*, or in any other prize poem, much as cooks are generally indebted to the authors of these compositions:

> "A goose they dight to their dinner,
> In a tavern where they were.
> *King Richard* the fire bet;
> *Thomas* to him the spit set:
> *Fouk Doyley* tempered the wood."

The romance says nothing of the apple sauce, which, we think, was an invention quite worthy of those barbarous days; nor of gooseberry sauce, which Meg Dods recommends. The sauce and the bird are worthy of each other. We have very little respect, even for the celebrated pâtés made of goose thighs and livers*: for other preparations of this fowl, we have the most unbounded aversion—not to say contempt. Dr. Starke, indeed, in his *Experiments on Diet*, states, that "when he fed upon goose, he was more vigorous in body and mind, than upon any other diet"—but his authority does not weigh much with us. Reviewers are accustomed to live upon this sort of food; and instead of feeling more vigorous in body and mind from what they feed on, they generally feel oppressed and lethargic, in consequence of the heavy and stupid matter which they consume. The authoress of "Domestic Economy," misquotes, as usual, Starke's observation, and remarks upon it in Mrs. Malaprop's vein, that "by *continuance*, one might overcharge *these faculties*," innocently taking body and mind for *faculties*. The stupidity of geese is proverbial: but, perhaps, our readers may not be aware of the full extent of it. Lemery, the celebrated chemist, saw a goose turning the spit on which another fowl was roasting:—and when flocks of geese used to be driven from Picardy into Italy, over the Alps, the fat and feathered gluttons, as they waddled under the gigantic triumphal arches, cautiously stooped till they had passed by!

But if goose was a favourite dish with the lion-hearted Richard, pork was still more so. On recovering from an illness in Syria, Richard wished for a dish of pork†, which it happened to be im-

* From a passage in Juvenal, it would seem that the ancient Romans were as fond of enlarged goose livers as the modern Parisians: it is to be hoped that their method of magnifying them was not quite so cruel as that adopted by the builders of *pâtés de foiés gras*, to produce that species of oleaginous dropsy of which the bird dies. The words of Juvenal, to which we allude, are in the fifth satire:

"Anseris ante ipsum magni jecur," &c.

† Another *less illustrious murderer*, the late Mr. Thurtell, had a similar

possible to procure. Being like all gracious monarchs, not a little cruel and unreasonable, no one durst tell him the truth. An old knight (see *Ellis's Romances*,) recommended, that in the absence of pork, a young Saracen should be roasted, and gave the following receipt for dressing him:

"Take a Saracen young and fat;
In haste let the thief be slayn,
Opened, and the skin off flayn:
And sodden, full hastily,
With powder and with spicery,
And with saffron of good colour."—*Ellis*, vol. i.

After eating heartily of Saracen, Richard falls asleep, and on waking, tells the cook to bring the jowl for supper. When he sees the "swarte vis" grinning at him—

"What devil is this?" the king cried,
And gan to laugh as he were wode.
"What, is Saracen's flesh so good?
That never erst, I nought wist,
By Gode's death, and his uprist,
Shall we never die for default,
While we may in any assault,
Slee Saracens, the flesh may take,
And seethen, rosten, stew, and bake."—*Ellis*, vol. i.

But to return to Mr. Ude. There is a genuine enthusiasm—a feeling of the use, importance, and dignity of his art—about his volume, which is eminently amusing: but without which, as he himself very truly says, it is impossible to be a good cook. Indeed, his zeal in the cause of cookery sometimes leads him even to subdue the sentiments of humanity, as in the cooking of eels (p. 297). Cooks, we know, are condemned to wade through slaughter to a matelotte, but none that we ever heard of has so completely shut the gates of mercy on eel-kind, as Mr. Ude.

MATELOTTE OF EELS.

'Take one or two *live eels: throw them into the fire. As they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is the best, as it is the means of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable.*'

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affection for pork, and supped upon it at midnight, at the cottage at Gill's Hill-lane, after the murder of Weare.

Pork is extremely indigestible, if not thoroughly dressed; and will, when eaten at night, conjure up "the nightmare and her nine-fold," with great expedition and effect. The late Mr. Fuseli loved to "sup full with horrors" in this way: and it is to him, and this practice of his, that Peter Pindar alludes, when speaking of

"Some artist who can sup upon raw pork
To make him dream of horrors for his brush."

But to do the author justice, we must quote his defence:

'*Several gentlemen have accused me of cruelty, for recommending in my book that eels should be burnt alive.* As my knowlege of cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of their taste, and the preservation of their health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin, and the oil which remains when they are skinned*, are highly indigestible. If any gentleman or lady should make the trial, they will find the burnt ones are much healthier: *but it is, after all, left to their choice, whether to burn or skin.*'

This vindication of unnecessary cruelty, is quite worthy of the advocates of the game laws and spring guns: and we should not be at all surprised to see it reprinted, with some slight alterations, in the next armigeral pamphlet, on the preservation of pheasants, at the expense of human blood. The following reasoning is quite worthy of a squire of game, indifferent in his choice to shoot or transport.

'Several gentlemen have accused me of cruelty, for recommending in my work that poachers should be shot. As my knowlege of the laws is entirely devoted to the gratification of their taste, and the preservation of their game, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The complaints and curses they utter when they are shot, are highly indefensible. If any gentleman or lady should make the trial, they will find that the shot ones are much better: but it is, after all, left to their choice whether to shoot or hang.'

We may sum up the character of Mr. Ude's volume, by saying, that though it will be found most useful for those who keep a splendid table, there are numerous receipts in it that combine elegance and economy. It must be remembered, however, that the grand characteristic of French cookery, is not cheapness, but exquisite delicacy. The new receipts—the dishes à la Ude—are excellent: but in lauding them, it would be unjust to pass over the *English* receipts in "The French Cook," which are highly meritorious; though the remarks on turbot, and the vituperation of the *spatium admirabile* Rhombi, at page 311, will astound some gastronomic readers.

The Receipt for dressing Turtle is superb: and though we are prevented by its length from quoting it, we must state the curious fact, that this dish, said to be so peculiarly English, is scarcely mentioned in any of the English cookery books.

'Beauvilliers's French Cookery,' the second book on our list, is heralded by a very absurd preface, by the person who has done M. Beauvilliers's work into what he calls English. The instructions to cooks which it contains, might pass for an ingenious imitation of Dean Swift's admirable directions to servants. For example:

'A cook ought to spend a part of every unhurried day in procuring instruction, from which he will learn to substitute one thing for another.'

But how is the cook to get even *this* kind of instruction? For the author says (p. 11), 'If a cook has to turn over a receipt book continually, the labour is immense, and the time lost is incalculable.' The logic of the following sentence is admirable. 'It is not customary in English cookery to *braise* and *poële* as the French do, *therefore* these operations should be thoroughly understood.' (p. 11). To the next direction, however, no cook will very decidedly object. 'When he has *a day* or *an hour* at leisure, he ought to go and assist at *entertainments*, when in town.' (p. 12). When it is remembered that this book professes to teach *economy*, the translator seems rather romantic in advising, that 'every elegant trifle should be introduced; delicate fruits and flowers, crystal vases, gold bowls, cups, &c., pine apples, melons, &c., in short, every thing delicate, bright, and shining.' (p. 12, 13). The volume, the preface to which contains this trash, professes to be a *translation;* but there is at least as much French as English in it: and those parts of the original left untranslated, are, unluckily, the very portions of the book most likely to present any difficulty to English readers of it. For example—what English cook would understand a Babylonish dialect like the following?

'Cut out three *carrés* of mutton; *marque* them with the others, in the same way as the saddle, *a la Sainte Menéhoulde:* dry them with a hot poker, *glaze* the whole, and serve them with a ragoût of small roots, *purée* of sorrel,' &c.—p, 80.

Or this:

'Take a large shoulder of mutton, without spoiling the *carré: marque* a stew pan with carrots, &c., moisten with *bouillon*, put it for three or four hours upon the *paillase*, when ready to send to table, *glaze* it on a *purée* of sorrel, or *tomate* (*une chicorée blanche au jus*), a *ragoût* of small roots; or an *espagnole*.'—p. 80, 81.

One example more:

'Pigs' feet: having boned and filled them with a *salpiçon* of *volaille* and *truffles*, wrap them up in the form of a *pied de Sainte Ménéhoulde*,' &c.—p. 97.

The very titles of the dishes are alarming. What does the reader think of aggyzinas, aubergines, babas, darioles, fanchonettes,—to say nothing of surprised eggs, little Genoeses, dishes of ladies' lips, charlottes of apples, eggs in snow, eggs in sunshine, eggs in a mirror, eggs in moonshine, Turk's caps, mutton in a ball, fritters surprised, partridge souffly, potatoe topinambours, or tendons of veal in peacock's tails? all of which this delightful translator has done into English: while no attempt is made to translate *choucroûte* by the term sour krout. We will ask only one question. If the book was intended to be useful to English cooks, why is it not written in English?

The 'French Domestic Cookery,' has all the faults which we have pointed out in Beauvilliers', except an absurd preface: but,

to make up for this, it borrows the title of a popular work on cookery, which it will never supersede. We may ask, why so many dishes *à l'Anglaise* are introduced into a *French* cookery book?

Mrs. Rundell's 'Domestic Cookery,' is almost too well known to require notice. Its chief object is, to teach *economy* in the management of the table; and this, we think, it accomplishes. We cannot speak in praise of its receipts for the higher kinds of cookery, but we dare say that they will be very much admired by precisely that class of gastronomes whose judgment is worth nothing. English cooks, who profess to give French dishes, are somewhat like Lord Peter, in the Tale of a Tub—they give us very ordinary brown bread, and pretend that it is delicious mutton. But, though we have no respect for Mrs. Rundell's salmis, we cordially admire her practical good sense, and applaud her for the production of a useful book, which has, moreover, the merit of having been the pattern of all that have since been published.

In noticing the 'Domestic Economy and Cookery, by a Lady,' we cannot help expressing our surprise, that the respectable house from which it comes, should have stooped to pillage the title of a rival bookseller's work. In point of *utility*, however, the Domestic Economy is infinitely below the Domestic Cookery. The author seems extremely partial to the cookery of the East: and, perhaps, to the steward of the East Indian Club, if to nobody else, his Hindostanee and Mahometan receipts may be valuable. But Mahometan stews, and kebaubs,—mutton saturated with sugar and spice, and mixed with fruit,—and the eternal sweet herbs and pepper of the Hindoo *cuisine*, in elective affinity with rice and water, will never do here. No one in this country, we fear, will patronise the sweet pillaus and cold soups of Persia; the cubbubs and sherbets, of Egypt; the cuscussou and honied paste of Africa; or the seraglio cookery, for which receipts are given,—any more than the mare's milk, snails, frogs, acorns, horse-chesnuts, horse-flesh, ass-flesh, and elephant's flesh, so strongly recommended in the preface. Neat's dung, for firing, we hope will never come into general use, though 'it emits a fine perfume in burning;' nor do we wish to exchange our sea-coal fires, even for river 'mud and refuse of peat stalks.' (p. 112). The body of the work proves, we think, that the author has been more anxious to make a large cookery book, than a good one: and we have no hesitation in saying, that by far the most remarkable thing about the 'Domestic Economy and Cookery,' is its *bulk*.

Dr. Kitchener seems to have aimed at the production of an English rival to the French cookery books, in which he has as egregiously failed, as in his attempt to imitate the gay and mocking vein of the *Almanach des Gourmands*. Dr. Kitchener's wit is better fitted for the kitchen, than his cookery for the dining room. There is a fatness, a redundancy of grease about his dishes, which

seems to communicate itself to his style. Every thing about the book is pinguinitescent. There is an air of quackery, too, about the minuteness of his instructions—his *sauce boxes, magazines of taste*, and his directions for making various things, *in a minute*, or *directly*. In his receipt for making 'punch directly,' for example, after detailing the process of making syrup of lemonade, he says,—'A table spoonful of this, in a pint of water, will *immediately* produce a very agreeable sherbet: the addition of rum and brandy, will convert this into *punch directly*.' (p. 352). This is just as if we should say—"Take a screw, add to it a piston, cylinder, crank, boiler, and condenser, and you will have a STEAM ENGINE DIRECTLY." We may here mention that the Doctor is wrong in saying that the word *punch* is of West India origin: it comes from the Hindoostanee word, *pancha*, five: water, sugar, acid, rum, brandy, being the five ingredients of punch. Rum is, we believe, a Charib word: of its meaning we are ignorant.

The next book on our list, is Meg Dods's Cookery: a work which has been attributed, we know not how justly, to the highest literary name of the age. It professes to be written by the sage and celebrated Mrs. Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, assisted by all the principal characters that figure in St. Ronan's Well. We do not profess to know, whether the mighty minstrel had any thing to do with the concoction of this cookery book,—perhaps he had as little to do with it, as cooking the dishes it contains; but we have no hesitation in saying, that if the humorous introduction is not written by Sir Walter Scott, the author of it possesses a singular talent of mimicking his best comic manner, and has presented us with an imitation of the great novelist, as remarkable for its fidelity, facility, and cleverness, as any thing in the Rejected Addresses.

'Meg Dods' differs from the other cookery books only in one particular; viz., in adding *Scotch dishes* to the receipts already familiar to all diligent readers of English cookery books. That our readers may judge of the value of this addition, we refer them particularly to the receipt for "Scotch haggis," which is highly lauded, and which Burns has dignified with the title of "Great chieftain of the pudding race." If any gentleman, professing to be, like Mr. Tremaine, a man of refinement, could, without fainting, endure the steam of fat distilled perfumes which must issue from such a compound as the said haggis, on its paracentesis, we must say that he is quite worthy of having been a guest at the famous dinner after the manner of the ancients, which Smollet has described so inimitably. The company could, of course, have but *one nose* on the subject. Of the *taste* of this hyperborean dish, we are in a state of happy ignorance; and shall never, we hope, be induced to peril our existence, by indulging a curiosity, of which the consequences would be precisely those which the Sybarite predicted must follow the eating of Lacedæmonian black broth.

We have not room to particularise the national dish which rejoices in the Euphonous name of cock-a-leekie, any further than to say, that it is made of a large old fowl, leeks, oatmeal, prunes, and shred greens. But all these Scotch horrors are outdone by sheep's-head broth. 'Choose a large fat head. When carefully singed by the blacksmith!!! soak it and the singed trotters in luke-warm water;'—but we cannot go on with the details. The remaining parts of the book do not materially differ from other English books, except in being written with a facetiousness and good humour that are highly attractive. The remarks on keeping game, we should not omit to say, are very bold and judicious.

We have now done with the English cookery books, and the translations of the French ones. All of them, with the exception of Mrs. Rundell's, are chargeable with want of economy—the thing they are perpetually lauding. We have not room for all the instances of this that we could produce; but we will give two. In the cookery of vegetables, which make such elegant entremets, and in which so much of the variety, beauty, and economy, of the French tables consists, all the English cookery books are almost silent. In their methods of roasting and stewing, too, they are quite as expensive as the French, with whom wine is cheap. It seems never to have occurred to the translators of the French books, that any of the dishes of the French cuisine were to be omitted, whatever was their expense, or whether we made the materials in this country or not. If we turn to roast ham, we find that Beauvilliers prescribes a bottle of Madeira, and one of Champaigne, for soaking it: the Domestic Economy follows him in recommending a bottle of Champaigne or Malaga. This should be reformed altogether.

Art. V. *Reminiscences of Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn: with an Essay on the Mystical Devotions of Catholics and Protestants; a Correspondence between the late Dr. Parr and Mr Butler*, &c. &c. Vol. ii. 8vo. pp. 290. 9*s.* 6*d.* London: Murray. 1827.

We have so recently put upon record our respectful opinion of Mr. Butler's mind, character, and writings, that we proceed at once, without the useless repetition of our general sentiments, to sift the contents of this, the latest production of his valuable leisure. It is intended as a sequel to the agreeable volume, under the same title, which he published some five years ago; and it offers a continuation of the same easy and miscellaneous entertainment. But its interest is certainly of a very inferior, or, at least, of a less lively description: for it is by no means so rich in anecdote of distinguished characters; and is not at all so much, in strictness, a compendium of the writer's own recollections of life, as a heterogeneous gathering of various reading, scattered thoughts, and stray essays.

It is, in short, rather—and had more title to have been so designated—a volume of *Omniana*, than of personal reminiscences. It is in general written with the simplicity and absence of affectation, which uniformly distinguish Mr. Butler's style; but we are compelled to observe, also, that in some parts the language is not quite so lucidly correct, nor does the text appear to have undergone so careful a revision in its passage through the press, as are observable in his former works.

The volume opens with a chapter obviously suggested by the misnomer of its title page:—a chapter on Auto-biographers. Here the Chancellor d' Aguésseau, the Cardinal de Retz, Gibbon, Huet, the famous Bishop of Avranches, and others, are successively introduced, always in that pleasing and facile manner which Mr. Butler has made so peculiarly his own, and generally with some useful and striking application. Of the character of De Retz, however, he has surely formed too high an estimate; nor can we agree in the respect which he implies for the prostituted genius of that turbulent and factious intriguer, when he distinguishes him for the noble ambition of immortality, and for signal 'elevation of mind.' Of the ready self-possession of the Cardinal in debate, and the remarkable powers which he possessed of beguiling the judgment of an auditory, Mr. Butler has adduced a happy illustration. The story, which is taken from De Retz's own memoirs, is not new; but our author has told it well and pointedly:

'"*Patris dictum sapiens temeritas filii comprobavit*," is a sentence produced by Cicero, to shew the great effect of a skilful arrangement of words. On one occasion, Cardinal de Retz shewed, in a very extraordinary manner, the happy effect of such an arrangement. A debate took place in the parliament of Paris, upon a point which the Cardinal was very desirous of having instantly decided: to prolong the debate, and, if possible, to procure an adjournment of it, was the object of his adversaries; with this view, they introduced a personal charge against him. To justify himself was not easy; it evidently would have required a long and unpleasant debate, and this would, even although he succeeded, have occasioned the delay which he dreaded. In these straights, the genius of the Cardinal did not desert him. As one confident of success, he rose from his seat, and thus addressed the auditory:—'In the present state of affairs, I neither can, nor ought to answer this calumny, in any other manner than by rendering the same testimony to myself, which, in similar circumstances, the Roman orator rendered to himself, in these words:—"*In difficilimis reipublicæ temporibus, urbem nunquam deserui; in prosperis, nihil de publico delibavi; in desperatis, nihil timui.*" "In the most difficult times of the republic, I never deserted the state; in her most prosperous fortune, I never tasted of her sweets; in her most desperate circumstances, I knew not fear." It is the Cardinal's own observation, that this sentence has in the original a charm, which no translation can impart. It produced such an effect on the assembly, as permitted him, with their full acquiescence, to step over the accusation, and to fix the attention of his hearers on the point to which he wished it confined. He succeeded beyond his

hopes: he appeared another Scipio, leading the admiring multitude from the tribunes, to the capitol. The quotation was in the mouth of every one: but in what part of Cicero's works was it to be found? It was in vain to search for it: the Cardinal himself had invented it, on the moment.'—pp. 11—13.

History has recorded no civil war that places the character of a people in a more contemptible light, than that of the *Fronde*, by which France was convulsed, during the minority of Louis XIV., and wherein De Retz was so prominent and wicked an agitator. The inefficiency of the whole object of the contest, the heartless frivolity which mingled with its bloodshed the despicable spirit of intrigue, and the utter want of consistency and principle, with which both the leaders and the populace perpetually shifted their party, all was thoroughly characteristic of the most inconsistent nation of the universe. In choosing to introduce this subject, Mr. Butler might have found more occasion than he has taken for his habit of philosophical reflection: but, in the few remarks in which he has indulged in his notice of De Retz, he has, not unhappily, contrasted the circumstances of the *Fronde* with those of the contemporaneous civil wars of our own country, as well as the opposite characters of the historians of both contests:

'The dissimilitude between the nature of the civil wars of the French, and the nature of the war between Charles I. and his parliament, is remarkable. The former scarcely had a definite object, unless the expulsion of *Mazarin* deserved that name; and this was only temporary. The object of the English war was the settlement of the constitution, on the basis of rational liberty, one of the noblest purposes in which a nation can exert herself. The mixture of gallantry in all the operations of the warriors of the *Fronde*, gave them an air of gaiety and gallantry. The civil war of England was always grave and austere; embued, on one side, with romantic loyalty, on the other, with stern fanaticism; and equal dissimilitude is discernible in the characters of the two writers, to whom we are indebted for the best accounts which have reached us, of these wars. Impetuous, but observing; disdaining the labour of composition, but possessing all its powers, the Cardinal siezes on the imaginations of his readers, and hurries them into all the varieties of the actions which he describes; introduces every leader to them, he himself, all the time, engrossing their principal attention: no crime excites his indignation; he pretends to no virtue but freedom from hypocrisy. Lord Clarendon is always dignified, his gait always solemn, his step always measured; he places his readers on an eminence, which gives them a distinct view of the scene; all his pages breathe loyalty, and every virtue which loyalty inspires. Each writer was admirably calculated to describe the scenes which he chose for the employment of his pen. *Perhaps*, however, the Cardinal would have shone more, as a writer, if his subject had been of sterner stuff, of deeper interest.'—pp. 13, 14.

Of the genius and literary character of Gibbon, who affords the next portrait in his gallery of auto-biographers, Mr. Butler seems to us to have presented *on the whole* a very accurate delineation.

Over his next chapter, which he has entitled 'The Southey Controversy,' we shall not linger. Suffice it to say, that he has here expressed himself with his wonted candour and modesty, on the warm disputation which was first provoked by Mr. Southey in his "Book of the Church;" and that, in relating the particulars of that controversy, wherein he might apply to himself the "*quorum magna pars*," &c., our reminiscent has risen from the hazardous and delicate subject of speaking on his own polemical works, with that same unruffled calmness of temper and benevolent dignity, by which *his* share, at least, of the contest was happily distinguished. What can possibly be more amiable and more—to choose an expression of his own—in the 'spirit of a Christian gentleman,' than even the severity of the following passage?

'The reminiscent has already mentioned its having been his design, that his reminiscences should close his literary career. Dr. Southey's "Book of the Church," extorted from him another publication; and,—φεῦ! φεῦ! engaged him in controversy.

'The doctor's "Book of the Church" appeared to the reminiscent, to shew extensive learning and great power of composition. He thought its style excellent; that it was nervous and elegant, and sometimes rose to eloquence. He particularly admired its religious tone; which, while it gives the work an air of solemnity, never degenerates into cant. But he thought it extremely unjust to the Catholic cause, as it brought forward the dark side of Catholicism, while it was almost quite silent on the parts of it which are acknowledged, by all persons of candour and information, to be fair and edifying; as it attributed to the general body of the Catholics of the present day, whatever had been most objectionable in the conduct of any of their ancestors; and as even these objectionable points were often immoderately exaggerated. If the Roman Catholic religion be such as it is described by Doctor Southey, it is, to use his own words, "a prodigious structure of imposture and wickedness;" and these infect the Roman Catholics, both as a body, and as individuals; and render them at once despicable and dangerous.

'It would be found difficult to name any Anti-Catholic publication which has proceeded, during the last fifty years, from the pen of a *gentleman*, that approaches Doctor Southey's in abuse. Its merits and its faults equally contributed to render it popular; the enemies of the Catholic cause zealously promoted its circulation: and this was increased by the actual agitation of the public mind, on the question of Catholic emancipation.

'An answer to it was, therefore, necessary. This, at the request of the reminiscent, was proposed, by one of his friends, to the late Dr. Milner.

'In consequence of it, the learned prelate published, under the name of *Merlin*, an anagram of *Milner*—"*Strictures on the Book of the Church.*" They were far from being destitute of merit, but were universally allowed to be unequal to the prelate's former defences of the Catholic cause. Contumelious expressions were too often found in them; the reminiscent never met a Catholic who did not lament them.

'Thus, a further answer to "The Book of the Church," became necessary: the task of preparing it fell to the reminiscent: never did a person engage in polemics with greater unwillingness.

'In preparing his Reply, the reminiscent prescribed to himself a rule, from which nothing should make him swerve,—that he would not use a single word that was irreconcileable with the spirit or manners of a Christian gentleman; and that this abstinence from contumely should be real, and not in words only.'—pp. 41—43.

The next division of Mr. Butler's volume is headed—'Mr. PITT, Mr. FOX, Mr. SHERIDAN;' but on the two great rival statesmen, he has here had very little to add to his previous notice of them in the former portion of his Reminiscences. Of Mr. Sheridan, though he has spoken rather more, we could desire that his account had been still longer. The purity of Mr. Butler's own life, which must place his humane apology for error in another above all suspicion, his habitual charity of feeling, and his personal knowledge of Sheridan through every season of his shifting fortunes—all these circumstances would render him a competent and candid judge of the man. We cannot, therefore, but wish that the pen of Mr. Butler had supplied us with a more complete sketch of a character, in which, assuredly, had once been implanted all the most beautiful elements of a noble nature, though perverted and destroyed by an irregular education, by the premature acquisition of fame, by the distraction of pursuits too various, and by the overwhelming difficulties of a career of splendid unsubstantial hopes, and bitter real destitution. One more "good story" of poor Sheridan, Mr. Butler has to add to the thousand on record.

'Occasionally, however, he had brilliant sallies. On one occasion, he and the late Mr. Sheldon, of Weston, in Warwickshire, supped with the Reminiscent. Mr. Sheldon was born of Catholic parents, and brought up a Catholic; he embraced the Protestant religion, and sate in two parliaments. The Catholic question being mentioned, Mr. Sheridan, supposing Mr. Sheldon to be a Catholic, told him, "he was quite disgusted at the pitiful lowly manner in which Catholics brought forward their case: Why should not you, Mr. Sheldon, walk into the house and say, "Here am I, Sheldon of Weston, entitled by birth and fortune to be among you; but, because I am a Catholic, you shut your door against me." "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Sheldon, interrupting him, "I thought it the duty of a subject to be of the religion of his country, and therefore" —"you quitted," said Mr. Sheridan, interrupting him, "the errors of popery, and became a member of a church which you know to be free from error? I am glad of it; you do us great honour." The subject then changed; but it was evident that Mr. Sheldon did not sit quite easy. At length, the third of the morning hours arrived; Mr. Sheldon took his watch from his pocket, and holding it forth to Mr. Sheridan, "See," he said to him, "what the hour is: you know our host is a very early riser." "Damn your *apostate watch!*" exclaimed Mr. Sheridan, "put it into your Protestant fob."'—pp. 81, 82.

In more serious illustration of the sensitive feeling which Sheridan so strangely mingled with the shameless irregularities of his pecuniary transactions, our reminiscent cites one example which we do *not remember to have heard* before:

'Perhaps Mr. Sheridan's most splendid exhibition was his speech in the court of Chancery, at the hearing of the cause upon the bill filed against him by the trustees of Drury Lane theatre. The court was crowded; Mr. Sheridan spoke during two hours, with amazing shrewdness of observation, force of argument, and splendour of eloquence; and as he spoke from strong feeling, he introduced little of the wit and prettyness, with which his oratorical displays were generally filled. He was heard with great attention and interest: while his speech lasted, a pin might be heard to drop. But it did not prevent Mr. Mansfield from making a most powerful reply. He exposed, in the strongest terms, the irregularity of Mr. Sheridan's conduct as manager of the theatre, and the injuries done by it to the proprietors, creditors, and performers. Upon these, Mr. Mansfield commented in the bitterest terms; and every word he said sunk deep into Mr. Sheridan's heart. The chancellor appeared to pity the calamities of a man so talented, and so abusing his talents. He finished his discourse, by conjuring Mr. Sheridan to think seriously of the words with which Dr. Johnson concludes his life of Savage,—that "those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, will be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

'Most anxious was Mr. Sheridan to procure from Mr. Mansfield something that had an appearance of a retraction of the charges which he had brought against him. To obtain this, he made many direct and many indirect efforts. All he could obtain from Mr. Mansfield was a declaration, at a consultation with the Reminiscent, at which Mr. Sheridan was present, that, "he spoke from the affidavits in the cause; so that his assertions and arguments depended, for their justice, on the truth of the facts mentioned in those." This was little, but it comforted Mr. Sheridan much.'—pp. 87, 88.

To Mr. Burke, our reminiscent has devoted a whole chapter, which, though not developing any novel views, or facts, of the character of that great statesman, is still by no means devoid of interest. It is chiefly a rambling commentary on Mr. Prior's biography of Burke, and sometimes adds an agreeable illustration to that gentleman's work, from the stores of the reminiscent's personal knowledge and reflection. Mr. Butler's remarks on the conversation of Burke are, we cannot doubt, perfectly well founded; for, while he confirms the general report of its extraordinary fertility and compass, he satisfactorily accounts for the impatience and weariness with which it was often heard:

'Mr. Burke's "*Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*," raised him in the world, and introduced him to the acquaintance of several persons distinguished by rank or talents. That his conversation was eminently interesting, entertaining, and instructive, is universally admitted. It was very discursive; if the person with whom he conversed, had full leisure to listen, and only wished for general information, nothing can be conceived more delightful; it abounded with eloquence, elegance, learning, novelty, and pleasantry; it was the basket of Pomona, full of every choice and every common fruit. But, if a person wished for information upon any

particular point, and his time for listening was limited, Mr. Burke's eloquent rambles were sometimes very provoking. Sir Philip Francis once waited upon him, by appointment, to read over to him some papers respecting Mr. Hastings's delinquencies. He called on Mr. Burke, in his way to the house of a friend, with whom he was engaged to dine. He found him in his garden, holding a grasshopper: "What a beautiful animal is this!" said Mr. Burke: "observe its structure; its legs, its wings, its eyes." "How can you," said Sir Philip, "lose your time in admiring such an animal, when you have so many objects of moment to attend to?" "Yet Socrates," said Mr. Burke, "according to the exhibition of him in Aristophanes, attended to a much less animal: he actually measured the proportion which its size bore to the space it passed over in its skip. I think the skip of a grasshopper does not exceed its length: let us see." "My dear friend," said Sir Philip, "I am in a great hurry; let us walk in, and let me read my papers to you." Into the house they walked; Sir Philip began to read, and Mr. Burke appeared to listen. At length, Sir Philip having misplaced a paper, a pause ensued.—"I think," said Mr. Burke, "that naturalists are now agreed, that *locusta*, not *cicada*, is the Latin word for grasshopper. What's your opinion, Sir Philip?"—"My opinion," answered Sir Philip, packing up his papers, and preparing to move off, "is, that till the grasshopper is out of your head, it will be idle to talk to you of the concerns of India."

'It may be added, that when Mr. Burke was in conversation, he frequently appeared to speak rather from the reflections which were working in his own mind, upon what his friend had said, than to give a direct answer to it, or to make a direct observation upon it.

'It might be perceived, that those who constantly heard Mr. Burke's conversation, sometimes exhibited, when he spoke, symptoms of weariesomeness. *Toujours perdris*, partridge every day,—tires in the end. Some thought themselves entitled to be heard oftener than Mr. Burke's unceasing flow allowed. Mr. Fox's general habit of rumination made Mr. Burke's conversation a treat to him; but among Mr. Fox's followers, several excelled in conversation; they wished to be heard, and many wished to hear them. This occasioned Mr. Burke's being sometimes listened to with impatience; this impatience was not always concealed; and something like a respectful quiz was sometimes offered. Here, Mr. Sheridan too often offended:—daily experience shews, that this is an offence not always pardoned."—pp. 102—105.

The paper on Burke is followed by an essay on Junius:—a subject so hacknied and exhausted, that not even the colloquial charms of Mr. Butler's style can longer confer attraction upon its matter. We also pass over the chapter headed with the name of the late bishop of Durham, as no otherwise remarkable than for its affectionate burst of friendship over the memory of that truly virtuous, though perhaps not highly talented, prelate. We next arrive at a comparison of the Lives of Erasmus and Grotius, prompted by Mr. Butler's own two memoirs of those celebrated scholars. Of the composition of that pair of little volumes, he gives us, in few words, an account that deserves to be copied, for the pleasing and instructive picture which it offers of the perpetual exercise of

his literary tastes, and the intellectual tone of his recreations. 'About three years ago,' says he, 'in committing to the flames a heap of loose papers, upon a great variety of subjects, the reminiscent lit on some leaves, which contained minutes and observations made by him, on the lives and writings of these two eminent persons. Several were written so long ago as between the years 1769 and 1773: they had long been laid by, and were absolutely forgotten, when the circumstance which has been mentioned led to their discovery. The reminiscent found them better than he expected; and began to think, that by pillaging his own works, and levying some contributions on those of others, he might, harmlessly to himself, and not unpleasantly to a portion of the public, employ a couple of vacations in forming them into bibliographical memoirs, not absolutely unworthy of perusal. Both are now under the public eye.'

Mr. Butler's comparison of the learning of Erasmus and Grotius with that of succeeding ages, leads him to notice the erudite labours of the Maurist Monks. His account of the amazing literary exertions and acquirements of those Benedictine monastics, is highly interesting and just; for, to adopt the forcible expression of Gibbon, the shelves of public libraries still "groan under the weight of the Maurist labours." Mr. Butler cites two of the principal monuments of their prodigious industry; their "Literary History of France," and their "collection of the Gaulish and French Historians." But why has he omitted to notice and applaud another, and by far the most valuable work of the Benedictine congregation of St. Maur, "L'art de verifier les dates des Faits Historiques des Chartes," &c., the original of which is the Parisian 3,—folio edition of 1783-7:—a work of immense erudition, care, and judgment, which is well known to every scholar, and is worthy of being, as far as it goes, the text book of every historical inquirer.

The next chapter to which our attention is called, contains a brief and very singular dissertation on mystical devotion—or the efforts of heathen and Christian contemplatives to raise their minds to an intimate communication with the Deity. This curious subject of inquiry, Mr. Butler treats under distinct heads of, the nature of mysticism itself—its cultivation by Pagans—by the Jews—by the early Christians—by those of the middle ages—by modern Roman Catholics, particularly the Quietists—and by Protestants, of the church of England, Quakers and Methodists. The whole subject is one of great curiosity, and required to have been discussed at far greater length: but it is chiefly interesting to the philosophical observer of the human mind, as well as to the divine and the theologian, from the proofs which it supplies, through the history of all religions, of the inherent yearning of our spiritual essence for a communion with, and silent adoration of, its Divine Maker. Such were the efforts of some of the greatest of the Pagan philosophers to arrive at a state of contemplation and sublime

speculation; such was the mental abstraction cultivated by many of the Jews—by, among early Christians, the solitaries of the Egyptian and Syrian deserts—by the modern Quietists of France, among whom the illustrious Fénélon must certainly be numbered—by Jeremy Taylor, John Norris, and other contemplative divines of the church of England, in the seventeenth century—by the whole sect of the Quakers—and by Wesley and his most eminent followers of the Methodist persuasion. The existence of this ardent spirit of contemplative devotion under every form of worship, is but a variation of the same resident quality in the human mind: for, if the subject were to be closely examined, it would be found that enthusiasm, in all religions and in every system of philosophy, is still nearly the same. But we seek not to pursue the inquiry here: it is, in its magnitude and scope, far beyond even the limits which Mr. Butler has assigned to it; and one defect in his essay palpably forces itself upon our observation, when we find that he omits all reference to the contemplative devotion of the Muhammedans. The history of Sooffeeism in Persia alone would have furnished him with a remarkable section in his dissertation.

The subsequent portion of Mr. Butler's volume contains rather a long correspondence between him and Dr. Parr, with whom he seems, during the last ten years of that "learned Theban's" life, to have cultivated a very confidential acquaintance. These letters are occupied, among other topics, with a good deal of very lively and pleasing classical criticism; and they are, on the doctor's side, most amusingly characteristic of the man, of his truly immense learning, his pompous pedantry, his peculiar simplicity, and, we will add, of his liberal and Christian spirit. We are tempted to wish that we had space to instance a few of the whimsicalities of his letters; as when he censures the Latinity of his coeval friend, with the same dogmatical gravity as he might correct the exercise of a schoolboy; or, solemnly declares the honour which he intends for him by assigning to his works "a respectable place on the north side of his *smaller* library, which is chiefly furnished with theological books in English," while, he is careful to add, that, "the Latin, the Greek, and the Hebrew, are in his *larger* library." But peace to the little foibles and vanities of a great scholar and a good man.

With the exception of a concluding essay on the proposed reform of the English Courts of Equity, with which it is not our purpose to engage at present, we have now, we believe, tolerably fulfilled our promise of sifting the contents of Mr. Butler's volume. We shall only add that we have necessarily left a great many things in it unnoticed, which may still well repay the reader for the easy occupation of perusing a little miscellany so full of attraction and variety.

ART. VI. *Voyage of H. M. S. Blonde to the Sandwich Islands, in the Years* 1824, 1825. Captain the Right Hon. Lord Byron, Commander. 4to. pp. 260. 2*l.* 2*s.* London: Murray. 1827.

ALTHOUGH we have so lately, in reviewing Mr. Ellis's excellent work*, presented to our readers the principal details which have been recently collected concerning the Sandwich Islands, yet we cordially embrace the opportunity, which the present volume affords us, of returning to the subject. We are to recollect, that the people inhabiting those remote specks on the bosom of the Pacific, are what may be called *mediate* subjects of the British crown; they have sought and obtained its protection, and distant and uncultivated though they be, they have some right to our attention, and not a few claims upon our sympathy.

Their present condition is, besides, particularly interesting to every philosophical observer of human nature; as it affords the rare spectacle of a rude community, but lately become known to the civilised world, and only now emerging from the revolting practices of a Pagan worship, and the brutal customs of a savage existence. Though the merit of discovering them belongs to England, yet it is pleasant to remember that we have done them no wrong; we have seized none of their islets; we have no views upon any of their harbours or promising possessions. All our intercourse with them has been, with one or two accidental exceptions, of the most beneficent and useful character; our only object being to raise them from the creeping state in which we found them, and to give them true notions of the dignity, and worth, and capabilities, of the species to which they belong.

It is a circumstance peculiarly favourable to this benign purpose, that the records of our navigation furnish no example of a newly discovered people, so friendly to our nation, so docile in their character, so ready to abolish every usage of their own, however sanctioned by time, which is shewn to be incompatible with their moral and social improvement. They have already, as we learned from Mr. Ellis, overthrown the shrines of their idols, and there is now scarcely a pagan image, or even a pagan rite, to be found amongst them. They have adopted Christianity, at least the leading principles of that doctrine, according to the imperfect manner in which those principles have been expounded to them by English and American missionaries. We find also, from the volume now before us, that those islanders are also beginning to feel the propriety of covering their persons, and to assume our costume; to evince a ready inclination towards the fine arts of civilised life which have as yet been communicated to them; and, what is of great importance, to recognise the necessity of placing their internal social relations and institutions upon a basis which

* M. R., vol. ii., p. 203.

will at once afford them security of property and person, and in time open to them facilities for rational liberty.

Much of the advance which these islanders have already made is, doubtless, to be ascribed to the happy natural dispositions with which they appear to be almost universally endowed. But certainly, much of it also, if not the greater part, is to be attributed to their late king, Riho Riho, or, as he afterwards called himself, Tamehameha II., who led the way, as their reformer, and during his too short career evinced a degree of intellectual elevation, and a steady resolution in carrying his innovations into effect, to which the early history even of our own country, or of any other part of Europe, exhibits few parallels. His determination to quit his own realms for a season, and to visit a country at a distance from Hawaii of half the circumference of the globe, being as nearly as possible the antipode of that island, shewed of itself that the mind of Tamehameha was one of no mean order, particularly as we know that he was prompted to this enterprise by a desire to see with his own eyes, the difference between the triumphs of civilisation, in their highest splendour, and the privations and wretchedness of man in the lowest state of barbarism. There was also, it must be owned, a keen sagacity evinced in the anxiety which he felt for repeating the act already performed by his father, of placing his island dominions under the protecting flag of Great Britain. Generally we find that newly discovered tribes, or at least their chieftains, from their ignorance of any condition of existence higher than their own, are filled with the most exaggerated notions of their own importance, and disdain all foreign alliance. But Tamehameha's mind was framed in an European mould. He not only judiciously appreciated the value of a connection with England, considering the local position of the Sandwich Islands, but he exposed himself and his beloved consort to the perils of a long voyage, in order to secure that object in the most solemn and binding manner. A wise Providence deemed it right that those perils should be attended with fatal consequences; though it may be that the very circumstance of the young Iconoclast's death, in a foreign land, will rather tend to impart a dear and sacred character to the institutions which he established, and by thus compensating for their want of antiquity, accelerate their consolidation.

The reader need not be informed that the Blonde was commissioned, under the command of Captain Lord Byron, to convey to the Sandwich Islands the bodies of Tamehameha and his queen, who died in London, in 1824. The narrative of the voyage, which appears to have been principally supplied by the Rev. Mr. Bloxam, chaplain to the vessel, contributes but very few and unimportant additions to the account which Mr. Ellis has already given of those islands. The details of the proceedings which took place at Hawaii, upon the arrival of the Blonde with the royal remains, will be read, however, with some interest, as will also that portion of

the volume drawn up by Mrs. Maria Graham, in which, after giving a historical view of the Sandwich Islands, she presents us with an authentic sketch of the manner in which the late king, his consort, and household, spent the brief period of their visit amongst us. This sketch is written with Mrs. Graham's usual simplicity and clearness, from notes placed at her disposal, by, we believe, the gentleman (the Hon. Frederick Byng) to whose guardianship the strangers were properly assigned, by Mr Canning, as soon as they reached London.

On Mrs. Graham's historical matter we must observe, that it is unnecessarily prolix, that it might have been dispensed with altogether, and that it seems to have originated only in a desire on the part of the publisher, that the quantity of letter-press should appear, in some measure, to justify the form and price of a quarto volume. The materials naturally connected with the 'voyage,' if limited within their just bounds, might have found abundant room in an octavo, of 300 pages; and we cannot help thinking that in that shape it would have been equally acceptable to all classes of readers. The mere historical part of the work we shall therefore pass over, in order that we may be able to do justice to Mrs. Graham's more novel and original pages, as well as to those of the Rev. Chaplain.

It is said, we know not upon what authority, that in addition to the motives which we have already mentioned for Tamehameha's visit to England, he was anxious to take precautions against the power of the Russians and Americans, as both, it seems, had evinced a strong disposition to appropriate some of his islands to their own purposes. They have, we believe, since desisted from that course; at least, their governments have disavowed those proceedings of their officers, of which Tamehameha complained.

Considerable opposition was at first given to the departure of the king and queen, but upon their consenting that an intelligent person named Boki, should accompany them, that opposition was withdrawn. Boki was brother of Karaimoku, the Sandwich prime minister, who called himself William Pitt, and to whom the regency of the islands was committed on the king's departure. He was accompanied by his wife, Liliah, or Kuinee, the particular friend and adopted sister of the queen, and a chief equal in rank to her husband. Besides these persons, the king was attended by Kapihe, his admiral, by Kuanoa, his treasurer, Manuia, his purveyor, and two inferior chiefs. He was desirous of having Mr. Ellis for his interpreter, but as such an arrangement, it appears, did not suit the good pleasure of Captain Starbuck, an American, the master of the Aigle, of London, which was freighted for the king, a Frenchman of the name of Rives, a fugitive, who had been for some years resident in the Sandwich islands, was fixed upon for that purpose. He is described as a person of a 'low, cunning, and profligate nature,' well fitted in every respect to serve such a

master as Starbuck, who betrayed the interests of his owners by diverting the Aigle from the commercial pursuits for which she was destined, in order that he might have an opportunity of enriching himself out of the funds of Tamehameha, which were imprudently entrusted to his care. Of his administration of them, no second opinion can be formed, when we add, that the king's chest contained 25,000 dollars when he embarked, and that when he arrived in London, they were reduced to 10,000, without Starbuck's being able to account for the disbursement of more than 3 or 4000. During the voyage he gambled with his passengers, and on his arrival at Portsmouth (in May 1824), he landed them, without giving the slightest notice to the government, of course, in order that his own power might be protracted as long as possible, for the same sordid purpose of pecuniary gain. They even performed the journey to London under his superintendence; but the moment Mr. Canning was apprised of their arrival, he placed them under the protection of government. Their first appearance was, it may be supposed, a little outré.

'The whole of the king's baggage, including the money, had been left on board the Aigle at Portsmouth, to go round to the river in the ship; and when the ladies were first seen in London, they were dressed in very strange habiliments. The queen wore trousers and a long bed-gown of coloured velveteen, and her friend Kuinee or Liliah, the wife of Boki, had on something of the same kind. They were playing whist with a pack of very dirty cards, complaining bitterly of the cold, and were upon the whole, in a state as far removed as possible from regal dignity.

'The first object was of course to provide dresses suitable to the climate, and also to the condition of the wearers; and it was impossible for any persons to be more tractable, or adapt themselves with more good temper to the usages of this country, than the whole party. The decorum of their behaviour was admirable during their residence in the hotel. Not one instance occurred of their overstepping the bounds of decency or civility in their intercourse with the different persons appointed to wait on them; not a suspicion that any one of the chiefs had offered the slightest insult to any woman; nor was there any of that gluttony and drunkenness with which those islanders, and especially the king, have been wantonly charged by some who ought to have known better. It is true that, unaccustomed to our habits, they little regarded regular hours for meals, and that they liked to eat frequently, though not to excess. Their greatest luxury was oysters, of which they were particularly fond; and one day, some of the chiefs having been out to walk, and seeing a grey mullet, instantly siezed it, and carried it home, to the great delight of the whole party, who, on recognising the native fish of their own seas, could scarcely believe that it had not swam hither on purpose for them, or be persuaded to wait till it was cooked before they ate it. Once, and once only, they drank a considerable quantity of wine; it was when, after repeated and extraordinary ill-behaviour, the interpreter Rives was dismissed. This event gave them all the highest satisfaction, and they sat carousing all night; but even then they only consumed twenty bottles of wine, and that was not much among so many.

'As to their manners, it must be in the recollection of many persons, that they were decorous and self-possessed on all occasions. When they were kindly invited to a large assembly at Mr. Secretary Canning's, the curiosity to see these inhabitants of nearly the Antipodes, caused, as is usual in London, where, as of old, we are more eager after strange sights than in any other place, a sort of bustle and crowding round of a well-dressed mob, to look at the strange king and queen and nobles; but the laughter and the exclamations which seem to have been ready prepared for the royal strangers, soon died away, when it was perceived that not the slightest embarrassment or awkwardness was displayed by them, and that the king knew how to hold his state, and the erees (chiefs), to do their service, as well as if they had practised all their lives in European courts. The chiefs were much delighted with the politeness of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, who were of the party. The queen particularly felt gratified with that kind urbanity of manner which distinguished her royal highness, and which on this occasion, was both a protection to the strangers and an honour to herself.'—pp. 58—62.

The party went through the "sights" of London with great glee —Westminster-abbey, the parks, and theatres. They went to Epsom races, and in talking of that splendid national exhibition afterwards, they always said the horses *flew*. They were unhappily stopt short in their pleasant visitations on the 10th of June, when Manuia, the king's purveyor, who caught the measles at Deptford or Wapping, was laid up, excessively ill. The king was affected with the same disease in three days after; and on the 19th, the queen, Liliah, and all the Sandwich chiefs, were in a similar condition. On the 8th of July, the queen died, though most of her suite had in the meantime recovered. It is impossible not to admire the conduct of Liliah and the king on this melancholy occasion.

'Liliah, whose dutiful and affectionate behaviour to her friend and mistress had been most exemplary, now took charge of her body, and disposed it after the manner of her country, unclothing it to the waist, leaving also the ancles and feet bare, and carefully dressing the hair and adorning it with chaplets of flowers. The king now desired the body might be brought into his apartment, and laid on a small bed near him; that being done, he sat up looking at it, but neither speaking nor weeping. The medical attendants observed, that the state of Riho Riho was such as rendered it highly improper to keep the queen's body near him, and it was therefore proposed to him, to allow it to be taken away; but he sat silent, and answered no one, only by gestures shewing that he forbade its removal. At length, after much persuasion, and then leaving him to himself for a time, he suddenly made signs that it might be taken away; which was accordingly done, and the queen was again placed on her own bed.'—p. 67.

Tamehameha's disorder after this rapidly increased; and on the 14th he breathed his last. He had desired that his remains, and those of his queen, should be conveyed to his native country; and until a vessel should be prepared for that purpose, they were deposited, suitably cased, in a vault under the church of St. Martin's *in the fields.*

Tamehameha had had no opportunity of being presented to the king; but in order to repair this misfortune as much as possible, his majesty condescended to grant an interview to the Sandwich suite. The day fixed upon for this purpose, was the 11th of September.

'Never, perhaps, was interview with a monarch so highly prized. Prepared as they were, by long dwelling on the happiness and honour they should derive from personal intercourse, to see every thing great in the King of England, they seem to have been touched and astonished in a very high degree at the graciousness and elegance of his manner, the kindness of his expressions when speaking of the death of their king, and of his wishes for their prosperity and that of their native islands; but above all, their joy was great at his promises of protection to their government against all foreign encroachment.

'Mr. Young, who before this time had superseded Rives as interpreter, was placed nearest to his majesty; and after him Boki; and then the rest in the order of their rank. As usual, the great desire of pleasing made the chiefs a little awkward; and if there was any occasion on which they showed an unbecoming shyness, it was on this. Liliah, with the presence of mind of her sex, however, showed no embarrassment, though she was by no means the last to feel on the occasion.

'It so happened, that in the hurry of their departure from London in the morning, nobody had thought of putting any refreshments into their carriage. Now, they being accustomed to eat often and not at stated hours, felt exhausted and hungry before the moment of audience came; afterwards, when Liliah was told that dinner was ready at the inn, she said, "I was hungry—I am so no longer—I am full of joy."

'Boki, who had kept a journal during his residence in England, made very full notes of what passed at this audience. Since his return to his native land, he writes, that he has read these notes so often, to the different chiefs, that he has become very hoarse. We regret much that a copy of this journal was not procured while Boki was on board of the Blonde.

'The time the chiefs passed in England after the king's death, was chiefly spent in seeing different manufactories, and short excursions in London and its neighbourhood. The three superior chiefs had several interviews with Mr. Canning, which pleased them greatly; and, indeed, his and Mrs. Canning's kindness to them in every thing was very great.

"All their expenses were paid by the English government. His Majesty directed that suitable and useful presents should be made to all the islanders here, and others sent to the young king and the other chiefs, besides agricultural instruments, plants of useful fruits, seeds of vegetables, and other things that might be of advantage to the country. The money lodged at the bank was delivered untouched to Boki, who, with his companions, purchased with it such things as they thought agreeable or useful to themselves or their countrymen. Liliah's chief anxiety was for female clothing, and the greater number of the dresses she bought were of black silk, that the Erii ladies might be in mourning for the king and queen.

'Perhaps, the compliment that pleased the chiefs most was the permission they received to wear his majesty's household button on their coats;

for they could prove by that, as they said, that they were King George's men.'—pp. 72—75.

They left London on the 22d of September, loaded with presents from various quarters, and on the 28th, they embarked at Spithead, on board the Blonde, which had received the bodies of their late sovereign at Woolwich. Their voyage was prosperous until they reached Valparaiso, where Kapihe, the admiral, died suddenly of an abscess on the brain, on the 8th of February. 'He appeared,' says Mr. Bloxam, 'to be naturally a strong healthy man, but his indulgence in the use of intoxicating liquors had doubtless injured his constitution. He was very intelligent, had an excellent memory, and spoke English tolerably.' In crossing the Pacific, the Blonde steered for the Gallapagos, and on the 26th of March, reached Albemarle island, the largest and loftiest of the group. It is worth a passing description.

'Several extinct craters show that fire has, at no remote period, been as active here as it now is in Narborough and some of the others. Its length from north to south is about seventy-five miles, and the southern end appears to be well wooded. The heat was very great as we approached the land, the thermometer standing at 84°; and as we shot into the cove we disturbed such a number of aquatic birds and other animals, that we were nearly deafened with their wild and piercing cries. The place is like a new creation: the birds and beasts do not get out of our way; the pelicans and sea-lions look in our faces as if we had no right to intrude on their solitude; the small birds are so tame that they hop upon our feet; and all this amidst volcanoes which are burning around us on either hand. Altogether it is as wild and desolate a scene as imagination can picture.'—p. 91.

A party which landed from the ship on Narborough island, found there 'an innumerable host of sea-guanas, the ugliest living creatures they ever beheld.' They describe them as like the alligator, but with a more hideous head, and of a dirty sooty black colour, sitting on the black lava rocks like so many imps of darkness. A volcano was burning night and day on the south east side of the island, and near the beach a crater was pouring forth streams of lava into the sea.

A few days after quitting these islands, Liliah and the other Sandwich chiefs received the sacrament of baptism at the hands of the chaplain, Lord Byron standing sponsor. Boki had been already admitted into the Christian church, by the chaplain who attended Captain Freycinet in his voyage in the Uranie round the world. On the 3d of May, our voyagers at length decried the shores of Hawaii; and the narrator remarks that, 'Boki and Liliah seemed rather depressed than elated, at seeing their native land,' no doubt, in consequence of the melancholy circumstances under which they returned to it. A characteristic circumstance is here mentioned of Liliah, decisive of the alteration produced in her mind, by her temporary residence amongst a civilised people.

'About one P. M. we came up with some fishing canoes, which were immediately hailed by Manuia, one of our passengers: and the fishermen, hauling in their lines immediately, paddled alongside. Although we find that, in her youth, our shipmate Liliah had been accounted one of the best swimmers in the island, and was particularly dextrous in launching her float-board* through the heaviest surf, yet now her sense of modesty, awakened by her residence in a civilised country, induced her to withdraw into her cabin at the sight of her almost naked countrymen. And, let us observe, that besides what may be attributed to the native modesty of the sex, which no sooner perceives decorum than it adopts it, the gentle and docile character of the whole race of these islanders was agreeably displayed by our fellow passengers. In dress, occupation, and amusements, they endeavoured to conform to our habits, and that in the manner of rational imitation, and not bearing any mark of savage mimicry: unless, indeed, we accuse them in the case of Kuanoa the treasurer, who being by nature somewhat of a dandy, had acquired a habit of pulling up the corners of his shirt-collar; so that his countrymen, who are quick observers, and make great use of gesture in speaking, soon learned to designate him by mimicking this action.—pp. 97, 98.

On the evening of the 4th of May, the Blonde anchored in Lahina-bay, the shore of which is described as very beautiful, and bearing, down to the verge of the sea, groups of various rich and valuable trees. 'There was the bread-fruit mingled with the cocoa-nut; the elegant and useful kou; the banana; the wauti, of which native cloth is made; the ohia, and the sugar-cane.' Boki and Liliah, together with their companions, landed, being all dressed in deep mourning. 'Liliah appeared in a black silk dress, and a black hat and feathers, doubtless the first that had been worn in the island by a native. Boki seemed overcome by extraordinary emotion, and told Lord Byron, as he went on shore, that he felt *within*, as if all was not right. However, on his landing, many thousands of the natives, who had assembled to receive him, prostrated themselves before him, and began to groan and bewail their king and friend: their lamentations accompanied him to the house of Liliah's father, who is governor of (the island of) Maui, and continued at intervals all night.'

As the regent, Karaimoku, was at this time at Oahu, whither he had gone to quell an insurrection, and was in an infirm state of health, the party was conveyed to that island in the Blonde. Their reception on landing, the meeting of Boki and his brother,

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* 'Float-board: this is a board a little longer than the human body, feathered at the edges, on which these islanders stretch themselves and float for hours on the water, using their limbs as paddles to guide them, or at other times trusting to the impulse of the waves; the very children have their little boards; and to have a neat float-board, well kept and dried, is to a Sandwich islander what a tilbury, or cabriolet, or whatever light carriage *may be in fashion, is to* a young Englishman.'

and the pious gratitude which they expressed on the occasion, are circumstances too interesting to be passed over.

'They were received on the beach by the young king Kiaukiauli, with his guard of honour all armed with muskets, queen Kahumanu (mother of the late king), in a car drawn by eight kanakas, and her sisters Opeea and Kalakua, the latter of whom was the mother of the late queen. The widow queens of Riho Riho also attended, and advanced a little before the others, towards the landing-place, in front of a large frame house belonging to Kahumanu. As soon as the boat was near enough for the party in it to be distinctly recognised, the queens began a loud wailing lament, in which they were joined by Boki and Liliah, and minute guns were fired from the fort, in honour of Riho Riho.

'The ceremony of grief being thus fulfilled, the chiefs, accompanied by our surgeon, proceeded to the residence of Karaimoku, who was too unwell to receive Boki on the beach. The meeting of the brothers was truly affecting. At first they appeared incapable of speech, and then, after a long embrace, they went to the adjoining missionary chapel, and gave thanks for the safe arrival of the long absent chiefs. After this, Boki stood up, and addressed all who had followed into the church; and, having spoken of what he had seen and learned abroad, exhorted them, above all things, to be diligent in their application to letters and to religion.'—pp. 110, 111.

Lord Byron found the king in a state of complete tutelage, under an American missionary of the name of Bingham, who appears to have constituted himself *viceroy*, not only *over* the youthful sovereign, but also over the regent; and, in short, to have assumed to himself all the Sandwich authority, ecclesiastical, civil, and political. We own that we are not inclined to give such a person credit for much religious zeal; and as his proceedings, if not interrupted, will necessarily end in the establishment of an American interest in the islands, we should be glad to hear that he was ordered to go home with all convenient possible speed.

One of Lord Byron's first duties was, of course, to pay a visit of ceremony to the regent; who, although he possessed a handsome stone house upon the European plan, preferred, with much good taste, to receive his lordship and his party in a native structure, differing only in size from that of the people.

'It was situated about half a mile from the beach, in a cultivated inclosure, surrounded by a high fence of wicker-work. The ridge-pole was supported by pillars thirty feet high, and the length fifty feet, by twenty-five in breadth. Four doors, opening to the cardinal points, admitted light and air:—the south door was that appointed for our entry. On an elevated space at the northern end of the house, the young king and princes were placed on a cane sofa. They were dressed in European suits of mourning, and seated on a beautiful feather garment, which some of the affectionate natives had woven for the princess Naheinaheina, in hopes that she would wear it as a pau*, on the return of her brother Riho

* 'A cloth which the native women wear round the waist as the men do the maro: it is their only covering. That in question was of red feathers,

Riho from England. However, the little girl has been so long under the tuition of the missionaries, that she has thoroughly imbibed all the womanly feelings of civilised decency, and absolutely refuses ever to appear in the native costume; so that the *pau* was used to-day merely as a covering for her seat.

'Behind the sofa of the young chiefs, were the four Kahiles, or, as we may call them, royal ensigns. The handles are beautifully ornamented with the polished teeth of marine animals, mother-of-pearl, and tortoise-shell; and the ensigns themselves are of the most beautiful and rare feathers, arranged with skill and elegance, fourteen feet long. Kahumanu, the queen-mother, with the other superior female ariis, sat next the princess, and with the other chiefs, formed two lines to the door of entrance. The men were dressed in European mourning clothes; the women in black silk dresses—the only part of native costume being their beautiful feather chaplets and necklaces. Several of them had adorned their dark hair with pearl combs, and many wore shoes and stockings. Opposite to the queen, and a little in front of the chiefs, sat Karaimoku, in a large chair. The venerable man was dressed in black silk, the upper garment being a full loose gown. On either side of his chair were seats for Lord Byron, the consul, and the officers. All the chiefs, except the king, the regent, and the princess, received us standing. We were all struck with the mild and intelligent countenance of Karaimoku, and the self-possession of his manners, especially in receiving Lord Byron, who was introduced formally by Mr. Charlton, (the British consul). We had been warned before-hand that the regent, in token of his esteem for England, had long adopted the name of the English prime minister of Vancouver's days; and, accordingly, we were prepared to hear him formally named, and to name him Mr. Pitt. This adoption of names, as a token of respect or love, is a very widely diffused custom among savage nations, and is practised on the coast of Africa, as well as in the isles of the Pacific.—pp. 113—115.

After the first ceremony of introduction and shaking hands with every chief was over, his lordship addressed the regent, through an interpreter, a speech of condolence, concluding with an expression of the interest felt by his royal master in the prosperity of the Sandwich Islands. His lordship next distributed the presents which he had brought, the most admired of which was a silver tea-pot. The Sandwich ladies have already adopted the fragrant beverage of that instrument. The next prize was a suit of the Windsor uniform, with a handsome sword, hat and feather, which was presented to the young king. 'He instantly put it on, and strutted about the whole morning in ecstasy. As soon as he was dressed, Lord Byron led him up to Kahumanu and the regent, and bade them look at *their king*, exhorting him to love them, and be docile to the advice of such good and wise friends.'

On the 11th of May, the bodies of Tamehameha and his queen were removed from the Blonde, and deposited, with Christian rites,

spotted with black and yellow: *it was one* yard wide and nine long, and cost one *year's time in making.*'

in the house of the regent already described, where they are to remain until a more suitable sepulchre shall be constructed. The reflections made by the narrator on this occasion, are so just and philosophical, that we willingly make room for them.

'The house was now entirely hung with black, and a raised platform, over which a low arch was thrown, at one end, was prepared as the resting-place of the remains of the two sovereigns, whom the old man had loved as his children through life, and whose early death has been most grievous to him. He received their bodies standing by a chair covered with black velvet, placed for him close to the platform prepared for them; and prepared as he was for the reception of their remains, he was extremely agitated, and could not restrain his tears. As soon as the coffins were deposited on the platform, the band accompanied some native singers in a funeral hymn, which the missionaries had written, and taught them to sing, to the air of Pleyel's German Hymn. We could not help reflecting on the strange combination of circumstances here before us: every thing native-born and ancient in the Isles was passing away; the dead chiefs lay there, hidden in more splendid cerements than their ancestors had ever dreamed of; no bloody sacrifice stained their obsequies, nor was one obscene memorial made to insult the soul as it left its earthly tenement; but instead, there was hope held out of a resurrection to happiness, and the doctrines admitted that had put an end to sacrifice for ever, and pronounced the highest blessing on the highest purity! Where the naked savage only had been seen, the decent clothing of a cultivated people had succeeded, and its adoption, though now occasional, promises permanency at no distant period. Mingled with these willing disciples, were the warlike and the noble of the land the most remote on the globe, teaching, by their sympathy, the charities that soften, yet dignify human nature. The savage yells of brutal orgies were now silenced; and as the solemn sounds were heard for the first time, uniting the instruments of Europe and the composition of a learned musician, to the simple voice of the savage, and words, not indeed harsh in themselves, framed into verse by the industry and piety of the teachers from a remote nation, came upon the ear, it was impossible not to feel a sensation approaching to awe, as the marvellous and rapid change a few years have produced, was called up to the mind.'—pp. 128—130.

On the 6th of June, a national council was held, at which the title of the young king was confirmed and recognised, and several salutary regulations were made for the future administration of the islands. The council was attended by the queen-mother, and several female chiefs, who appear to have a voice in the Sandwich legislature. With this council the public business of Lord Byron at Oahu having terminated, he returned to Hawaii, where he spent some five or six weeks, refitting his ship, and visiting various parts of the island. On the 18th of July, the Blonde weighed anchor, and sailed on her return to England. The useful results of the mission are thus summed up; and we are persuaded that they are not at all exaggerated.

'We trust that our visit will have been beneficial to the country. It has given them the assurance they have long wished, of protection against

foreign encroachment: and that feeling of independence, which such assurance is calculated to maintain, will encourage them in all the schemes for improvement, which their uncultivated, but not unawakened minds, have already begun to desire. We left the regular successor to the dominion in full possession of his hereditary rights, under the care of the friends and guardians of his family. A public acknowledgment of the freedom and hereditary rights of the chiefs and people had been made; regulations for administering justice had been adopted; Christianity embraced; letters introduced; and the habits and manners of the savage are gradually giving place to the refinements of civilised life.'—p. 203.

On the return of the Blonde across the Pacific, she touched at an island in 20°. 8′. south latitude, and 157°. 20′. of west longitude, to which Lord Byron has given the name of Parry's Island, under the impression that he might use the privilege of a discoverer. His right, in that respect, has been disputed, as the island appears not only to have been laid down, in at least one map, but to have been visited by English missionaries. Let this be as it may, the description which we have of the island and of its inhabitants, is quite romantic. The first man whom the ship's party saw, wore a straw hat, shaped like those in use amongst ourselves; a waist-cloth, and a scarf of tapa like the South American poncho. His language bore an affinity to the Hawaiian, and he called the island Mauti. They were next visited by 'two very fine looking men, dressed in cotton shirts, cloth jackets, and a sort of petticoat, of very fine mat, instead of trowsers,' who came in a double canoe, of very curious construction, and, to the great surprise of our chaplain, produced a written certificate from a branch of the London Missionary Society, settled at Otaheite, qualifying them to act as native teachers on the island. They appeared much astonished at every thing they saw on board the frigate. They had evidently never beheld so large a vessel before. They were particularly delighted with the galley-fire, and the music of the band. They ate some bread, after smelling to it; but of wine they tasted with indescribable disgust. A party landed, under their guidance, from the ship, and the whole male population assembled to greet them. The only two women who appeared, were the wives of these teachers, and they were decently clothed from head to foot. The scene that followed must have struck our voyagers like a vision.

'Each individual of this numerous assembly pressed forward to shake hands, and seemed unhappy till this sign of friendship had passed; and this ceremony being over, they conducted us towards their habitations, which were about two miles inland. Our path lay through a thick shady wood, on the skirts of which, in a small open space on the left, two handsome canoes were building. They were each eighty feet long; the lower part, as usual, of a single tree, hollowed out with great skill. The road was rough over the fragments of coral, but it wound agreeably through the grove, which improved in beauty as we advanced, and at length, to our surprise and pleasure, terminated in a beautiful green lawn, where there were two of the prettiest *white-washed cottages* imaginable, the dwellings of the *missionaries, who are, as it appears,* the chief personages of the Island.

'The inside of their habitations corresponded with their exterior neatness. The floors were boarded: there were a sofa and some chairs of native workmanship: windows, with Venetian shutters, rendered the apartments cool and agreeable. The rooms were divided from each other by screens of tapa; in one there was a bed of white tapa, and the floor was covered with coloured varnished tapa resembling oil-cloth. We were exceedingly struck with the appearance of elegance and cleanliness of all around us, as well as with the modest and decorous behaviour of the people, especially the women; all of which formed a strong contrast with the habits of the common people of the Sandwich Islands; but this is a small community, easily inspected by its teachers, and having, as yet, had no intercourse from without to disturb the effects of their admonitions and example.

'After partaking of the refreshment offered us by our hostess, which consisted of baked pig, bread-fruit, and yams, we accompanied the missionaries to their church. It stands on a rising ground, about four hundred yards from the cottages. A fence, composed of the trunks of cocoa-nut trees, surrounds the area in which it stands. Its form is oval, and the roof is supported by four pillars, which bear up the ridge. It is capable of containing two hundred persons. Two doors and twelve windows give it light and air: the pulpit and reading-desk are neatly carved and painted, with a variety of pretty designs; and the benches for the people are arranged neatly round. Close to the church is the burying-place, which is a mound of earth covered with green-sward: and the whole has an air of modest simplicity, which delighted no less than it surprised us.

'On our return to the beach, one of the missionaries attended us. As we retraced our steps through the wood, the warbling of the birds, whose plumage was as rich as it was new to us—the various-tinted butterflies that fluttered across our path—the delicious climate—the magnificent forest-trees—and, above all, the perfect union and harmony existing among the natives—presented a succession of agreeable pictures, which could not fail to delight us.'—pp. 209—212.

On the 27th of February, 1826, the Blonde crossed the line, and in the afternoon of the 7th of March, it encountered that unhappy wreck of the Frances Mary, whose story is too fresh in the public mind to need repetition. It bore six human beings, reduced to the last stage of wretchedness, who had for some weeks been driven to the horrid necessity of feeding on their dead companions. The humanity and attention shewn by Lord Byron to these sufferers, are deserving of our highest praise, though we believe that there is no British commander, who would not have acted in the same manner under similar circumstances.

We have to lament, with Mrs. Graham, that 'the practised collector of botanical specimens, who went in the Blonde to the Sandwich Islands, should not have furnished any account of the plants which he collected for the horticultural society,' particularly as it is said that 'the collection made during the Blonde's voyage is one of the most curious in Europe.' We trust that when the Lord High Admiral gives permission to such gentlemen to visit remote countries at the public expense, his Royal Highness will make it a condition, that they shall give to the public all the advantages that

can be derived from their industry and experience. The notices concerning natural history contained in this work, are also very scanty. There are three portraits of a native girl, a young princess, and the reigning Sandwich king, well engraved by E. Finden, from Mr. Dampier's pencil. That of the king has an expressive and sensible look. Mr. Dampier has also supplied several sketches of the scenery of the Sandwich islands, which though indifferently lithographed, convey clear and intelligible ideas of the places which they are intended to represent.

ART. VII. *Servian Popular Poetry, translated by* John Bowring. 12mo. pp. 235. London: Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy. 1827.

MR. BOWRING seems to have already constituted himself anthologist-general of the north of Europe. He has expended great industry in collecting all the flowers which he deemed worth transplanting from Russia, Poland, and Holland; we have now before us a fresh bouquet from Servia, and he informs us that he will speedily present us with another from Finland. If the greater part of his specimens be not very particularly distinguished, either for beauty or fragrance, the fault cannot be imputed to Mr. Bowring, who has neither planted nor reared them. It is simply his "hobby" to get together a great variety of such things, and it must be allowed that a taste turned that way, is at least as harmless as a rage for collecting shells, autographs, and old farthings, and beyond all doubt much more innocent than a love for speculating in Greek bonds.

Under the name of Servian poetry, it is not to be supposed that we are confined to the literature of the province strictly so called. Wherever the Slavonic idiom prevails, as in Bulgaria, Croatia, Servia, Bosnia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, in short, throughout the whole territory that spreads between the Save and the Danube, with Belgrade for its central point, there may the Servian muse be said to preside. That territory was peopled about the middle of the seventh century, by a succession of Slavonian tribes, whose language, originally closely allied to that of Russia, has been gradually mellowed by the vicinity of Greece and Italy. Adelung considers it one of "the clearest and purest of all the Illyrian tongues," and Shaffarik (a German writer, well acquainted with this subject), thus figuratively compares it with the old Slavonian and Polish dialects:—"Servian song resembles the tone of the violin; old Slavonian, that of the organ; Polish, that of the guitar. The old Slavonian, in its psalms, sounds like the loud rush of the mountain stream; the Polish, like the bubbling and sparkling of a fountain; and the Servian like the quiet murmuring of a streamlet in the valley." The latter is at present the language of about five millions, of whom about two millions are Mahometans. The greater part of the remainder adhere to the Greek church.

'The earliest poetry of the Servians', says Mr. Bowring, in his learned

and valuable Introduction, 'has a heathenish character; that which follows is leagued with Christian legends. But holy deeds are always made the condition of salvation. The whole nation, to use the idea of Göthe, is imaged in poetical superstition. Events are brought about by the agency of angels, but the footsteps of Satan can be nowhere traced;—the dead are often summoned from their tombs;—awful warnings, prophecies, and birds of evil omen, bear terror to the minds of the most courageous.

'Over all is spread the influence of a remarkable and, no doubt, antique mythology. An omnipresent spirit—airy and fanciful—making its dwelling in solitudes—and ruling over mountains and forests—a being called the *Vila*, is heard to issue its irresistible mandates, and pour forth its prophetic inspiration:—sometimes in a form of female beauty—sometimes a wilder Diana—now a goddess gathering and dispersing the clouds, and now an owl among ruins and ivy. The Vila, always capricious, and frequently malevolent, is a most important actor in all the popular poetry of Servia. The *Trica polonica* is sacred to her. She is equally renowned for the beauty of her person and the swiftness of her step:—"Fair as the mountain Vila," is the highest compliment to a Servian lady—"Swift as the Vila," is the most eloquent eulogium on a Servian steed.

'Of the amatory poems of the Servians, Göthe justly remarks, that, when viewed altogether, they cannot but be deemed of singular beauty; they exhibit the expression of passionate, overflowing, and contented affection; they are full of shrewdness and spirit; delight and surprise are admirably portrayed; and there is, in all, a marvellous sagacity in subduing difficulties and in obtaining an end; a natural, but at the same time vigorous energetic tone; sympathies and sensibilities, without wordy exaggeration, but which, notwithstanding, are decorated with poetical imagery and imaginative beauty; a correct picture of Servian life and manners,—every thing, in short, which gives to passion the force of truth, and to external scenery the character of reality.

'The poetry of Servia was wholly traditional, until within a very few years. It had never found a pen to record it, but has been preserved by the people, and principally by those of the lower classes, who had been accustomed to listen and to sing these interesting compositions to the sound of a simple three-stringed instrument, called a *Gusle;* and it is mentioned by Göthe, that when some Servians who had visited Vienna were requested to write down the songs they had sung, they expressed the greatest surprise that such simple poetry and music as theirs should possess any interest for intelligent and cultivated minds. They apprehended, they said, that the artless compositions of their country would be the subject of scorn or ridicule, to those whose poetry was so polished and so sublime. And this feeling must have been ministered to by the employment, even in Servia, of a language no longer spoken, for the productions of literature, though it is certain that the natural affections, the every-day thoughts and associations, could not find fit expression in the old church dialect:

> "The talk
> Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
> Of the mind's business, is the undoubted stalk
> "*True song*," doth grow on."

'The collection of popular songs, *Narodne srpske pjesme*, from which

most of those which occupy this volume are taken, was made by Vuk, and committed to paper either from early recollections, or from the repetition of Servian minstrels. These, he informs us, and his statement is corroborated by every intelligent traveller, form a very small portion of the treasure of song which exists unrecorded among the peasantry.'—Introduction, pp. xxxv i—xlii.

We are afraid that few of the amatory songs which Mr. Bowring has inserted in this collection, will justify, in the eyes of an English reader, the enthusiastic praise of Göthe. Several of the historical and traditional ballads, however, are remarkable for their incidents and spirit, and we can trace in them much of the manners and ideas of the people to whom they belong. The *Gusle*, to which they were sung, must remind every classical reader of the Phorminx and Cithara of Homer.

'The historical ballads, which are in lines composed of five trochaics, are always sung with the accompaniment of the *Gusle*. At the end of every verse, the singer drops his voice, and mutters a short cadence. The emphatic passages are chanted in a louder tone. "I cannot describe," says Wessely, "the pathos with which these songs are sometimes sung. I have witnessed crowds surrounding a blind old singer, and every cheek was wet with tears—it was not the music, it was the words which affected them." As this simple instrument, the Gusle, is never used but to accompany the poetry of the Servians, and as it is difficult to find a Servian who does not play upon it, the universality of their popular ballads may be well imagined."—Introduction, pp. xliv—xlv.

It was thus that the elder bards of Greece recited the popular compositions of their day. The musical accompaniment, upon such occasions, is necessarily simple, if not monotonous. Yet its effects are powerful, as they proceed not from a capricious combination of notes, but from those natural and passionate breathings of the soul, which have for their only object to convey, in the most expressive manner, the conceptions of the poet. There is another feature belonging to these ballads, which will strike the classical reader as still more assimilating them to the ancient popular recitations of Greece. The same verse is frequently repeated, and messages conveyed, and the execution of directions described, in nearly the same words in which they were first given. Some critics have pointed out such repetitions as the principal blemishes of the Iliad; but were they not the natural consequence of the mode in which that poem may be said to have been published? In music, the return of the same passage—*a da capo*—after some interval, generally relieves and pleases the ear. Might not the same principle have been acted upon, in poetic compositions uniformly recited, or rather chaunted, to the sounds of a stringed instrument? Let this be as it may, we look upon these occasional repetitions in the ballads before us, as an indication of their being considerably older than Mr. Bowring seeems to us to suppose.

Translations of some of the ballads, and nuptial songs, of the

Servians, have already appeared in Germany. The collection from which Mr. Bowring has culled his specimens, was made by a Servian named Stephanovich Karadjich Vuk. His edition of popular Servian Poetry appeared at Leipzig, in 1823-4, in three volumes; and we learn that he is at present engaged in collecting matter for extending their number. We hope that, when published, they will not remain long without a translator in this country—we mean a translator who will not strictly confine himself to the Hamiltonian system of interlinear, or rather equi-linear, version, as Mr. Bowring has done, but will clothe them in language which, without aggravating the defects, or exaggerating the beauties of the original compositions, will in some degree justify, among us, their title to the epithet of "popular."

The first ballad which we shall extract, is entitled 'Ajkuna's Marriage,' and we quote it the more willingly, as it is perhaps one of the best translations which Mr. Bowring has given us. It is, as all his versions of the ballads are, in blank verse, of the measure of the original. The story is of a maid who preferred a poor soldier, with youth and manly grace on his side, to an old gray-headed lover, with thousands in his coffers. It is told with some dramatic power, and the description of the beauty of the lady is remarkably glowing and rich in imagery. The comparison of her virgin bosom to 'two snowy dovelets,' is peculiarly felicitous.

'Never, since the world had its beginning,
Never did a lovelier flow'ret blossom
Than the flow'ret we ourselves saw blooming
In the white court of the Bey Liubovich.
High above the level Nevesina*,
Tower'd the fascinating maid Ajkuna;
She, the Bey Liubovich's lovely sister.

'She was lovely—nothing e'er was lovelier;
She was tall and slender as the pine tree;
White her cheeks, but tinged with rosy blushes,
As if morning's beam had shone upon them,
Till that beam had reach'd its high meridian;
And her eyes, they were two precious jewels;
And her eyebrows, leeches from the ocean;
And her eyelids, they were wings of swallows;
Silken tufts the maiden's flaxen ringlets;
And her sweet mouth was a sugar casket;
And her teeth were pearls array'd in order;
White her bosom, like two snowy dovelets;
And her voice was like the dovelet's cooing;
And her smiles were like the glowing sunshine;
And the fame, the story of her beauty,
Spread through Bosnia and through Herzgovina.

* 'An extensive plain near the Narenta, in Herzegovina, on which is a village of the same name.'

Many a suitor on the maiden waited:
Two were unremitting in their service;
One, the old gray-headed Mustaph Aga—
He of Uraine, from the Novi fortress*,
And the other, Suko of Ubdinia†.
Both together met the self-same evening,
When they came to court the lovely maiden.
Thousand golden coins the old man proffer'd,
And, besides, a golden drinking vessel:
Round the vessel twined a mighty serpent,
From whose forehead shone so bright a diamond,
That at midnight, just as well as noonday,
By its light you might indulge your feastings.
Suko offered but a dozen ducats;
All the youth possessed, except his sabre—
His good sabre, and his steed so trusty.
Suko dwelt upon the country's border,
As the falcon dwells among the breezes.
Then his brother thus address'd Ajkuna:
"Lo! Ajkuna, my beloved sister!
When my mother bore thee, she betrothed thee—
She betrothed thee to another lover.
Many a lover, maiden! now would woo thee;
But the best of all those wooing lovers
Are those twain to-day that seek thy presence.
One the venerable Mustaph Aga;
He that comes from Uraine out of Novi.
Countless are the old Mustapha's treasures:
He will clothe thee all in silk and satin,
Will with honey and with sugar feed thee.
Suko of Ubdinia is the other:
But this Suko nothing more possesses
Than his trusty steed and his good sabre.
Now, then, choose, Ajkuna; choose, my sister;
Say to which of these I shall betrothe thee."

'Thus his sister answer gave her brother:
"Thine shall be the choice, my brother! only;
Him alone I'll wed whom thou wilt give me;
But I'd rather choose a youthful lover,
Howsoever small that youth's possessions,
Than be wedded to old age, though wealthy.
Wealth—it is not gold—it is not silver;
Wealth—is to possess what most we cherish.
Little did he listen to his sister,
For he gave the maid to Mustaph Aga;
To that old white-bearded man he gave her.
He with speed to his own court departed.
Brought the bridal guests, to lead the maiden

* '*In Bosnia, on the river* Una.'
† '*A town on the frontiers of* Dalmatia.'

To his dwelling; and among them Suko
Lifted o'er the rest the bridal banner;
And they hasten'd to the maiden's dwelling.

'At the dwelling of the lovely maiden,
Three white days the bridal crowd had linger'd,—
When the fourth day dawn'd, at early morning,
Forth they led the maiden from her dwelling;
And ere yet far off they had proceeded,
Ere they reach'd the flat and open country,
Turn'd the lovely maiden to the leader,
And into his ear these words she whisper'd:
"Tell me now, my golden ring, my brother!*
Who is chosen for the maiden's bridegroom?"
Softly did the marriage-leader answer:
"Sweetest sister! fairest maid, Ajkuna!
Look to right, and look to left, about thee;
Dost thou see that old man in the distance,
Who like an effendi sits so proudly
In the farthest palanquin of scarlet,
Whose white beard o'ercovers all his bosom?
Lo! it is the aged Mustaph Aga;
He it is who's chosen for thy bridegroom."

'And the maiden look'd around the circle,
And within her sad heart sighing deeply,
Once again she ask'd the marriage-leader:
"Who is he upon that white horse seated,
He who bears so high aloft the banner,
On whose chin that sable beard is growing?"
And the leader answers thus the maiden:
"He's the hero Suko of Ubdinia;
He who for thee with thy brother struggled,—
Struggled well indeed, but could not win thee."
When the lovely maiden heard the leader,
On the black, black earth, anon she fainted:
All to raise her, hastening, gather round her,
And the last of all came Mustaph Aga;
None could lift her from the ground, till Suko
Sticks into the earth his waving banner,
Stretches out his right hand to the maiden.
See her, see her! from the ground upspringing,
Swift she vaults upon his steed behind him;
Rapidly he guides the courser onwards,
Swift they speed across the open desert,
Swift as ever star across the heavens.

'When the old man saw it, Mustaph Aga,
Loud he screamed with voice of troubled anger:

* 'Brother-in-law. The Servians have a number of words to expres shades of relationship. *Brat* is brother; *Sever*, the husband's bro *Shura*, the wife's brother; *Snaa*, the brother's wife; *Pobratim adopted friend.'*

" Look to this, ye bidden to the wedding:
He, the robber! bears away my maiden:
See her, see her borne away for ever."
But one answer met the old man's wailings:
" Let the hawk bear off the quail in safety,—
Bear in safety—she was born to wed him;
Thou, retire thee to thy own white dwelling!
Blossoms not for thee so fair a maiden!'—pp. 27—34.

To this ballad we shall add 'Hassan Aga's wife's lament,' although Vuk has omitted it in his later editions, as he had not heard it himself in the Servian language. Göthe first translated it from a French version, which he found in the Travels of the Abbé Fortis, and in the Morlachian Notices of the Countess Rosenberg. It had the effect of directing the attention of the Germans to Servian literature. It is a very simple and pathetic tale.

'What's so white upon yon verdant forest?
Is it snow, or is it swans assembled?
Were it snow, it surely had been melted;
Were it swans, long since they had departed.
Lo! it is not swans, it is not snow there;
'Tis the tent of Aga, Hassan Aga;
He is lying there severely wounded,
And his mother seeks him, and his sister;
But for very shame his wife is absent.

'When the misery of his wounds was soften'd,
Hassan thus his faithful wife commanded:
" In my house thou shalt abide no longer—
Thou shalt dwell no more among my kindred."
When his wife had heard this gloomy language,
Stiff she stood, and full of bitter sorrow.

'When the horses, stamping, shook the portal,
Fled the faithful wife of Hassan Aga—
Fain would throw her from the castle window.
Anxious two beloved daughters follow'd,
Crying after her in tearful anguish—
" These are not our father Hassan's coursers;
'Tis our uncle Pintorovich coming."

'Then approached the wife of Hassan Aga—
Threw her arms, in misery, round her brother—
" See the sorrow, brother, of thy sister:
He would tear me from my helpless children."

'He was silent—but from out his pocket,
Safely wrapp'd in silk of deepest scarlet,
Letters of divorce he drew, and bid her
Seek again her mother's ancient dwelling—
Free to win and free to wed another.

'When she saw the letters of divorcement,
Kisses on her young boy's forehead, kisses
On her girl's red cheeks she press'd—the nursling—
For there was a nursling in the cradle—
Could she tear her, wretched, from her infant?
But her brother seized her hand, and led her—
Led her swiftly to the agile courser;
And he hasten'd with the sorrowing woman
To the ancient dwelling of her fathers.

'Short the time was—not seven days had glided—
Short indeed the time—and many a noble
Had our lady—though in widow's garments—
Had our lady ask'd in holy marriage.

'And the noblest was Imoski's Cadi;
And our lady, weeping, pray'd her brother:
"I exhort thee, on thy life exhort thee,
Give me not, oh, give me not in marriage!
For the sight of my poor orphan'd children
Sure would break the spirit of thy sister!"

'Little cared her brother for her sorrows;
He had sworn she should espouse the Cadi,
But his sister pray'd him thus unceasing:
"Send at least one letter, O my brother!
With this language to Imoski's Cadi;
'Friendly greetings speeds the youthful woman;
But entreats thee, by these words entreats thee,
When the *Suates** shall conduct thee hither,
Thou a long and flowing veil wilt bring me,
That, in passing Hassan's lonely dwelling,
I may hide me from my hapless orphans.'"

'Hardly had the Cadi read the letter,
Than he gather'd his Suates together,
Arm'd himself, and hasten'd t'wards the lady,
Home to bring her as his bridal treasure.

'Happily he reach'd the princely dwelling,
Happily were all returning homeward,
When toward Hassan's house they were approaching,
Her two daughters saw her from the window,
Her two sons rush'd on her from the portal:
And they cried, "Come hither! O come hither!
Take thy night's repast with thine own children!"

'Sorrowfully Hassan's consort heard them;
To the Sarisvat she thus address'd her:
"Let the Suates stay, and let the horses
Tarry here at this beloved portal,
While I make a present to the children."

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* 'Conductors of the marriage festival.'

'As they stopp'd at the beloved portal,
Presents gave she unto all the children.
To the boys, boots all with gold embroider'd;
To the girls, long and resplendent dresses;
And to the poor baby in the cradle,
For the time to come, a little garment.

'Near them sat their father, Hassan Aga,
And he call'd in sorrow to his children:
"Come to me, poor children! to your father;
For your mother's breast is turned to iron,
Closed against you, harden'd 'gainst all pity."

'When these words were heard by Hassan's consort,
On the ground she fell, all pale and trembling,
Till her spirit burst her heavy bosom
At the glances of her orphan children.'—pp. 52—57.

To the ballads Mr. Bowring has added translations of several 'lyrics, songs, and occasional poems,' of which the reader may perhaps desire to see some specimens. We have already seen Göthe's opinion of the Servian amatory poems; and most persons will perhaps agree, that if many of those productions were equal to the following 'Farewell,' they would deserve all the encomiums which he has lavished upon them.

'Against white Buda's walls, a vine
Doth its white branches fondly twine:
O, no! it was no vine-tree there;
It was a fond, a faithful pair,
Bound each to each in earliest vow—
And, O! they must be severed now!
And these their farewell words:—"We part—
Break from my bosom—break—my heart!
Go to a garden—go, and see,
Some rose-branch blushing on the tree;
And from that branch a rose-flower tear,
Then place it on thy bosom bare;
And as its leavelets fade and pine,
So fades my sinking heart in thine."
And thus the other spoke: "My love!
A few short paces backward move,
And to the verdant forest go;
There's a fresh water-fount below;
And in the fount a marble stone,
Which a gold cup reposes on;
And in the cup a ball of snow—
Love! take that ball of snow to rest
Upon thine heart within thy breast.
And as it melts unnoticed there,
So melts my heart in thine my dear!"'—pp. 112—114.

No images can be more tender, or more perfectly expressive, than the two *which are here employed* to signify the most ardent

reciprocity of affection. Göthe calls this a "wonderful" poem. We look in vain through the smaller pieces for any thing equal to it, but still there are a few which will bear transcribing. The following verses are entitled 'Kisses.'

'What's the time of night, my dear?
For my maiden said, "I'll come"—
Said "I'll come,"—but is not here:
And 'tis now the midnight's gloom.
Lone and silent home I turn'd;
But upon the bridge I met her—
Kiss'd her:—How my hot lips burned!—
How forget it—how forget her!
In one kiss full ten I drew:
And upon my lips there grew,
From that hour, a honey dew,
As if sugar were my meat,
And my drink metheglin sweet.'—p. 119.

A little piece called 'Wishes,' will form a suitable accompaniment to this:—

'O that I were a little stream,
That I might flow to him—to him!
How should I dance with joy, when knowing
To whom my sparkling wave was flowing!
Beneath his window would I glide,
And linger there till morning-tide;
When first he rouses him to dress
In comely garb his manliness,—
Then should he weak, or thirsty be,
O he might stoop to drink of me!
Or baring there his bosom, lave
That bosom in my rippling wave.
O what a bliss, if I could bear
The cooling power of quiet there!'—p. 163.

One example more, and we have done: it is entitled 'Maiden's Affection.'

'"Black is the night—an outcast lad
Is wandering in our village, mother!
Thy daughter's heart is very sad,
Sad even to death! He has no home:
O give him ours, he has no other,
And bid the lad no longer roam!"
"Nay! daughter, let this outcast stray,
He is a proud and city youth;
Will ask for wine at break of day,
And costly meats at eve, forsooth,
And for his city-tutor'd head
Will want a soft and stately bed."
"O mother! In God's name divine,
Give the poor lad a shelternow:

My eyes shall serve instead of wine,
For costly meats my maiden brow.
My neck shall be his honey-comb:
His bed the dewy grass shall be,
And heaven his stately canopy.
His head shall rest upon my arm.
O mother! give the youth a home,
And shelter, shelter him from harm."'—pp. 229, 230.

It is manifest from the beautiful images, and the simple, yet ardent conceptions, which are found in the poems we have extracted, that they are, for the most part, susceptible of better translations than those of Mr. Bowring. Some of these, however, are by no means devoid of merit; and in the whole collection, such as it is, we recognise an interesting accession to our literature. We feel really grateful to that gentleman for making us acquainted with so many poetic treasures, which have been hitherto buried in a language little, if at all, cultivated in this country.

Art. VIII. *The Life of Edward Jenner, M.D., L.L.D., F.R.S., Physician Extraordinary to the King, &c. &c., with Illustrations of his Doctrines, and Selections from his Correspondence.* By John Baron, M.D., F.R.S. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 624. London: Henry Colburn. 1827.

The immense practical benefit to his fellow-creatures, of which Jenner was the instrument, and the universal application of this benefit, place that fortunate man in the very highest rank of human benefactors. Untired by fatigue, undismayed by neglect or teasing opposition—sacrificing pecuniary interest, and pleasing repose—putting his character, (often the only capital of professional men), in jeopardy, he succeeded, after amazing perseverance, in working out a simple and safe plan of protection, against one of the most deadly and frightful distempers that ever afflicted mankind.

Jenner was, besides, a man of the greatest personal worth—kind, amiable, and even-tempered—he was fond of society, and was engaging enough to be courted by it. He was modest as he was deserving: when honours from the most remote countries flowed in upon him, and princes sought his acquaintance as an addition to their dignity, he was never known to depart from the simple and even humble demeanour of the provincial practitioner. Retirement had sovereign charms for the heart of Jenner: in his native vale in Gloucestershire he cultivated with enthusiasm the study of natural history, the pursuit of his early predilection, and varied the amusements of his leisure by soft dalliance with the muses. A specimen of the pleasant trifling of such a mind as Jenner's, cannot fail to be *received with* interest.

'ADDRESS TO A ROBIN.

'Come, sweetest of the feathered throng!
And soothe me with thy plaintive song:
Come to my cot, devoid of fear,
No danger shall await thee here:
No prowling cat, with whiskered face,
Approaches this sequestered place:
No school boy with his willow bow
Shall aim at thee a murderous blow:
No wily limed twig ere molest
Thy olive wing or crimson breast:
Thy cup, sweet bird! I'll daily fill
At yonder cressy, bubbling rill;
My board shall plenteously be spread
With crumblets of the nicest bread;
And when rude winter comes and shews
His icicles and shivering snows,
Hop o'er my cheering hearth, and be
One of my peaceful family;
Then soothe me with thy plaintive song,
Thou sweetest of the feathered throng!'

The mind of the doctor was delicately strung. A disappointment in love severely tried its fortitude: the duration of his pangs shewed the excess of his sensibility. Years after the 'distressful stroke,' he writes in this pathetic strain:—'I am jaded almost to death, my dear Gardner, by constant fatigue; that of the body I must endure: but how long I shall be able to bear that of the mind I know not. Still the same dead weight hangs upon my heart. Would to God it would drag it from its unhappy mansion! then with what pleasure could I see an end of this silly dream of life.' In the same year, which might be about the 34th of Jenner's life, he addresses his friend in the like desponding tone, 'As for myself, the same stream of unhappiness is still flowing in upon me, its source seems inexhaustible; but there is a soothing consolation in it, all little disquietudes are sunk or washed away. I feel their influence no more.' Jenner's constancy to the old idol lasted until a fresh beauty came on the scene; the cup of matrimony was placed before him—he quaffed eagerly, and found in the contents a lethean preservative against the unpleasantness of all sentimental reminiscences. But whatever be his claims to our esteem for these personal qualities, it is as the great discoverer of vaccination that Jenner will be known, and his name handed down to posterity with lasting admiration. To strike even with but little success at the pestilential domination of the small pox was, in itself, an enterprise worthy of profound science and the most exalted humanity.

The accounts which are left us of the ravages of that malady amongst our almost immediate ancestors, are scarcely to be believed in our day. It is to Jenner that our gratitude is due, if

we are only acquainted with its destroying power through the medium of history. According to a moderate calculation it was estimated, that in the beginning of the last century, *one* out of every fourteen that were born, died of small pox. In London alone it appeared, that one out of every five persons of all ages, who contracted the small pox naturally, fell a victim to the malady. Nothing could mitigate the dreadful violence of this poison. Under every change, in every clime, from the icy regions of the north, to the latitudes of the burning zone, it was equally deleterious. And they might well be pronounced fortunate who, having once contracted small pox, had forfeited their lives to its virulence; for those unhappy persons whom it visited, and did not absolutely destroy, it oftentimes hideously deformed: sometimes it blasted the eyesight, or bound up the organ of speech or of hearing, or left behind it the seeds of scrofula, of consumption, or some other deadly token of its antipathy to human life. The great Sir Mathew Hale, wishing to stimulate the religious feelings of one of his grandsons, reminds the youth of all that he had suffered recently under an attack of the small pox: "First, therefore," he writes, "touching your late sickness, I would have you remember these particulars: 1st, The disease itself in its own nature is now become very mortal, especially to those of your age. Look upon even the last year's general bill of mortality, you will find near two thousand dead of that disease the last year; and had God not been very merciful to you, you might have been one of that number with as great likelihood as any of them that died of that disease. 2nd, It was a contagious disease, that secluded the access of your nearest relations. 3d, Your sickness surprised you upon a sudden, when you seemed to be in your full strength. 4th, Your sickness rendered you noisome to yourself and all that were about you; and a spectacle full of deformity, by the excess of your disease beyond most that are sick thereof. 5th, It was a fierce and violent sickness; it did not only take away the common supplies of nature, as digestion, sleep, strength; but it took away your memory, your understanding, and the very sense of your own condition, or of what might be conducible to your good. All that you could do was only to make your condition more desperate, in case they that were about you had not prevented it, and taken more care for you than you did, or could do, for yourself. 6th, Your sickness was desperate, insomuch that your symptoms and the violence of your distemper, were without example; and you were in the very next degree to absolute rottenness, putrefaction, and death itself."

But when small-pox became epidemic, and particularly in uncivilised countries, it was dreaded much more, and produced a greater degree of destruction than the plague itself. It caused whole cities and villages to be abandoned suddenly—it swept away thousands at a time, *acting like some* dreadful convulsion of nature,

against which there is no providing an immunity. Condamine, a celebrated French pleader, forcibly said of small-pox in his own country, "*La petite Verole nous decime.*"

The first decisive check given to the frightful force of this disease was inoculation. It was discovered that, by artificially transferring the *virus* of small-pox to the bodies of healthy persons, the disorder in such cases went through its stages with considerably diminished violence, whilst the process was efficacious in most instances against the return of so unwelcome a visitor. The practice was first introduced into this country by Lady Wortley Montague in 1722, and through her strenuous exertions it was followed, although indeed very partially. Along with the ordinary class of obstacles which all improvements have to surmount in their infancy, inoculation had to struggle against the violent opposition of the clergy: a torrent of anathemas was poured down from their pulpits upon the innovation: it was placed amongst those peculiar crimes, which were supposed to have been shadowed forth in the allusions of the sacred prophecies: and it was held up as a presumptuous interference of men with the order of Providence! However, in the year 1746, the Small-pox Hospital was instituted for the purpose of inoculating the poor. If those who were thus infected had been kept apart from the healthy, all would have been very well; but on account of the absence of so important a regulation, the practice of inoculating produced the most lamentable mischiefs. All persons making application at the hospital were indiscriminately infected; they were suffered to return amongst the population laden with contagion; the poisonous element diffused itself with a rapidity which nothing could arrest. Thus it was that the Empress Catherine of Russia, and her obsequious nobility, invited to and established the small-pox in St. Petersburgh, where it had been previously little known; thence it spread through the empire, and literally carried off every seventh child that was annually born in Russia. Inoculation was no doubt a very great improvement; it neutralised the poison of small pox, and transformed that disease into a comparatively innocuous affection. But all the benefits of the practice were confined to the individuals inoculated, while to the mass of mankind it proved any thing but a blessing: it enlarged the empire of the malady, and carried the infection to regions which in its natural course it might never have visited. The evils, in short, which have sprung from inoculation, have been so formidable that it is a matter of great doubt whether or not the discovery, on the whole, has been a blessing to mankind.

Thus much by way of history was necessary to be unfolded, in order that the reader might be enabled to comprehend the full value of that momentous invention, Vaccination, which is connected, and ever will be, in the grateful admiration of millions with the name of Jenner. The first impulse to inquiry on the subject of Vaccination was the result of accident. Jenner, at an early age, was

removed from Berkeley in Gloucestershire, where he was born in 1749, to Sodbury near Bristol, and there apprenticed to a surgeon-apothecary. One day a young female came into the shop on some trifling errand: casual mention of the small pox was made in her presence. "As for me," said the girl, "I can't have that disease, for I have had the *cow*-pox." The simple expression conveyed a shock to Jenner's mind which vibrated through his entire life. In the part of the country where he lived, dairy farming was very much practised. Traditions were rife amongst the peasantry respecting a disorder, which was said to make its appearance occasionally amongst cows, causing eruptions on their teats; that from them the disorder communicated itself to the hands of the milkers, who were affected with eruptions of the same description; and this was stated to be the cow pox, which was a sovereign preservative against the attacks of small pox. Jenner came to London to study surgery, and had the great happiness of being placed as an in-door pupil under the care of John Hunter. The student, whose mind was now earnestly bent on the subject of cow pox, and who had carried with him to the metropolis all the traditions he could collect in Gloucestershire, illustrative of its virtues, appears to have importuned his master about cows and pustules without measure. John Hunter, who had no great opinion of the successful issue of the inquiry, still, great and good man as he was, gave every encouragement to the hopes of Jenner: he advised the young man to persevere, and even went so far as to allude to him and his favourite theme in his public lectures. Full thirty years did Jenner continue to brood over his discovery, before he ventured to announce it in complete form to the world.

The mind of that man must be peculiarly organised, who has to lay down principles by induction from experiments in any newly-discovered province of knowledge. Toiling for years, yet doing nothing in the end—hoping ardently but to be disappointed severely—fondly believing only to doubt the more—relinquishing as a mockery to-day the glimpses of success which yesterday afforded: such often has been the portion, during a great proportion of their lives, of the best benefactors of mankind.

Jenner quitted London with his diploma, and settled himself down as a general practitioner in his native village of Berkeley. From his first experiments he was led to conclude that cow pox and small pox were only varieties of the same original affection; that they both proceeded from the morbid matter arising from the heel of a horse, when it is attacked with what is called "*the grease.*" The small pox, therefore, appeared to him to have been one of the numerous diseases which has been contracted by man, in consequence of his domestication of a great number of animals. If then, thought Jenner, the artificial communication of the small pox to man is able to tame the natural fury of that disease, surely a milder species of the same *affection, when* transferred to the human sys-

tem, will be still more useful. He proceeded to experiment, and had the happiness of seeing his fondest hopes realised. By repeated trials he proved that cow pox was transferrable by means of inoculation, and that it was a complete security against the contagion of the small pox, It was found, however, in time, that what was called the cow pox did not uniformly afford protection against the inroads of its more vicious relation. This was a perplexity.—But by diligent and unwearied investigation, Jenner soon shewed that there were a true and a spurious cow pox, which he could now distinguish from each other. Nor was this all. It was asserted with truth, that the matter even of the admitted genuine vaccine disorder was inefficacious as a security against small pox. Jenner was again triumphant; he discovered at last that it was only up to a certain stage of cow-pox that the virus arising from it was capable of acting on the human system so as to enable it to resist small pox; and that after the particular period was over, the matter proceeding from the disease was just strong enough to excite a local disorder, without rendering the individual proof against the contagion of small pox.

Having, in this patient and indefatigable manner, shaped and strengthened the various parts of his vast scheme, and having knit them together with admirable mechanism, Jenner in the year 1798 ushered his doctrine into the world. His work was entitled an "Inquiry." It attracted general attention, and induced many scientific men to try his assertions by the test of experiment. The author himself went to London, and was in communication with some of the first medical men of the day. On the whole, Jenner appears to have been treated at the outset with great candour by the profession in general, and to have received a very flattering degree of encouragement from the public at large. Exceptions might be stated—and much might be related, to qualify the praise which is due to the public and the profession for their conduct towards Doctor Jenner.

It is not our purpose to follow up the account, which is most ably set before us by Dr. Baron, of the various progress of Jenner, in propagating the doctrine of vaccination. We shall not stop, therefore, to heap reprobation on those professional men, who meanly united their envy and their jealousy, to the prejudices and fears of ignorance, in a common effort against his opinions and his personal character. Much, indeed, of the clamour which had been raised against him, among the vulgar; and much of the discredit into which his discovery had fallen, amongst the enlightened, may be traced to his own disinterested and noble liberality. Whatever we may think of his prudence, it is impossible not to mark, with the tribute of our warmest praise, the generous precipitancy with which Jenner flung into the public market the whole treasure of his great invention. Discreet secrecy would have been perfectly consistent with professional dignity: it would have led to un-

bounded wealth, and perhaps would have added to, instead of diminished the security of his reputation. "Take a house," said the celebrated Cline, "in Grosvenor Square—clear 10,000*l.* a-year will be the result of your practice." "Shall I," replied Jenner, "who, even in the morning of my days, sought the lowly and sequestered paths of life, the valley, and not the mountain; shall I, now my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and for fame? Admitting it as a certainty, that I obtain both, what stock should I add to my little fund of happiness? My fortune, with what flows in from my profession, is sufficient to gratify my wishes; indeed, so limited is my ambition, and that of my nearest connexions, that were I precluded from future practice, I should be enabled to obtain all I want. And as for fame, what is it? A gilded butt, for ever pierced with the arrows of malignancy. The name of John Hunter stamps this observation with the signature of truth."

When Jenner imparted his invaluable receipt to all the world, it was easy to foresee that the ignorant and the clumsy would attend to it after their own fashion, and further, that the necessary failures of such men would be confounded with the results of the most carefully conducted practice. Sometimes, too, Jenner's directions were neglected, or misapprehended, by his friends. These causes tended very much to retard the advancement of vaccination, and to mar the sanguine prospects of the discoverer himself. He was entangled in controversy, with a great variety of opponents. He never for a moment endangered his cause by the slightest intemperance of expression. He belonged to the school of the Harveys and the Hunters, and was prepared to meet those weapons which, strange to say, the ingratitude of mankind has, in almost all times and countries, directed, for a season, against its greatest benefactors. All these wrongs, however, were more than compensated to Jenner. He had the happiness of seeing the fruits of his astonishing labours received into almost every country, and those labours done justice to by almost every people. With an unanimity, which it has been the peculiar lot of vaccination to command, the nations eagerly and joyfully hailed the great discovery, and acknowledged its blessings with gratitude. The edicts of kings, and the authority of states, enjoined its adoption. Jenner himself became an object of general interest. National tributes of gratitude and respect, the praises and the esteem of the wise and the good, flowed in upon him. Imperial messengers posted to his residence, bearing honours and rewards. The high and the mighty, amongst whom the members of the royal stock of England stood conspicuous, courted his acquaintance, as a means of advancing their credit with the world. Six years after the promulgation of his discovery, the name of Jenner was known and mingled with the aspirations of gratitude which were breathed on every shore, from the Ganges to the Mississipi.

Doctor Jenner was now advised to ask a parliamentary grant.

His petition is a modest document, but forcibly illustrative of his unparalleled claims. The application was opposed,—need we say by whom? The occasion was a very fit one to call forth the unwonted parsimony of Mr. Bankes, the ancient member for Corfe Castle. After an elaborate inquiry by a committee, the sum of 10,000*l.* was finally awarded to Dr. Jenner. If this adjudication were the whole result of the investigation, it might be well said, that his cause had failed. But the committee established two important points: the vast utility and the originality of Dr. Jenner's discovery. At this period, the memoirs break off, to be resumed, however, at a subsequent opportunity.

Such was the man, such the great benefactor to his species, whose life Mr. Baron has undertaken to depict. He was intimately acquainted with the subject of his volume—all the documents and traditions which were possessed by the relations and friends of Dr. Jenner, have been placed at his disposal. He is, further, a professional man, and capable therefore of forming a sound opinion with respect to all points of importance, that may be involved in the history of Jenner and his labours. Materials too he had in abundance: indeed, he seems to have been so embarrassed by the quantity, as to have lost altogether the power of giving them to his reader with the advantage of due order; a defect which takes considerably from the produce of his great diligence and ability. A little more display also, of the partiality which he evidently feels for the person of Dr. Jenner, and which is repressed out of a timid precautionary spirit, would not have made Mr. Baron a less useful, while it would have rendered him a far more interesting biographer. At the same time, taking the man himself—his peculiar labours—the amount of particulars concerning him, and the authenticity of the account into consideration, we cannot but hail this work as a highly important gift to society.

ART. IX. *De Vere; or, the Man of Independence.* By the Author of Tremaine. 8vo. 4 vols. London: Colburn. 1827.

THERE are some minds that will think this novel a great deal too political, too extensively engrossed with affairs of state, which seldom appear to harmonise with the lighter interests of fiction. Such spirits, and we fear that amongst them may be found many of the softer sex, will shew De Vere no mercy. They will rail at him as excessively dull and prosaic; they will not perhaps be displeased with his Grandisonian independence, until they find that it is carried to an extreme that endangers the happy consummation of the story; but then they will be downright angry with him for it, and proclaim him to be unworthy of the angelic being who reigns like a load-star over these volumes. As to his good or ill fortune throughout the political and legal vicissitudes which attend him, they will not care one farthing about it, inasmuch as one little tea-

f scandal, the slightest hint in the world of a *faux pas*, has
charms for them, and, indeed, for the great mass of novel
rs and magazine critics, than all the ministerial revolutions
ntrigues that ever shook the recesses of Whitehall or Downing-
.

en again there are so many conversations—discussions per-
they will say—between statesmen, divines, men of sense and
of eccentricity, men of retirement and men of the world, and
debates, after the fashion of Tremaine, turn so much on sub-
of great moral importance and utility, that they will bring
st De Vere the same objections of gravity, sobriety, wisdom,
hilosophy, with which they assailed his predecessor, and per-
to a certain extent, not without the same effect.

e great popularity of Tremaine, to which we are happy to
mber that we were among the first to contribute, demon-
s, however, pretty clearly, that there is also an order of minds,
ding too the most refined and intelligent of the amiable part
creation, who will look upon this picture, as they did upon
in the light of a most precious legacy, from an artist of the
highest order. They will recognise in it the same opulent
varied genius, beaming upon every subject it touches with
fine, mellow, autumnal beauty of splendour, which so much
rs to the imagination some of the landscapes of Claude and
randt. Experience of life, not only in its higher and more
nt colours, but also in its massive, and all its most touching
s, speaks to us throughout this work in the earnest tone of a
l, who is truly solicitous for our happiness; and speaks in a
often so persuasive, always so graceful, so gentlemanly, and
gaging, that we unaffectedly pity the heart which it cannot
rate, and lament the corruption which it cannot reform.
this high purpose dignifying his labours, and exalting his
ts far above the fame of the mere novelist, the author of De
combines much of that witchery of romance, which sheds so
nating a spell around minds even of the most uncultivated
, but is peculiarly becoming and attractive, when we see it
ting, unchecked and unreproved, upon a bright and pure
ect, polished by the most refined education, and resting on a
so admirably attuned to all the kindly sensibilities of our
e, that nothing connected with the amelioration and felicity
species, is indifferent to his feelings.

xt to the conscious integrity, the unsullied virtue, which
l appear to mark his life, it is impossible not to admire the
es which seem to have prompted such a writer to enter the
of authorship. The leisure which he might have devoted to
ursuits of ambition, or to the gay occupations of pleasure, he
ore beneficently, and we trust more wisely, dedicated to the
e of his fellow men. He has chosen the best of all channels
iffusing his precepts, and for rendering them permanently

impressive. He saw that, from whatever reason, the age is a reading, and particularly a novel-reading age; and he took advantage of that fixed propensity for administering his moral medicine in a shape in which, of all others, when properly managed, it is the most acceptable and effective.

In the work before us, he has fortunately avoided the palpable error of Tremaine. There he dealt out his precepts in too didactic and elaborate a form: an entire volume contained little more than a dissertation upon theological and ethical questions of the gravest importance. But here the Christian philosopher, and we may add the statesman and the patriot, appear through his characters, often in action, sometimes in conversations, now and then in reflections; he seldom fails to apply his incidents to the great purpose which he has in view, but he does so with a great deal less of that formality, not to say ostentation, which was the reigning fault in Tremaine. Some may think that even yet he has something to correct, and a little more *tact* to acquire, in the blending of the *utile* with the *dulci*. But those who have the invaluable felicity of being endowed even with the slightest warmth of a religious temperament, instead of seeing any thing to blame, in his present mixed mode of conducting his subject, will on the contrary consider it, as we certainly do, the crowning character of the work. What is more natural, what more becoming, what is there in this world more soothing to the soul, than after being enraptured with a beauteous landscape, to lift the eye to HIM who has spread the valley at our feet, and given us sensibilities to be delighted with the charms in which HE has mantled it!

But this, though the highest, is far from being the only attraction of De Vere. The story, though interrupted often, and sometimes provokingly so, is upon the whole well and most gracefully told. The commencement, the progress, and the winding up of that part of it, which all classes of readers will conspire in thinking the most interesting—that which relates to the loves of the hero and the heroine—is narrated with a delicacy of expression, and conducted throughout with a degree of elegance and of reserve, which we think quite unrivalled. The Lady Constance Mowbray, an heiress of the highest rank and expectations, surrounded by all the glitter and pride of fashionable life, yet appears before us, not indeed a perfect being, but superior to all the splendour by which she is encircled, a child of meekness, simplicity, sincerity, and goodness, who though attached to De Vere, from the beginning to the end of the work, never discloses her secret even to herself in any part of it. It is just such a story of affection as a father would write, wherein a pious and beloved daughter shone as the most conspicuous figure. The language of the eyes is marked, those conclusions are insinuated which a lover would draw from a series of nameless little attentions, and which, without teazing the reader with actual disappointment, preserve him for a

while in a state of gentle and not disagreeable suspense. We know of course, being tolerably practised in such things, how the whole matter is to end from the very commencement; but yet there is an uncertainty about it, which leads us on expectantly from chapter to chapter, and towards the end rises in interest to a degree almost painful to bear, until the happiness of the parties is established.

One of the principal arts of a novelist, and, we believe, one of his greatest difficulties, is, after bringing his hero and heroine to a tolerably good secret understanding in the beginning, to prevent them from marrying until he finds it convenient to approach the conclusion of his third, fourth, or fifth volume, as the case may happen to be. There must always be a stumbling block in the way; a father or mother adverse to the match, political differences between the families destined to be united, or such an inequality of fortune on one side, as would render the junction unadvisable on the other. Any of these recipes will do very well for stopping a match during such time as the author may require, but in the present instance we have them all combined.

The father of Constance, Lord Mowbray, is described as a nobleman, pre-eminently aristocratic, who, having been dedicated to office by his father, had made political ambition his idol, and had already attained to a seat in the cabinet, being placed at the head of an extensive and important department. He was a man of no abilities, and a mere slave of the king and premier. Need it be added, that he was a Tory of the first water? His sister, the Lady Eleanor De Vere, was rather Whiggishly inclined. She is presented to us as 'a noble gentlewoman, who, though little smiled upon by fortune, was intrenched in respectability of every kind.' She had early lost her husband, General De Vere, in battle, and was left with two sons, the younger of whom, Mortimer (the elder having very seasonably departed this life), is to be our hero, having for his sole fortune a small estate, scarcely sufficient to educate and support him.

Shall we own it?—this same Mortimer, though Whiggish too, is not at all a favourite of ours. We could not for the life of us shake hands with him. He is a haughty, stiff, impracticable sort of a country gentleman, constantly talking of his independence, and veiling himself within the mysteries of an exaggerated pride. He may have been an Adonis in person for aught we know, but we are half angry with the author for giving such a person to the angelic Constance. But it is time we should introduce the lady.

'It was at the ball of the Litchfield races that De Vere's heart was doomed to meet its virgin encounter; and he was not the less excited, or the less pleased, from the circumstance that his admiration was kindled by an object, at the moment when he saw her, perfectly unknown to him.

'He had arrived too late for the first day's sport, or indeed to dine with his uncle, Lord Mowbray, as was expected. He dressed therefore at his inn, sending a compliment to his uncle, whom he said he would join in

the ball-room. To this he repaired, as dancing had begun; and as Lord Mowbray did not appear, and he was known to no one, he gave his eyes and ears to the dancers in pure lack of employment.'—vol. i, pp. 207, 208.

After gazing on the dancers for some time, he

'longed more than ever for the arrival of his uncle's party, when he beheld a young lady led up to the top of the dance, on whom he found his eye could not look without instant emotion. The most perfect form he had ever beheld, set off by the most graceful manner he had ever admired, challenged his curiosity, and gratified all his sentiment. Had she been plain, this would have been the instant effect upon one of De Vere's particular taste, which sought for its pleasure more in elegance of shape and address than even in beauty itself. But her face and features were illumined with a meaning of such powerful expression; there were in them such sense and softness united, that a man of sense could not fail to admire, a man of feeling, to love.

'Her complexion might be said to be naturally pale, but of such dazzling fineness, that you hardly wished for colour, till it came. Then, indeed, the animation which it caused, and the intelligence which flashed from a dark and languishing eye, gave her a loveliness of expression, such as we may suppose to belong to the angels. Luckily, the least exercise, and even the play of her mind in conversation, always called up this beautiful colour.

'De Vere was upon his legs in a moment. He had no eyes, but for this lovely vision—for such it seemed. He could not even ask her name, so much was he fixed; for, from being all eye, he could find no tongue. When she began to move, his peculiar taste was peculiarly pleased; for never were grace and dignity so exemplified. Perhaps, she might have been thought too serious in her dancing by those who did not, like De Vere, mark the elasticity of her foot, and a something, as the strain of the music changed, which amounted almost to playfulness.

'Those who may have seen the dancing of the Ladies L——, in their girlhood, or of Lady Eleanor F——, can alone have an idea of it, by supposing the beautiful style of each united. It is this perfection of cheerfulness and grace conjoined, which our critical neighbours over the water have, with a happiness of language, described under the phrase of "*le beau tranquille.*"

'De Vere followed her from the top of the dance to the bottom, and from the bottom to the top, and was pleased to observe the respect which, when modest *retenue* is joined with grace, attends upon it almost as by a natural law. The rural thanes and their families opened every where to give her place, all apparently actuated with the same admiration as De Vere. It seemed, indeed, as she floated through the mazes of the figure, that all were content to acknowledge her superiority, and gazed upon her as if she had been

"A fairy vision
Of some gay creature of the element,
That i' the colours of the rainbow lives,
And plays i' the plighted clouds."

'We may suppose how this told upon the senses of De Vere; nor were his eyes charmed more than his mind, on observing the easy, yet correct

attention with which she listened to the conversation of her partner. De Vere envied him much for his then lot, and not a little for a certain *tournure* of fashionable self-consequence, which seemed only the result of acknowledged superiority in rank and manners, and to which a few years seniority to De Vere in age, gave some little addition.

'It was hence (and he saw it with something like envy), that he thought the lady listened with a mixture of deference, as well as pleasure, to his conversation. It is astonishing what sensations of unaccountable rivalry (for they were no less), this caused to De Vere.

'He knew nothing about the passion of love, and as little of the nature of his own feeling. He only knew that the beauty he had admired, seemed of so superior an order, that he could have kissed the ground she so lightly touched, and still more the airy foot that touched it.'—vol. i, pp. 211—215.

This is indeed an enchanting description. No wonder that De Vere was caught at once, and that his joy was measureless, when he discovered that she was no less a person than the lady Constance Mowbray, his own beautiful cousin. We must finish the picture.

'A penetration, far beyond her years, yet mingled with the greatest goodness, and a cheerfulness amounting sometimes even to archness, had at least equal claims on his admiration. Upon a first approach, especially if alone, there was that look of sedateness, if not of languor, which always attends the beautiful oval of countenance, and forms what appears a pensive brow. But the *abord* over, and conversation begun (if to her liking), the look of seriousness was lost, and tints of such glowing animation lighted up a mouth of rose and ivory mixed, in such beautiful play, that no two faces could seem so variable (I had almost said so unlike) as that of the individual, but always lovely Constance. Do I paint from fancy? Alas! No!—I have seen it! loved it! lost it!

'It was hence that in the world, Constance had two characters. She was for ever elegant and beautiful, because she could not change her nature; always self-possessed, because always full of sense; but the character of her beauty, and, by consequence of her mind, was very differently estimated. To persons who, from having no character, were indifferent to her, or still more if possessing one that excited her dislike, she was lofty and distant. But to those she approved, and much more if she loved them, how delightfully did she display her nature, in a softness mixed with cheerfulness, which few could withstand! It was this that formed her peculiar charm, and seemed a perpetual May, spreading sunshine and breathing balm on all around. In truth she was a creature formed alike to give lustre to a throne, or bless the seclusion of the humblest lover.'—vol. i, pp. 222, 223.

De Vere's connection with the Mowbray family, and the contiguity of his seat at Talbois, to that of Mowbray Castle, gave him many opportunities of seeing Constance again, which it may be supposed were not lost upon him. In fact they were at once upon terms of intimacy, as will appear from a conversation which we shall quote, after describing a certain dairy-house that has taken a great hold on our fancy.

'There was, at Castle Mowbray, a dairy-house which De Vere's mother,

in the days of her favour with her father, had been allowed to erect. It was not of marble, nor were the dishes porcelain, such as befit a quality dairy, in which a little fortune is sunk for ever, to enable some duchess to play at milkmaids for an hour. It reared a pretty, but moderate front, on the green bank of a warbling brook, that glided through the park, tributary to the Trent. Hazels and copse-wood fringed its lower border, while some lofty acacias prevented injury from the meridian sun. A plot of velvet turf surrounded the house, and this again was bordered with flowers, whose sweetness was fed upon by a thousand bees. There were, at least, a score of hives, from which this favourite spot was as often called the apiary, as the dairy. From the murmuring of the stream, the hum of the insects, and the otherwise happy quiet of the whole scene, it was a place where Virgil might have sung till he forgot himself in sleep.'—vol. i, pp. 224, 225.

This said dairy-house had been a favorite with De Vere's mother, the Lady Eleanor; it had been renovated under the care of Constance, particularly one small room, a garden parlour, to which she would often retire, particularly in the heat of the day, to store her mind by study.

'This, however, did not at all interfere with either her admiration or her enjoyment of the fine old seat of her ancestors, the castle itself. Without, there was a magnificent terrace, almost equal to Windsor or Belvoir, from the vastness and beauty of its view. Within, the proud towers and massive walls which overhung the park, and which every traveller stopped to view and longed to visit, were the containing boundaries of suites of apartments, furnished in all the costliness of ancient splendour.

'"You love all this, *ma cousine*," said Mortimer to her, one day, when she was admiring the spaciousness of the ancient guard-room, now converted into a saloon, and hung with the gayest colours of Gobeline tapestry.

'"I do," said she, "and so well, that I would wish to fill it better than than with so small a party as ours. We seem lost in it."

'"But yet you love the dairy-house?" observed Mortimer, with something like scrutiny.

'"Oh, dear! yes; love it dearly. My garden-room is charmingly finished, and I give you leave now to see it whenever, and as soon as you please. In fact, I want your opinion. But then I love this too," (and she looked round with pleasure). "Indeed, as its inhabitant, I should be sorry not to prefer it."

'"As its present mistress, and destined owner, I should be sorry too," said Mortimer. "In other times you would have kept a little court here, and been 'the Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.'"

'"That would have been delightful," said Constance; "and we would have had tournaments, and you should have been my knight."

'"Gladly," answered De Vere; "but what should we then have done with the dairy-house?"

'"It would have made an excellent hermitage," answered Constance, "and I would have gone there every day to tell my beads, confess, and be happy."

'"And return to be happy at the castle?"

'"And why not?" asked Constance.

'"True," said Mortimer, and his countenance somehow or another clouded.

'Resuming, after a pause, Constance proceeded,—

'"I don't understand you, Mortimer, this morning. Do you think it wrong to love the honours of a castle, even though one may love a dairy too?"

'"Heaven forbid!" replied De Vere, with fervour, "especially in one so formed to grace it."

'"Nay, that is not what I meant," said Constance; "but I own I should like our tastes to agree."

'"They do," answered Mortimer, "I delight in the dairy-house, so do you."

'"Ay! but I delight in the castle too, and so ought you."

'"The castle is not mine," replied De Vere.

'"But you would like it if it were!"

'"I suppose I should."

'"And give fêtes and balls, and do all that the lord of a castle should do? I am persuading papa to do this, and hope to succeed."

'"Quite right," said Mortimer, thoughtfully.

'"And you must stay and assist us," said Constance, "and contrive a pageant, as in the days of old we were talking of: but mind, not with that grave brow."

'"Pageants are for courts," replied De Vere, "and I am afraid I am——."

'"A bad courtier," interrupted Constance. "Papa himself says so; and, indeed, I thought you so myself, and was almost angry that you would not stay in town when I came to be presented, though you had never seen me before."

'"And did you like the court, Constance?"

'"Like it is a strong word," answered his cousin; "but I admired it: I thought it elegant and splendid."

'"And you love elegance and splendour?"

'"Why, yes, in their proper places, such as the Drawing Room; and especially when I think of the gracious and graceful looks of her to whom I went to pay my duty."

'"She adorns her high station," observed Mortimer, "as you, my fair cousin, will yours. I only wish you may be as happy as you are rich and fair, and as I am sure you deserve to be."

'So saying, he rather abruptly left her, not a little surprised, indeed puzzled, to make out many things he had said; and still more the particularity of manner with which he had said them.

'Mortimer, however, went straight to the dairy-house, and on the strength of the leave that had been given, sought out his cousin's garden-room, in which, what struck him most, was the appropriateness of its fitting. There was no costliness or splendour; and though every thing was elegant as well as useful, the elegance was of the most unexpensive kind. It seemed as if its inhabitant had just left it. Books lay open upon the table, and a Spanish guitarre, with its broad ribbon rested, as if just laid down on a chair, on which a collection of Modinos, Notturnos, and Seguidillas, was carelessly thrown by its side. The window, which was case-

mented, and enriched with some old painted glass, was open, and let in a delicious song of birds: while both the eye and the ear were delighted by a reach of the brook, which ran playfully, sparkling and foaming, beneath.

'De Vere took a chair which had been placed in the very properest point of view, but had to remove a volume of Sévigné's Letters, before he could sit down. It opened at one, which detailed Madame de Maintenon's reflections on the melancholy grandeur of the court. The occasion was the marriage of Mademoiselle d'Orleans with the King of Spain, and these passages had been marked by the pencil of Constance.

'"Tels sont les noirs chagrins qui voltigent autour du trône. Qui pourroit voir, sans être èmu, les rages des ambitieux, les désespoirs des favorites, dans le tems que leurs places paroissent si miraculeuses; les tristes ennuies des dames de Versailles, dont peut être la plus enviée, n'est pas la plus exempte? Concluons que dans ce pays pour peu de grandeur qu'on ait, on en a toujours plus que de bonheur."

'De Vere was struck deeply with the sentiment, and fell into a fit of musing, not merely on the sentiment itself, but on what Constance thought of it. That she had thought of it much, was clear, for she had noted the passage, with her own pretty hand, and in the same pretty hand appeared on the paper she had used as a marker in the book, the following little extract from another French writer.

'"N'avez vous pas souvent aux lieux infréquentés,
Rencontrè tout à coup ces aspects enchantés
Qui suspendent vos pas, dont l'image chérie,
Vous jette en une douce, et longue réverie?"

'"What a charm is there in this," exclaimed De Vere, as he sallied into the little garden, and let himself down an abrupt short path, to the side of the brook, the murmur of which never seemed so soothing.

'"I never will part with these lines.—And yet what have I to do with them?" added he, safely lodging them in his pocket-book. "Notwithstanding these sentiments, she loves the court, of which she is so formed to be the ornament, while I am not born to be a courtier."'—vol. i., pp. 226—232.

The consequences of many such tête a têtes as this may easily be imagined. But an interruption was soon to be given to them, as Lord Mowbray had very different and much higher views for his daughter, when, on presenting her to one of his superior colleagues in office, he found that she had made an immediate and a decisive impression upon his lordship. The character of this same Cleveland is strongly delineated. Possessing greater influence in the cabinet than Lord Mowbray, his ambition is of a more elevated description. The master also of a considerable fortune, he conceived that he had no more to do in order to win the hand of Constance, than to throw himself at her feet. But, although in this he finds that he is deplorably mistaken, yet more from a desire of conquest, than any impulse of affection, he resolves to persevere in his suit to the last. He of course discovers in a glance that De Vere is already high in the lady's favour; not so high, however, but that he might be easily supplanted by the superior rank,

fortune, and pretensions of a minister of state. It was at the castle that Cleveland first saw her, during a visit at that period of the year when London is abandoned, and the country mansions of the great witness the renewal of those scenes of hospitality, for which our ancestors were scarcely more celebrated than the thanes of our own day.

Of such a scene our author takes advantage, in order to *shew up* a group of county characters, which he does certainly effect in the highest style. First on the list, appears a certain Mrs. Oldbury, the whimsical wife of a prebendary of Litchfield, 'one of those amiable little aristocrats of a cathedral town, who is always most exact in enforcing the line of separation, between the provincial beau monde of the Close, and the vulgar thriving people composing the trading part of the city.' Next figures a Mr. Freshville, a new man of fortune, whose foible it was to play *double* to Lord Cleveland, at least in his dress, for the accomplishment of which notable purpose he employed his Lordship's tailor, and gave him general orders to supply him with exact counterparts of every habiliment made for his noble customer. We know, ourselves, half a dozen such imitators in the world; the portrait is evidently from the life. Then come Mrs. Partridge and her two daughters--a personage, who, like the Lady Lydia Loller of Addison, had the misfortune to be "a lady of quality married to a commoner." She also, and her companions, are pourtrayed from the life; there is no great assembly without such a trio. We must make room for the description of "the girls;" it is an exquisite piece of badinage.

'The face of one at least was blooming, and the figures of both tall and striking; of all which advantages they seemed to be fully sensible. There was, however, a difference between them. For, while Miss Zephyrina, the youngest, was sweet seventeen, the eldest, Miss Partridge, was at that uneasy (we had almost said unhappy) age, when the world pronounces a lady's girlhood to be gone, and the patient is not disposed to agree in the decision. What that age is, we dare not say; for it is different in different subjects, and every one must apply it for herself. "*Il n'y a qu'un printems dans l'année,*" says an old French proverb—and Miss Partridge thought so too; but then she also thought that the *printems* lasted longer with her than it did with any body else. In short, that bloom and alacrity of spirit, which render a young girl so charming to herself and others, had left her; and she had not (yet) acquired those other graces, from sense and manner, which, by making a woman more estimable, cause her to be infinitely more attracting.

'Nothing pleased the elder Miss Partridge so much as when she was classed with her sister, under the name of "the girls." She was fond of telling stories wherein her father would say, "Come along, *girls*;" or talk of his *girls*; and she was even once known to be civil for ten minutes to a man she had determined to cut, because she heard he had spoken of her as a "charming *girl*."

'These sisters advanced with a quick step, laughing loudly with one

another, and staring through their glasses at the persons who made way for them, to the right and left.'—vol. ii., pp. 45, 46

From the Partridges we must pass to other game—for the whole scene is in truth a human chase of the most stirring description, where one folly is suffered to rise upon the wing after another, that the shaft may the more keenly pierce it as it flies.

'Another gentleman now approached the forbidden circle, who occasioned still greater dismay, not only to the Partridge family, but to some of the male wizards who defended it. This was Sir Bertie Brewster, another *ambitieux*, whom Le Sage has described as one of those *bons roturiers* whom the king converts into a "*mauvais gentilhomme, par d'excellentes lettres de noblesse.*" And yet, if originality of design and perseverance in pursuing it, can entitle a man to the praise of genius, he was one of the most considerable geniuses of the age.

'This gentleman, being the son of a great manufacturer of that day, was, for his sins, smitten with the love of great people, and the court. How to get among them was a question which might have puzzled a less aspiring man than himself: however, his father being dead, his first step was to dispose of all his commercial concerns; his next, to whitewash himself as well as he could by a title. He tried in vain for a baronetcy; but luckily being made sheriff of the county, where, among the potteries, he had an estate, he succeeded for a knighthood. It was going up with an address, that first kindled his love for the court, which he worshipped afterwards like an idol. No levée, or drawing-room, scarcely ever took place without seeing him, sometimes in embroidery, sometimes in his militia coat, surrounded by persons of superior rank, not one of whom he knew, much less dared speak to.

'Here, however, he had a resource which we confess was original, and bespoke that felicitous genius on which we have so deservedly complimented him. For he fell upon the happy expedient of engaging in a sort of make-believe acquaintance, by inducing people to suppose that he saw friends at a distance whom he did not see, and received bows which he did not receive. With these, therefore, he pretended to engage in an interchange of nods and smiles; nay, a "How do you do, my Lord?" has frequently been heard to escape him in a low voice, as if he could not prevent it, though the noble addressee was (luckily for Sir Bertie) so far off that he knew he could not hear him.

'But there was another still finer trait in his history, which made us both call and think him a man of genius: we mean the manner in which he acquired the aristocratic Christian name of Bertie, by which he was latterly known. We say *latterly*, because (believe it who will) the name given him by his plain and primitive godfathers, was the plain and primitive one of Bartholomew; of which growing ashamed, somewhere about his seven-and-twentieth year, he actually applied to the bishop of the diocese to know whether it might not be changed, and was mortified to be told that no power in Christendom could effect it. He therefore made a virtue of necessity, and remembering that in his extreme youth, the long, old, scriptural Bartholomew had been, *per syncopen*, shortened into Barty, the transition from that to the noble name of Bertie was so easy, that he contrived not only to call himself, but to make his friends designate him also, by that high-sounding appellation. He was even knighted by it by the sove-

ıd was so recorded in the Heralds' College, when the fees came to be
ıd thus originally vamped up, he was now universally known by
e of Sir Bertie Brewster.
n the whole, this personage reaped some of the benefit which surely
us and perseverance deserved; for, by dint of his regular appear-
court, he at least got his name enrolled in those high lists of
he lists of the persons who frequented the drawing-room. He
ained a bowing acquaintance with two or three old lords, one of
solutely of the bed chamber.'—vol. ii, pp. 53—56.

cruel, perhaps, and not very creditable to us to admit the
ıat Sir Bertie is a particular friend of our own, and that the
is literally correct as far as it goes. He once wrote an
or this journal, as he thought it supreme ton to have it to say
has of late taken a literary turn; it was really not a bad
r a knight, but he mentioned his high connexions, and his
me in it so often as a patron of letters and the arts, that we
en obliged to postpone its insertion. He still thinks it will
and lives upon the flattering anticipation of all the celebrity
t will bring him. He has actually thrown two very com-
rooms into one, for the purpose of seeing all the foreign
nestic literaires and savans, who are to congratulate him on
ısion. Now, how does this vanity affect us? We think it
t beyond all description. We are amused in the highest
with the fellow; for though he well knows that we know
if he were turned inside out, yet he is fully persuaded
believe him to be the personal friend of every great man of
; that he is already a member of all the blue-stocking
at the west end of the town, and that not a mouse can stir
ames's, without running into his trap.
with regret we find ourselves obliged to pass over the festi-
f the castle, in honour of the birth-day of the engaging
ıce. There is no sacrifice that we would not willingly make
to attend her, while doing the honours of her castle, for
favourite with us of the very first order. We would par-
y glance at the masque, so happily introduced, so charm-
ecuted; but as the reader must, if he has a spark of taste,
py of De Vere for himself, and moreover read it, once a year
, for the next forty years of his life (may he live a thou-
we must refer him to the volume itself, as we are warned,
growing size of this paper, to proceed to graver matter.
ıave said, that there is a great deal of politics in this novel.
ı that they form, to our minds, by no means the least in-
g portion of it: for, besides the common value which they
ossess, as affording a well wrought picture of a ministerial
on, at an epoch supposed to be dated towards the close of
century; they are, in many instances, remarkable, for the
r felicity and force of prediction, with which they apply to
rious changes that have, within the last month, actually

taken place in the British cabinet. It would seem as if the author had written these passages in his work but a day or two ago, and had determined, with himself, to take every opportunity of celebrating the fortunate ascendancy, which Mr. Canning and his friends have just attained in the government. We are no adulators of any man, or of any party; but we have not seen the person, in town or country, who really loves old England, and desires to see her name shine out as a beacon of liberty and knowledge to all the world, whose heart has not swollen with unutterable pride and delight, when hearing or speaking of Mr. Canning's victory. It is the victory of light over darkness; the triumph of intelligence and justice, over prejudice and corruption; it has already arrested* the insane resuscitation of that despotism which slept, but was not, until now, utterly slain in France; it has made the tyrant of the Peninsula tremble on his tottering throne; it will strengthen materially the protection already afforded to the infant republics of Spanish America, and dissipate all doubts, as to their future destiny. A steady liberal policy, both at home and abroad, will free our councils from the vacillation and inconsistency to which they were necessarily exposed, while two principles, the good and the evil, contended with each other for the helm of the state; and the empire, regenerated and disincumbered of the incubus which so long oppressed it in the shape of the Eldonites, will start anew in the race of industry and glory, cheered by the admiration and shouts of the civilised portion of mankind.

The subject has led us away; but, notwithstanding the general and elaborate disclaimer in the preface, we cannot but think, that the author was thoroughly prepared, by his knowledge of political parties, for the revolution that has taken place; and that although his Duke of Oldcastle, and his Lord Cleveland, may be intended rather as representatives in the abstract of the old Tory prejudices, intrigues, incapacity, and attachment to office; yet, that his Mr. Wentworth is certainly meant for Mr. Canning. Let the reader judge.

'It is not easy to describe this able and accomplished person. His mind was an assemblage of all that could excite, and all that could soothe; his heart, the seat of an ambition, belonging, as it were to himself; equally above stooping to court or people, and which no fear of either could affright.

With all this, his feelings were attuned to friendship, and his intellect to the pleasures of elegant cultivation. Thus he shone alike in the tumult of party, and the witchery of letters. In these last, he had been beautifully distinguished, and had had many amiable associates, before he acquired his political eminence.

'In the senate, his eloquence was like a mountain river, taking its rise

* The ministers of Charles X. have withdrawn the odious project of law on the press.

from reason, but swelling its impetus by a thousand auxiliary streams of wit and imagination, which it gathered on its way. It is, indeed, difficult to say whether his wit, or his reasoning predominated; for such was the effect of both united, that never was reason so set off by wit, or wit so sustained by reason. The one was a running fire, flashing from right to left over the whole field of argument, so as to embarrass and paralyze his antagonists; while the other, when seriousness was resumed, struck down every thing that opposed, with the force of thunder.

'But he had a more powerful recommendation still to the favour of his auditors, whether in the senate or elsewhere. His politics, as his heart, were truly, I might say insularly, British; and though he contemplated and understood the Continent, as well as any, and better than most who went before him; of the Continent it was his principle to steer clear, except in so far as it was connected with Britain. This did not fail to "buy him golden opinions with all sorts of persons;" and he wound up all by a staunch adherence to his personal friends, not one of whom he had ever been known to fail, or to abandon. This made him the most loved for his own sake, of all the leaders of his time *out* of the House, while in it he reigned without struggle or compeer,—*nihil simile aut secundum.*

'Yet, superior as Mr. Wentworth was in all these respects, he was kept, strange to say, from rising to the highest point, by the influence or intrigues of far less gifted rivals. Men wondered at this, but (happily for the repose of mankind) the times are over when a man who could not rule by other means, did not scruple, if he could, to seize the government by force, and awe even his prince into dangerous compliances.

'Mr. Wentworth knew this, but, even in other times, would never have attempted to go so far, and he therefore contented himself at present with a second place.

'This, at the time we write of, was the less irksome, because the high quality and worth, and still more, the long habit of being considered the leader of his party, which belonged to the Premier, induced the submission of all to his authority, without a murmur.

'Every body, however, foresaw, from what has been stated, that the premier's resignation would occasion a contest for the succession, which might shake the administration to its centre: and Mr. Wentworth was not a man to submit to hold a second rank under any other living person.

'Such, then, was the public character of this accomplished man; and there were not wanting those who observed, in his connection with great families, in the spread of himself among all men of parliamentary power, and particularly in the attachment of the young men of rising talents to his person, a promise of future strength, which might one day influence the fate of the empire.

'Mr. Wentworth's public dinners were frequent and thronged, and in them he displayed all the felicity of his wit, and all the conciliation of his manner. But the delight of his secret heart was in banquets far more select, and far more happy. These were his private parties, with men who were either independent of politics, or with whom politics did not form the first passion of their minds; men who were of kindred with himself in every thing that could charm the taste, or enlighten the under-

standing. With these, he continued still occasionally to live, although often separated from them by that which separates all who are not linked in the same pursuit—the struggles of ambition, and the tumults of party.' —vol. ii., pp. 201—204.

We need hardly add that, in the progress of the story, the struggle here foreseen, is described a'shaving taken place; and that Mr. Wentworth and his friends become the patriotic and popular rulers of the state. We repeat, that the coincidence of this prediction, with the facts which have since occurred, is very remarkable, and places the sagacity and political knowledge of the author in a peculiarly striking point of view.

We could wish that we had space for several charming descriptions of rural scenery, which occur particularly in the second and third volumes—the more charming, as they are clothed in the most simple and apposite language, touched here and there, as almost all the pages are, with a gleam of that sunshine of the soul, which emanates from a rightly constituted and most virtuous heart. One little fault we find in some of these, and, now and then, in other passages of this work, that the author peeps out too often in his own person; thus producing that sort of unwelcome effect, which is felt when the prompter of the stage speaks so loud, or shews himself beyond his side-scene so far, that the audience may hear or see him. Pro tanto it weakens the delusion.

The author has, also, a habit of commenting, in his own person, upon the conduct or the language of his characters; as thus:—'We by no means give these reflections as just. But they exemplified how easily, when the mind is under any commanding impression, the judgment will take its tinge from the colouring of the mind.' Not to speak of the verbal inelegance of the latter sentence, the observation is inartificial, and betrays a want of tact. The author should have had more confidence in the judgment and penetration of his reader, and allowed him to make this, and all such critical reflections, for himself.

The course of the story removes De Vere as the companion of Wentworth from England, for two or three months, which they spend romancing among the Pyrennees. The account given of their tour, not only imparts variety to the work, but, hacknied as all such themes now are, even enhances its attractions. It was quite in character, that two such travellers should be detained a while on their way, in the neighbourhood of the village of Villete, once the abode of Bolingbroke during his exile. But we were hardly prepared for the fresh and cheerful gladness of spirit, with which they seek and enjoy adventures among the Pyrennees. When we next go that way, we shall certainly make it a point to visit La Chataignerie, and hope to find the Boniface of that pleasant inn, François, and his beloved Catalina, with a numerous family around them. The valley itself is worth a visit; but when such good

things are to be had there, as 'a table, spread with a clean damask cloth, and silver spoons,' with a dish of smoking trout, opposed to a venison pie, of Catalina's manufacture, and flanked by amber and purple flasks of a generous vintage, we fancy that it will afford a faint idea of Elysium. The story of Rivers, too, 'the man of imagination,' adds to the sweet associations of the scene. It is told in a gay, eloquent, abrupt, masterly style—it is the sketch of a Corregio.

But we dare say, the gentle reader is now very much inclined to ask what has become of the Lady Constance all this time? Dead? or married? or in love? or out of love? in her house in town? or at the castle? Poor Constance! After reigning a season in London, as the very gem of fashion, the Cynosure of all eyes; after being teazed by Cleveland, and worried by her father to listen to his suit, she retires to the country disgusted with all mankind, save that father, and—De Vere. Lord Mowbray dies, and she succeeds to all his estates. An incident somewhat melo-dramatic, places Cleveland in possession of a document, which enables him to dispute her possession of some ten thousand a-year of her property; and in vain he attempts to use it as an argument in favour of his proposals. The matter is put into Chancery; and after going through a course, somewhat more expeditious than probability can reconcile with the late constitution of that tribunal, it appears, that the disputed estates really belong to De Vere. This occurrence, which, one would naturally think, consummated the hopes of that 'independent' gentleman at once, particularly when he has good reason to know, that Constance is true to her first impressions in his favour, goes nearly to blow up the whole train prematurely, and to set all the parties by the ears. De Vere recoils from the possession of the property; and, good man! looks upon himself as the robber of the lady! Her good sense, and her contempt for the whole subject, recover matters; and all obstacles being removed, after a great deal of stupid and unnecessary endeavours on the part of the hero to exhibit a superhuman purity of 'independence,' the pair are made happy.

Art. X. 1. *Constable's Miscellany.* Vols. 2, 3, 4, and 5. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*s.* each. Edinburgh: Constable & Co. 1827.

2. *The Library of Useful Knowledge, published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.* Three Parts. 8vo. Stitched. 6*d.* each. London: Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy. 1827.

3. *The Library of the People.* Four Parts. 8vo. 6d. each. London: Knight & Lacey. 1827.

In a former number* we noticed in a detailed manner, the first volume of Constable's Miscellany, when we took occasion to com-

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* See M. R., vol. i., p. 126.

mend the liberal and useful motives which dictated the design of that publication, and bestowed our praises on the manner in which its plan, so far as it was developed, had been carried into execution. This very excellent undertaking received a temporary check from the effects of the late commercial failures, to which the affairs of Messrs. Constable, in common with those of many other very deserving persons, were exposed, and which it is lamentable to think, fell upon them with a severity proportioned to their liberal and enterprising projects. We are glad, however, to see the Miscellany resumed, and to hear that it is eminently successful.

Since our first notice, four additional volumes have issued from the press. In volumes 2 and 3, Captain Hall's interesting voyages are continued. The 4th volume is occupied with narratives of various Adventures in the Southern Ocean by British Seamen, the attraction of which cannot be overrated. The Memoirs of the Marchioness De la Roche-Jaqueline form the 5th volume. With respect to this last publication, we own we were not prepared for its early, and as we think, referring to the list of the General Miscellany, premature appearance. However, the story, independently of its inherent beauty and interest, comes before us with the strong recommendation of a preface, from the graceful and spirited pen of Sir Walter Scott. All the various productions, which we have just indicated, are so universally and justly popular, that we are exempted from any other duty than that of simply recording their titles.

Whilst such very laudable and successful efforts are in progress, to open a source of literary entertainment for those who are obliged to the use of economy, in the attainment of even the most solid recreation, a very powerful means of dispersing useful instruction amongst the same class has been put in motion. A society has just been instituted for the "Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." The object of this body is very accurately stated in its name. The practical means which it has prescribed to itself for carrying that object into effect, appear to us to be admirably suited to their end. The society proposes to issue periodical treatises on the various branches of human knowledge not connected with Controversial Divinity:—it will model its instruction in such a manner, as that it shall be accessible, not merely to the pockets, but to the comprehension of almost all persons. The indispensable necessity of perspicuity in those treatises cannot be too much insisted on. It is of little avail, that the production is placed within reasonable reach of the mechanic, if he is afterwards unable to understand its contents. One wonders at the systematic neglect with which this great accessary to the diffusion of knowledge is treated, not merely in our places of education, but in those voluntary efforts of the press, which profess to be correctives of the defects of teachers. Let it be a rule, never absent from the minds of the literary officers in the employment of this Society, to take it for granted, that their

readers know nothing whatever of the subject on which they are writing. In an opposite description of practice will be found at once a key to explain, why it is that in this country so small a quantum of the education of its inhabitants can be obtained from the unassisted perusal of books.

Of the practical operations of the Society we are enabled to form the happiest anticipations. We see amongst its subscribers, and its executive committee, men, whose names are scarcely ever brought before the public view, except it is to presage some work of great and general utility to their species. We have also in our possession, three specimens of their productions, which they intend shall form part of the Library of Useful Knowledge. The first is a preliminary tract, on the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science—the second on Hydrostatics, and the last on Hydraulics. Fame ascribes at least the first of these performances to the pen of Mr. Brougham. The strongest circumstantial evidence is in favour of the report. No man, almost, but the learned gentleman himself, was master of such a various collection of intellectual treasure as this treatise exhibits; and there was no second man in the kingdom who could have, with such admirable art, analysed as it were his wealth, and sent it forth in a form at once the simplest, the most convenient, the most ready of access, that it was possible to contrive for the use of the uninformed. The mysterious beauties of the exact sciences are unfolded—the attractive curiosities of natural philosophy are there laid open to view, and the application of that science to the animal and vegetable kingdoms, is enforced in a manner calculated to impose upon the most careless mind, the necessity of engaging itself farther in the pursuit of knowledge. Mr. Brougham feels it no longer necessary to argue, in general, in favour of the advantages of education; his own labours in the House of Commons, and his published writings, have rendered what was once a keenly disputed proposition, a self-evident maxim, that is no longer opposed except by a feeble and disconcerted band of adversaries. But in dwelling, as he does, on the advantages and pleasures of science, it is impossible not to be struck with the overwhelming reasons which he furnishes for the adoption of a general and concurrent exertion of the more wealthy portion of society, for the purpose of imparting knowledge to those, whose less fortunate situation disables them from procuring it for themselves. The first use of learning science, he shews, is to make men more skilful, more expert and useful in the particular kinds of work by which they are to earn their bread, and by which they are to make it go far and taste well, when earned.

'But another use of such knowledge to handicraftsmen and common labourers is equally obvious: it gives every man a chance, according to his natural talents, of becoming an improver of the art he works at, and even a discoverer in the sciences connected with it. He is daily handling the tools and materials with which new experiments are to be made; and

daily witnessing the operations of nature, whether in the motions and pressures of bodies, or in their chemical actions on each other. All opportunities of making experiments must be unimproved, all appearances must pass unobserved, if he has no knowledge of the principles; but with this knowledge he is more likely than another person to strike out something new which may be useful in art, or curious or interesting in science. Very few great discoveries have been made by chance, and by ignorant persons—much fewer than is generally supposed. It is commonly told of the steam-engine, that an idle boy being employed to stop and open a valve, saw that he could save himself the trouble of attending and watching it, by fixing a plug upon a part of the machine which came to the place at the proper times, in consequence of the general movement. This is possible, no doubt; though nothing very certain is known respecting the origin of the story; but improvements of any value are very seldom indeed so easily found out, and hardly another instance can be named of important discoveries so purely accidental. They are generally made by persons of competent knowledge, and who are in search of them. The improvements of the steam-engine by Watt resulted from the most learned investigation of mathematical, mechanical, and chemical truths. Arkwright devoted many years, five at the least, to his invention of spinning jennies, and he was a man perfectly conversant in every thing that relates to the construction of machinery: he had minutely examined it, and knew the effects of each part, though he had not received any thing like a scientific education. If he had, we should in all probability have been indebted to him for scientific discoveries as well as practical improvements. The most beautiful and useful invention of late times, the Safety-lamp, was the reward of a series of philosophical experiments, made by one thoroughly skilled in every branch of chemical science. The new process of Refining sugar, by which more money has been made in a shorter time, and with less risk and trouble, than was ever perhaps gained from an invention, was discovered by a most accomplished chemist*, and was the fruit of a long course of experiments, in the progress of which, known philosophical principles were constantly applied, and one or two new principles ascertained. But in so far as chance has any thing to do with discovery, surely it is worth the while of those who are constantly working in particular employments to obtain the knowledge required, because their chances are greater than other people's of so applying that knowledge as to hit upon new and useful ideas: they are always in the way of perceiving what is wanting, or what is amiss in the old methods; and they have a better chance of making the improvements. In a word, to use a common expression, they are in the way of good luck; and if they possess the requisite information, they can take advantage of it when it comes to them. This, then, is the *second* great use of learning the sciences: it enables men to make improvements in the arts, and discoveries in philosophy, which may directly benefit themselves and mankind.'—pp. 41, 42.

Such are the practical advantages which knowledge is capable of conferring on its possessor. The writer having bestowed a proper share of attention upon those benefits, proceeds to consider the pleasure which is derived from science.

* Edward Howard, brother of the Duke of Norfolk.

'It is surely a satisfaction, for instance, to know that the same thing, r motion, or whatever it is, which causes the sensation of heat, causes lso fluidity, and expands bodies in all directions; that electricity, the ight which is seen on the back of a cat when slightly rubbed on a frosty vening, is the very same matter with the lightning of the clouds;—that lants breathe like ourselves, but differently by day and by night;—that he air which burns in our lamps enables a balloon to mount, and causes the globules of the dust of plants to rise, float through the air, and continue their race;—in a word, is the immediate cause of vegetation. Nothing can at first view appear less like, or less likely to be caused by the same thing, than the processes of burning and of breathing,—the rust of metals and burning,—an acid and rust,—the influence of a plant on the air it grows in by night, and of an animal on the same air at any time, nay, and of a body burning in that air; and yet all these are the same operation. It is an undeniable fact, that the very same thing which makes the fire burn, makes metals rust, forms acids, and causes plants and animals to breathe; that these operations, so unlike to common eyes, when examined by the light of science, are the same,—the rusting of metals,—the formation of acids,—the burning of inflammable bodies,—the breathing of animals,—and the growth of plants by night. To know this is a positive gratification. Is it not pleasing to find the same substance in various situations extremely unlike each other;—to meet with fixed air as the produce of burning,—of breathing,—and of vegetation;—to find that it is the choak-damp of mines,—the bad air in the grotto at Naples,—the cause of death in neglected brewers' vats,—and of the brisk and acid flavour of Seltzer and other mineral springs? Nothing can be less like than the working of a vast steam engine, and the crawling of a fly upon the window. We find that these two operations are performed by the same means, the weight of the atmosphere; and that a sea-horse climbs the ice-hills by no other power. Can any thing be more strange to contemplate? Is there in all the fairy tales that ever were fancied any thing more calculated to arrest the attention, and to occupy and to gratify the mind, than this most unexpected resemblance between things so unlike to the eyes of ordinary beholders? What more pleasing occupation than to see uncovered and bared before our eyes the very instrument and the process by which nature works? Then we raise our views to the structure of the heavens; and are again gratified with tracing accurate but most unexpected resemblances. Is it not in the highest degree interesting to find, that the power which keeps this earth in its shape, and in its path, wheeling round the sun, extends over all the other worlds that compose the universe, and gives to each its proper place and motion; that this same power keeps the moon in her path round our earth, and our earth in its path round the sun, and each planet in its path; that the same power causes the tides upon our earth, and the peculiar form of the earth itself; and that, after all, it is the same power which makes a stone fall to the ground? To learn these things, and to reflect upon them, fills the mind, and produces certain as well as pure gratification.'—pp. 44, 45.

The beautiful order which is observed in this little treatise—the simplicity and intelligible principles which reign through the whole—the attractive way in which its matter is set off by happy turns of thought and *expression,* contribute to render this produc-

tion a sort of intellectual repository, where the mind may wander with no less delight than profit—where there is every thing, we had almost said, to charm the sense, as well as to strengthen and elevate the understanding. And the payment of six-pence is the extraordinary condition on which we are allowed to repair, thus occasionally, to a fountain of knowledge, at once the most agreeable and salutary that could be provided for our gratification! Of the other two treatises we need only observe, that being necessarily more technical, they are written in an easy lucid manner, quite congenial with the characteristic simplicity of the model which we have just described.

The illustrative plates are numerous, and executed with more neatness and accuracy than it would have been hardly fair to expect for the price.

Most sincerely do we hope, that no untoward event will occur to deprive the future career of this Institution of the practical agency, if possible, or at least the guiding and controlling vigilance of such a man as Mr. Brougham. It is not, we trust, merely to make a good beginning for the Society,—to give it a letter of recommendation to the world—just to pilot it off, that the learned gentleman has condescended to take up his pen. We no longer fear now, that disgust at mean and bigoted opposition, or despair of success will, as in the case of his Education Bill, arrest the progress of Mr. Brougham, or even render it irksome to him. We know with what unabated hatred the apostles of ignorance, and the champions of the moral oppression of mankind, still track him out whenever he is upon some of his enlightened and benevolent expeditions. But there are now, we rejoice to say, fortunate conjunctions happening in the political horizon, which forbid us to dread that the struggle between bigotry and improvement in this country, will be any longer attended with such fruits as disgrace the pages of our recent history.

Of the publications which, under the name of the 'Library of the People,' form the third constituent of the title to this article, we desire to speak with the utmost forbearance. We grieve to think, that between those who are friendly to the promotion of useful knowledge amongst the people, there should exist any symptoms of schism, particularly those particular ones which are referable solely to selfish and contracted views. However, the injury that will infallibly result from this attempted rivalry on the part of the publishers of the latter works, will not fall on the cause itself, but will, in all probability, belong wholly to the speculators. A glance indeed at the contents of any one of the treatises, included in the class to which we are alluding, will satisfy any body of the hopelessness of this effort at competition. We confess an extreme anxiety that public encouragement should be undividedly fixed on the Society and its labours—for it is of the greatest consequence to the end which all parties profess to have in view, that the cur-

rent of useful and economical supply should be steady and permanent, not likely to be stopped or troubled by the calamities to which individual speculations are liable.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ART. XI. *La divina Comedia de Dante Alighieri, illustrata* da Ugo Foscolo. Vol. I. Londra: Pickering. 1827.
The Divine Comedy of Dante, illustrated by Ugo Foscolo.

IT is the usual lot of works of criticism, first, to find their way into the closets of the grave and studious, and afterwards to sink gradually into the dust of libraries, there to waste in obscurity and oblivion. Their unhappy destiny in this respect, has been usually imputed to the caprice and frivolity of the fashionable and the busy world, that seems disinclined towards this species of reading: but a little reflection will convince us, that there is neither justice nor propriety in such a charge. In all literary undertakings, the taste of the great mass of readers must be consulted; and when her grave pedants, with "loads of learned lumber in their heads," and with hearts totally inaccessible to tenderness and delicacy of feeling, assume the office of censors, and issue their heavy mandates on works of genius and sensibility, it is no matter of surprise that readers of taste and judgment turn away with disgust from their dull and tasteless lucubrations. The intelligent and growing class of readers require not only the language of intellect, but also the more glowing eloquence of the passions; and this they claim as a matter of right, when it is an acknowledged point, that even the minister of Truth himself must occasionally sacrifice to the graces. The art of criticism, when applied to works of genius, belongs essentially to the artist, who feeling within himself the Promethean spark, must therefore be best enabled not only to understand, but also to feel the merit and beauty of the masterpieces of art. Why are now the names of the most renowned critics of France to be found only in the catalogues of booksellers, while Voltaire's Commentary on the Dramas of Corneille is in the hands of every reader? The answer is obvious—Voltaire was an artist himself, and was entitled, as a man of genius, to pass his judgment on the productions of genius. Dr. Johnson is frequently unjust towards the merits of Shakspeare, in the criticisms which he passes on that great poet; but this was naturally to be expected, for Johnson was a philosopher, and nothing more, and his mistakes are to be ascribed rather to want of feeling than to deficiency of judgment. But Shakspeare, above all other poets, requires a poet for his commentator.

Among the great men who have astonished the world by the powerful efforts of their genius, *Dante* is, perhaps, the only writer

that has been overwhelmed with a multitude of commentators and critics. To explain this literary phenomenon, we are assured that the numberless allegories interspersed in his Poem, and which were obviously intelligible to his contemporaries, must have proved difficult to be decyphered by posterity; and that therefore the labours of commentators have become indispensable, in order to enable every class of readers to relish the beauties of this immortal work. But if we acknowledge this to be a plausible reason, we are still afraid that it is not bottomed on solid grounds. Dante stands at the head of modern literature; that literature arose with him, and in a great measure from him. He takes a position in the midst of a solemn sphere of fiction, in order to be master of his ground, and paints the manners and vices of his age; he describes the religious and political factions that tore Italy asunder, and the base efforts of slaves and tyrants to perpetuate disorder and crime. He then passes on to the efforts of those noble and elevated souls, that strove to burst the chains of servitude, while the ambition and cupidity of strangers usurped the dominion of the soil, and "let slip the dogs of war." But it is to be observed of his delineations in general, that they bear no likeness to the productions of the other great painters of nature. Homer describes the war of Troy: the heroes whom he paints are faithful copies from nature, but they are confined to time and place; quit the plains of Troy, and they will vanish like mighty phantoms of the air; there is nothing in them analogous to other men, to other nations, or to another age. Dante, on the contrary, being impelled by impetuous passions, and by a peculiar talent of generalizing his glowing conceptions, gives us frequently in the temporary delineation of a few individuals, the permanent portraiture of the whole human race. It is only requisite to have a soul capable of profound impressions, to behold the modern monster in the ancient one. It is not allusion or illusion, but recollection and reality. When, in the perusal of this wonderful poem, we survey the characters of the 13th century, we may turn to our contemporaries, and apply to them, with little variation, the well-known line of Horace:

"Mutato nomine, de te, fabula narratur."

Hence arises the great popularity of this poem in Italy, where unhappy circumstances tend to produce allusions in the minds of the readers, that console them in the midst of oppression. Hence also arises the smothered and inveterate hatred of a certain class of men, who are indignant at seeing Dante's Poems in the hands of youth. They tolerate his works, because they have not courage enough to brave general opinion, and they praise them occasionally in order to avoid the imputation of gross ignorance; but while they tolerate and praise, the expression of rage is visible on their lips. The most audacious of these slanderers, not being able to undermine his fame, endeavour to injure it indirectly,

under a thousand plausible pretexts. A contrary impression, however, is felt by more rational parties, and the enlightened critics of all countries are happy when they are enabled to clear up his most difficult passages, not only with a view to make him intelligible to the public, but also to habituate themselves to the flights of so powerful a genius, and draw on themselves a few scattered rays of his imperishable glory. We say, the critics of all countries, because it is not the Italians only, who have devoted themselves to the elucidation of Dante: learned French and German critics have multiplied their labours on him; and within a recent period, an English philosopher has engaged in a work of considerable magnitude on this subject, which, if it does not always succeed in the illustration of the matters introduced, displays, at least, the profound learning, the indefatigable application, and the just and exquisite taste of the author *.

It must be acknowledged, however, that a commentary on Dante requires a rare combination of talents, which are seldom found in one and the same person. There must be, as we have observed before, an artist to appreciate the poet; there must be a soul of sensibility, a flexible and rapid imagination, to follow him with success in those prodigious flights, which seem to lift us from the earth, and to enable us to soar with him into boundless space. But Dante is not to be considered as a poet only: he was a historian also, and aspired to become the reformer and legislator of his own age. Consequently, immense erudition is requisite, as well as a knowledge of the laws, manners, opinions, events, and transactions, and the religious and political systems of his time. The critic must, above all, identify himself with that excessive idolatry for the interests of virtue and humanity, and that passionate love of country, which were the fundamental and constituent principles of all the affections and actions of this renowned Gibeline. But it is a melancholy consideration to find, that the force of these essentials has not been duly felt; the proof is, that men of mediocrity have not recoiled from undertaking a commentary on Dante. The herd of writers boldly engaged in the task, as if they had to explain the Fables of Phœdrus, or La Fontaine; and the number of books that has issued from the press on this subject, during the last three centuries, has increased to such a pitch, that if the British Museum were empty, it would not not contain room for the entire collection.

Ugo Foscolo has, however, attempted of his own accord, to carry the torch of criticism into the sanctuary of the *Divina Comedia*. We must, therefore, feel at once assured that the poet will meet with a competent judge. The brilliant talents of Foscolo in the walks of imagination are already celebrated, and he has given fresh proofs of his abilities in the present work, the first volume of

* A Comment on the Divine Comedy, vol. i. London: J. Murray.

which is now before the public. We do not feel in its perusal that overwhelming languor, which stupifies a reader in this department of literature. His style is animated, rapid, energetic, and full of warmth and vivacity. He sometimes falls into digressions, to which a just degree of censure might be attached, did he not possess the art of conveying a peculiar charm and interest to his narrative. When he assails the erroneous opinions that were entertained with regard to the true meaning of the text, he sometimes indulges in a tone of delicate and piercing irony, abounding with pleasantry and wit. Ingenious sallies frequently occur without too prolix a chain of reasoning; and while a smile often irresistibly surprises us at some unexpected stroke of raillery, we easily discover that it is not vented from a spirit of malignity. All this comes quite natural from an artist, habituated from early youth to converse with the graces and the muses; yet the work itself, in our opinion, possesses superior claims to public attention on other grounds.

The most learned and judicious critics, having hitherto considered Dante only in the light of a poet, have been led into strange misconceptions. They never beheld him under the grander point of view, as the reformer and legislator of Italy, perhaps, for this reason, that imperious circumstances paralysed his generous efforts, and marred his success. From this circumstance arise the various contradictions, in the attempts at elucidating his powerful inspirations, in which the soul of Dante vented its effusions like an impetuous torrent in its irresistible course. Foscolo is fully sensible that this is the point which has led the critics of Dante astray; and his attempts in clearing up the doubtful aspects under which the poet has been viewed, fully demonstrate that, previous to his taking up his pen on the subject, he has submitted to the most laborious and patient investigation of all the branches of history, relating to the scientific, political, moral and religious state of affairs, at the age in which Dante lived. He has thus been able to discover and point out many errors respecting dates and places. Whether he has finally accomplished his purpose, it belongs to the public to decide. At all events, he has made for himself a new road, the merit of which is all his own, though it is not improbable that further efforts are necessary to complete his progress.

Dante had conceived the idea of his poem in his early youth, and had struck out the plan at a heat. The descriptions, episodes, and details, which were afterwards to be filled up, could not, however, regularly find a place, but in proportion as the events unfolded themselves, and followed in order; as they altered, or contributed to diminish his fears, or to elevate his hopes. It was therefore inevitably incumbent on him to change, modify, and retouch, every day, the images which he had embodied on the preceding evening. The political and religious regeneration of Italy was the grand object to which all his exertions were devoted; and the principles and

recollections of which he was desirous to preserve in his poem. But as this regeneration never arrived, it is certain that Dante could not look upon his poem as a finished work, and could never prevail on himself to allow it to be published, during his life time. Besides, Dante possessed an elevated soul, and men of this stamp are less liable to be dejected by fear, than to be continually agitated by their hopes. While under the sway of his generous and potent passions, he expected, with unshaken confidence, the events which were to favour the side of virtue and justice, and under this impression, he discharged the fury of his wrath, and vented the bitterest imprecations, against all those who basely opposed themselves to his salutary reformation. But it was not against the Guelphs alone, his enemies and persecutors, that he poured out the full measure of his rage. He was a Gibeline, because the choice of a party was necessary, and this choice he made from the dictates of a pure conscience, and an upright understanding. But at heart he was only Italian, and all his affections were concentrated in the grandeur, prosperity, and glory of Italy. Consequently, he could never conscientiously spare the Gibelines, wherever he beheld in them monsters of atrocity and crime. All the provinces of Italy were devastated at that period, devoured, and deluged with blood, by the anarchichal democracy of the Guelphs, as well as by the oppressive despotism of the Gibelines. Dante, as a true citizen, and an impartial minister of truth, devoted both these parties, without any distinction, to the general execration of ages; he unmasked their vices, their crimes, and baseness, and called down upon their guilty heads the vengeance of the divinity, with a prophetic tone that strikes astonishment and terror into every soul. Thus finding himself without country, without friends, and without resources, begging in every quarter a wretched hospitality, and having nowhere to lay his aching head, how could it be expected that he should publish his poem, without exposing himself to fresh persecution even from his own party? What prince, of that time, would willingly have consigned himself to infamy? Who would have received the poet, or ventured to afford him an asylum?

This consideration at once completely overturns all the chronological contrivances of those commentators, who have seemed desirous of ascertaining the dates of the composition of this poem, by means of the historical dates of the events introduced, without reflecting that the author, though he announces them as predictions, might have introduced them after the event. Thus for example; while the grand vision is supposed to happen during holy week, in the year 1300, Dante, in the first Canto, speaks of the victories of *Cane della Scala*, that took place only towards the year 1319, when that warlike prince had been nominated chief of the Gibeline league. There is therefore no reason to imagine, that Dante had composed his *poem* at the latter epoch, because he

died two years afterwards, and it would be absurd to believe, that so gigantic a work could be undertaken and completed within the scanty period of two years. We must therefore conclude, as has been well observed by Sismondi, that the poem was nearly finished when the author inserted that episode. This hypothesis, in like manner, demolishes all the interpretations of the text, which are placed on the fundamental supposition that Dante had published his poem in his own life-time. Foscolo makes a forcible appeal to these two leading principles; he follows them through all their ramifications, and with a variety of corroborating circumstances, a well supported accuracy of analysis, and a degree of circumspection, very rare among critics. He dismisses a great number of prejudices, rectifies a variety of equivocal dates, and displays before us the spirit of the poem, such as it ought to be viewed, with a strict reference to the circumstances of the times, the passions, and opinions, as well as the political and moral condition of the illustrious author.

That Dante was desirous of effecting not only the political regeneration of Italy, but also, a complete reform in the tenets and discipline of the church of Rome, is a truth that results from several striking passages in his poem. It would certainly be very unfair to attribute this inclination to a spirit of irreligion on his part. In the first place, an ardent desire to reform religion proves not only a religious spirit on the part of the reformer, but also the existence of a small portion of fanaticism; for the unbeliever and the latitudinarian do not trouble themselves about reforms, but rather wish to overturn altars. Besides, Dante delivers his profession of theological belief, in terms so clear and accurate, that the imputation of infidelity would, with respect to him, be something more than mere calumny—it would be a proof of blindness and ignorance. Foscolo has been the first to make a very valuable remark on this point, which has escaped the sagacity of all the preceding commentators. The poet was not only persuaded that a reformation of the church was a matter of the highest importance for the glory of religion, but was also confident that he himself was invested with a celestial mission for that purpose. This is so evident, that in his voyage to Paradise, after having been examined by the apostles on all the articles of the Christian faith, he allows himself to be openly consecrated for this apostolical mission by St. Peter, who, with emblematic terms and forms, surrounds him three times with light, as if willing to perform the actual ceremony of the imposition of hands, which the holy ritual requires for the consecration of the sacred ministry. It can hardly be questioned that Dante had some object in view, in dwelling so pointedly on this mysterious episode. But whoever entertains any doubts on Dante's sincerity on this head, must be ignorant of the emotions and inspirations of a mighty genius on the subject of eternity. The founders of religious systems have not all been

downright impostors. The enthusiasm of an invincible conscience, which is totally inexplicable to the vulgar and insensible head, has frequently transported them beyond themselves, and engaged all their thoughts and feelings in so close an affinity with the Deity, that at least they believed that they have become actually and *bona fide* the propagators of his will upon earth. The character of Dante was essentially of this stamp.

At the present day, the poem of Dante is the favourite book with the enlightened readers of Europe, and especially with those who are gifted with noble and generous souls. It is delightful to peruse his ardent invectives against all the abuses, crimes, and oppressions that have deluged the world with blood, and which do not yet cease, and perhaps never will cease, to debase and brutalise the human species. Dante is the Tacitus of poetry, who speaks at once to the understanding and the imagination, and by his bold and vivid delineations and colouring, raises to transport the emotions of the heart and mind. But it is necessary again to remark, that there is a class of individuals still in existence, who, unable to depress his genius, seek every means of calumniating his reputation, in revenge for unmasking their hypocrisy and vices. Thus a critic of the long robe has lately discovered in the dusty archives of *Montecasino*, a sort of a narrative, drawn up in bad Latin during the twelfth century, in which there is a tale of a miraculous voyage to hell, purgatory, and paradise, by a child of nine years old, who was then living in that celebrated convent, and afterwards died there ; and he pretends that from this original, Dante derived the first idea of his poem. But even supposing that to be the case, there would remain nothing to this paltry philologist, but the honour of having discovered another opportunity of giving vent to his malignity. For who would dispute with Dante the merit of the poetical execution, which is every thing in this department of literature ? And there is a vast difference between the astonishing creative powers of a strong, vivid, and picturesque imagination, and the production of a pitiful legend, written in prose, in the barbarous style of the chronicles of that age. It was in *Boijardo* that Ariosto found the first idea of his Orlando Furioso; but he is not on that account less great and less original. Such an imputation is, however, not only devoid of all proof, but very improbable. Dante had already formed the conception of his poem before he quitted Florence. Neither the history of his life, nor the account of his travels, informs us that he ever went to the convent of Montecasino to procure this precious MS. as this critic conjectures. Besides, how are we to believe that Dante, a famous and formidable Gibeline, who by his genius alone struck terror into the whole league of the Guelphs, could prevail on himself to repair to a congregation of his enemies, who would have devoured him alive, if he had the misfortune to fall into their hands. We are sorry *to find that* Foscolo passes too slightly

over this striking absurdity, which he might demolish, and triumphantly expose. But perhaps he considered it as a matter of ridicule, and totally unworthy of any serious notice.

We shall probably return to this commentary as soon as the author publishes the continuation of it, and we hope that the public will hail with approbation an enterprise of so much spirit and learning, which challenges the applause of all the admirers of truth and real genius. The literary labours of Foscolo have a claim to the patronage of Italy, and even of all Europe: the degree of interest which he has contrived to throw round the present work, affords sufficient evidence, that in taking up the pen of the critic, he has not laid down the pencil of the artist; and that he has added to the high reputation which he now enjoys, by so able and so ingenious a performance.

ART. XII. *Der Eremit in Deutschland. Eine Schrift über Sitten und Gebraüche des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts in Monatsheften.* Herausgegeben von Panse. Erster Band (No. I., pp. 190). Leipzig. 1826. London: Treüttel & Wurtz.

WE opened the first numbers of the 'Hermit in Germany' with sanguine expectations: for we calculated on the certainty of gleaning no small quantity of agreeable matter from a periodical work, which professed to scrutinize national 'manners and customs of the nineteenth century.' We looked to gather from its pages, in the shape of light and playful essays, a great many striking sketches of the state of German manners; and we imagined, that even the broadest caricatures of a monthly satirist, must illustrate the contemporary habits and feelings of his countrymen. But we cannot say that our anticipations have been altogether realised. The 'Hermit in Germany' is but a palpable and clumsy imitation of M. Jouy's French Hermit; and the copy has scarcely a trace of the lively spirit and mordacious humour of its prototype. Nor has it engrafted upon the mere work of imitation, many original and national characteristics. The French Hermit is perfectly the man of *his* country; his opinions, reflections, and portraits, all are French to the life, and beyond the possibility of mistaking them: but the Hermit in Germany has scarcely any thing that is exclusively German about him: his sketches introduce us to little of his country's peculiar scenes; and his figures have often not more of the Teutonic air and costume, than of the mien and habiliments of any other land. The characters and circumstances which he introduces, have a vague want of local individuality; they belong as much to all the world, as to the situation which he has assigned to them: they are not genuine German at all; or, at best, only Frenchified German.

But, though thus defective in originality, the essays in these publications are far from being without their curiosity. For they may

serve as specimens of the periodical literature of Germany, of which, from whatever cause, very few examples find their way to this country; and we shall, therefore, probably be affording some novelty, when we proceed to skim lightly over the contents of the first number, much less for any purposes of unprofitable criticism, than for the sake of finding a few passages to exhibit in translation. Such extracts may amuse, while they will illustrate the matter and manner of German magazine writing.

The Hermit in Germany, then, be it known, is a monthly journal which was last year, and perhaps is still, published at Leipzig. Stripped of the borrowed and awkward machinery of its fiction, the work is a magazine, made up of prose papers on various subjects; snatches of poetry; short scraps of anecdotes and opinions, under the title of *miscellen;* morsels of news, literary, theatrical, musical, and critical; and, though last, not least,—fly-sheets of regular advertisements, the charge for which, it is obligingly announced, is limited to the rate, certainly no very exhorbitant one, of one *groschen*, or somewhere about three-halfpence, by the line! The ostensible editor of this farrago libelli is a M. Panse, counsellor of legation (legationsrath) at Weisenfels, whose title is probably nothing but a title; since counsellors of every description are, in some provinces of Germany, "as plenty as blackberries." Of this gentleman's literary ability, as exhibited in the compositions for which he is responsible, we shall enable our readers, in some measure, to judge for themselves: suffice it otherwise to say, that his German style is by no means very elegant or classical; but that his articles are abundantly prefaced and interlarded by quotations, Greek, Latin, French, and English. Of these last are to be found, inter alia, two lines characteristic enough of his journal, and which are thus accurately and amusingly printed:

"A *migthy pom*, tho' made of little things."—*Dryden.*

Meaning thereby, simply, a 'mighty pomp:' and again—

Queen.

"—— this is only fantasie,
And for my love forget *this idle fits.*"

Hamlet.

"Idle! no mother, my pulse doth beate like your's,
It is no madness that possesseth Hamlet."—*Shakspeare.*

In this last precious morceau, it will require some ingenuity to recognise the words of the bard; and the whole history of M. Panse's quotation is evident and entertaining enough. It is quite necessary to explain to our readers that this passage is intended for:

Queen.

"This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation, ecstasy
Is very cunning *in.*

Hamlet.

" Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time," &c.

Now, our worthy Hermit, quoting in fact, not from the original but the German Hamlet; and yet, ambitious of impressing the natives of Deutschland with a deep reverence for his English learning, has re-translated the German version in his own way; and thus we have the exquisite English, not of Mr. Shakspeare, but of M. Panse.

Before we select any of the miscellaneous papers in this number for translation, it is, we presume, expedient that we suffer the Hermit to introduce himself, and his lucubrations, in the following very probable and natural manner. He had been long living in an old Gothic building, which appeared to have been a convent, and the massive walls of which secluded him from the busy din of his own species. The ruins of a church, surrounded by a green, and some old lime-trees, faced the contracted window of his cell, before which hung a half-broken cage, that had once contained a lark. The inside of his abode was furnished with some heaps of dusty books, instruments for anatomising, skeletons of birds, and human sculls. Animated nature, however, was not entirely excluded; since the walls were literally covered with spiders, and a colony of ants had been established in a box filled with earth. The webs of the former served to catch flies, with which a bulfinch was enticed to the spot; and the ants were made to gnaw, and clean, plants and leaves of trees, so as to make completely finished skeletons of whatever might be intrusted to their care. It is not stated what had been the inducement to this singular manner of living: we only learn that it was all at once found to be neither useful nor agreeable; and that the Hermit resolved to exchange it for a life of observation among his fellow-creatures.

In this disposition of mind he sallies forth, and very opportunely meets with a mysterious kind of half-Frenchified beggar, who volunteers to initiate him into his intended career, by communicating to him his own shrewd remarks on the by-passers. An apparently venerable old man, of serious aspect, and clerical demeanour, is pointed out as a circulator of base coin, who has but just then been released from the house of correction. A prim, demure looking lady, issuing from the gates of an hospital, and followed by servants, who carry provisions and clothing, is at first taken for the patroness of a charitable society; but proves to be the mistress of a great man: and the individual, whom she so benignantly notices, is one of the numerous victims, with whom her insatiable cupidity, and her intrigues, have filled every hospital. Two other ladies are just parting, and the one says to the other—"Adieu, my dear, my most noble, and virtuous friend—forget your unworthy husband, and think of nothing but your child." The

impressions of deep feeling, and great esteem, seem to be conspicuous on her countenance; but she is the very person who has ruined the other's character, excited the suspicions of her husband, and effected the separation of her mutual friends. The Hermit is warned against a man who seems inclined to enter into conversation with him, and who is pointed out by his Mentor, as the contributor to a newspaper; who will unmercifully publish whatever is said to him, publicly or privately. The wearer of an order, is said to owe this decoration merely to his having accidentally saved the favourite dog of a prime minister, from the bite of another that was thought to be mad. The court banker is shewn to be treated with far more deference than the learned author of immortal works, which are much esteemed in *foreign countries*. To this are added some further very fine remarks, and moral observations, which have been made for the last two thousand years, without ever producing much effect upon the successive generations of mankind.

Such is the goodly outset of M. Panse's lucubrations. We may now take at random a few of his papers, narrative and characteristic; and as a specimen of his serious manner, shall give the following tale of a smuggler, which occurs under the title of a 'Scene der Nacht,' or night-piece.

'On the borders of a certain mountainous district lies a lonely village, formerly the home of poor, but industrious and virtuous people, and now the residence of smugglers and other dangerous characters, who find the spot convenient for their nefarious but lucrative trade; for late events have converted the territory into the frontier of an extensive monarchy, and rendered its locality an encouragement to every species of illicit adventure. On a stormy winter's night, which seemed to be favourable to hazardous undertakings, the father of an only daughter commanded her to say her prayers and bid farewell to her mother, and then to cover herself with her warmest clothing, as she was to follow him on business. He led her to a steep, unfrequented, mountainous path, where they had often to climb, like the chamois, along a precipitous ravine, at the bottom of which a foaming torrent had still resisted the all-powerful frost, and seemed to manifest its unabated vigour by the violence of its roar, whenever there was the slightest intermission between one gust of wind and another. The father seized the branches and stumps of trees, as they came within his reach, and whispered to his child to take firm hold of his leathern girdle, whilst he listened attentively to what appeared to him the sound of human voices, but proved to be only the howling of the wind and the bursting of the ice, as the water threw it impetuously against the rocks. They continued to advance until they reached a small cavern, in which the smuggler told the girl to await his return from the other side of the boundary. The poor creature was scarcely thirteen years old, yet he recommended her by all means to assist her mother in carrying on the trade, in case any misfortune should befal himself; for it was too good a thing to be given up, after he had been at the pains of establishing proper connexions. With this admonition he left her, promising to come back as

soon as possible; and she was indeed not long before she heard the pre-concerted signal of hooting in imitation of an owl. The father threw a bundle at her feet, which he told her she would have to carry; and he then went to fetch his own load, with which he arrived soon after.

'They had, however, but scarcely set out on their return, when they received the conviction that they were watched and pursued. The father reluctantly confessed that they were lost, unless they could reach the opposite side of the dingle before they were overtaken; and he had not yet finished speaking, when he heard a dog close behind and in the act of springing upon him. Throwing his load upon the animal, he hurled it howling to the bottom of the precipice, whilst he took up the girl's parcel, and urged her to follow him with her utmost speed. But cold and fear had benumbed her feeble limbs, and she exerted herself in vain. Perdition drew nearer and nearer—a thundering *halt!* was heard from various parts, and on refusal of either answer or compliance with the challenge, the report of a rifle re-echoed from the surrounding rocks, and completed the child's terror. "I can go no farther," she said, "save yourself, father, and leave me behind; they surely will not murder me." "No," he replied: "but they will make thee confess, and bring thy father to the gallows." He snatched her up in despair, and dragged himself with his double burden round the projection of a rock; but all in vain. The riflemen were above, below, and every where: a second shot had almost struck the little sufferer, while she had sunk, as if lifeless, at the feet of her maddened parent. One moment more, and both would be prisoners; but the father might still escape by dint of skill in climbing, and by superior local knowledge. He once more took hold of his child, and, with the exclamation of "God forgive me!" he precipitated her over the narrow limits of the abyss; and the pursuers came but just near enough to hear her fall from rock to rock, until she was finally swallowed up, and carried away, by the torrent.

'The pursuers were struck with amazement and horror; their rifles dropped from their hands; whilst the perpetrator of the deed made good his retreat, glorying in his firmness, and exulting in the sacrifice which he had made to his occupation.'—No. 1, pp. 6—8.

In the same taste for horrors, we have also in the first number, a tale entitled Geschichte einer Kindesmörderin, or a story of infanticide, a piece too long for our purpose, even if its details were of a presentable nature. The guilty mother is descended from an ancient and honourable family, which, though in decayed circumstances, has struggled hard to maintain its station in the world. Her admirer is the son of a clergyman, and with no other dependance than the sacred profession for which he is destined. An infatuated hope of mending their fortunes by gambling in the lottery completely blinds the lovers, and they put no restraint upon their passions, until the consequences of their guilt burst upon them with all their terrors and disgrace. The young man then flies, and enlists in a foreign army; and the partner of his error commits the crime for which she is brought to condign punishment. Repugnant as is her offence to our nature, the circumstances of the tale are made still more atrocious by her pre-

vious commission of another deed. For the insane indulgence of her gambling speculations in the lottery, she robs her own father, and fastens the theft upon a tenant, who suffers for an offence of which he is innocent. Such are the revolting materials which the good taste of our Hermit has led him to concoct for one of the subjects of a popular miscellany!

Endeavouring to turn to less repulsive themes, we have still not been very successful in discovering any lighter pieces of gaiety or humour in the first number. The 'Evening Party," and the 'Solitary Evening of a Fair-One of Berlin,' (Der einsame Abend einer schönen Berlinerin) are both attempts to sketch off the features of higher life: but they are wholly in the French style, and decided failures. The latter is only a bungling imitation of Jouy's "Matinée d'une jolie femme;" and as it is far easier to copy bad qualities than good, Mr. Panse has been able to preserve none of the sparkling and caustic spirit of his original; but he has succeeded to admiration in retaining all its grosser parts, and multiplying beyond credibility the offensiveness of his compound. The worst part of the picture, however, considered only as a sketch of society, is its want of keeping and truth. A lively French woman may say and do a hundred things, which would extremely ill befit any other meridian than that of her own country. A few ladies of Berlin and other great towns may ape the manners and fashions of France: but the general deportment of German women is any thing but French; and we know enough of German respectable society to be assured that, if any female were to behave in its circles as the Berlin lady is here made to do, she would be immediately ejected as an absolute wanton, and that too, of any thing but the higher order. Our Hermit has either, as we suspect, been little admitted into the coteries of his fair countrywomen; or he is less excusably contented to libel them grossly. He is rather more successful in his exposure of a few absurdities of national and local customs, than in his portraits of the ladies. It should seem by the two following little passages, that the new year's visitants and the "guardian of the night," are even greater nuisances in Germany than in our own land of Christmas boxes and municipal regulations:—

'New Year's Day.—"Have you got some strange musicians in town?" was the first question which I addressed to my worthy host, the chief magistrate, after I had been deprived of my morning's sleep, by an unusually noisy serenade. "Oh no!" was his reply: "they are our own performers, who came to wish us a happy new year;" and he handed his servant some money for the gentlemen. The present had no sooner been received, than part of the Frey-Schütz was performed with still greater energy than had before been bestowed upon the execution of sacred music. In the meantime, a number of men, in black cloaks, had turned round the corner, and formed before the house, to treat us (by way of relief), to a morning hymn: they represented the schools of the town, and

expected a contribution to their ways and means, in gratitude for their songs; which the severe cold made them deliver in a peculiarly ungraceful manner. The keeper of the church-steeple interrupted them, in his turn, by the shrill sound of a trumpet; which was immediately followed by the monotonous horn of a watchman; and a most unintelligible kind of half-singing, and half-shrieking utterance, which I understood to issue from a chimney-sweeper. My friend took pity on the misery which I seemed to endure, and shortened it by opening the door and stating to those still in arrear, that he was perfectly satisfied with their good-will, and considered them as fully entitled to their reward. They then marched off with the drums of the town militia at their head: but the magistrate told me that the worst part of the ceremony was still to come; namely, the congratulations of his clerks and assistants, in verse.'—No. 1, p. 13.

'THE WATCHMAN.—A sound sleep is one of the greatest blessings we can enjoy, and yet we keep men on purpose to interrupt it. There is no market-town so small, but it pays at least three or four fellows, who awaken the inhabitants every hour, by knocking with their iron-shod staves against their doors and shutters, to tell them, in a hoarse voice, that they may sleep in peace; whilst thieves, and other depredators, are charitably advertised to keep out of the road, until the guardians of the night have passed their usual rounds. I have read that, in some countries, watchmen are made to drop, at stated hours, balls into a box, which is appointed for the purpose, and I see no reason why this plan should not be adopted every where, instead of the noisy manner in which they now shew their zeal and activity. In former centuries, the voice of the watchman announced the hour of the night to those who wanted that information: but now, we have clocks upon every steeple, and in almost every respectable house: what further occasion can there then be for the continuance of the barbarous custom, which so often takes from the sick and suffering the short alleviation of their pains, that sleep would procure them?'—No. 1, p. 41.

Our Hermit's attempts at satire are few, and those few but very poor of their kind. The following passage, we presume, is intended to ridicule the free and independent electors of some constitutional state of Germany:—

'I lately had occasion to call upon my shoe-maker, and I was scarcely seated, for the more convenient explanation of my orders, when our business was interrupted by the hurried entrance of a female neighbour, who stated, in great agitation, that a commissary of police was then at her house, and wanted her to sign, she did not know what sort of a paper; although she was sure she had done nothing that came under the cognizance of a magistrate. The shoe-maker begged her to be composed, and to state particulars; upon which it appeared, that she was merely called upon to exercise her constitutional right of proposing a candidate as deputy for the town; she being the owner of a house. This the good woman did not understand, and her instructor therefore explained,—and stated, that according to the new constitution every one had a right to speak, but none had a right to command, except the chief. Every limb of the body had its peculiar importance, but the head alone directed the necessary emotions of the said limbs, consequently the deputy whom she

proposed would again propose one for a higher situation, and so on, until a regular government was formed. "Now, whom do you propose?"—"Mr. Biels, to be sure: the best friend I ever had."—"You are joking, neighbour; what should he do at the diet? he is no speaker, and withal not overstocked with sense."—"If he does not like to speak, he will not begin any disputes; and as for his understanding, he has had sense enough to offer me money and credit when nobody else did; so that's enough for me."—"Well, just as you please, mistress; but our guild will support Mr. Strap, the currier, and he shall have my vote too. He always takes patience when the cash is not forthcoming, 'there and then;' moreover, he is sure to stand up for our trade, and to oppose any tax on leather. Now, woman, if you are wise, get the people in your line to act upon the same principle, and then we shall all be happy." Such are the motives which generally direct popular elections.'—No. 15, pp. 53, 54.

We hope to find something better than this in the remaining numbers, of which six or eight are upon our table.

Art. XIII. *Nouveaux Mélanges Historiques et Literaires.* Par M. Villemain, Membre de l'Academie Frangaise. 8vo. pp. 490. Paris: Ladvocat. London: Treüttel & Wurtz. 1827.

New Historical and Literary Miscellanies. By M. Villemain.

We have been agreeably surprised by the merit of this volume. Some eighteen months since we had occasion to notice a former publication by M. Villemain, entitled "Lascaris, ou les Grecs du Quinzième Siècle;" and a more empty and ridiculous rhapsody it was never our fortune to encounter. It was a sort of historical and philosophical romance: full only of tumid pompous declamation and sentimental hyperbole; and conveying neither accurate knowledge, judicious reflection, nor entertainment of any kind. We spoke of the work at the time as it deserved; and, assuredly, we never expected, after such a miserable exhibition of M. Villemain's powers, to find any production of his pen worth the trouble of perusal. But we are now bound in candour to declare, that the present miscellany has left us with a very different and far more favourable impression of the qualities of this gentleman's mind. How to reconcile so curious an opposition of talent in the same person, we know not: either M. Villemain is, in different moods, the most unequal of all writers; or his present choice of subjects has been less calculated to betray him into his old propensity for ranting and bombast; or else he has had the happiness to discover, and the wisdom to abjure, his earlier errors of taste. But, whatever may have been the causes of the difference, certain it is that the papers contained in his 'Nouveaux Mélanges' are in general as remarkable for good sense and good judgment, as his Lascaris was for the total absence of all those properties; and it would be impossible for any one to recognise the two works for the composition of the same individual. It will, therefore, be well for

M. Villemain henceforth to forswear all attempts at 'fine writing,' and tales of imagination, and to restrict his graver attention to historical and literary criticism, for which he has here displayed a very respectable measure of ability.

The principal papers in his present volume are: a life of the Chancellor de l'Hôpital; an introductory essay to a course of lectures on French eloquence, which he seems to have read before the academy; a literary essay on Shakspeare; and two long dissertations on the polytheism of classical antiquity, and on the Christian eloquence of the fourth century.

Of the life of the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, with which the volume commences, we shall only remark, that it is a very interesting memoir of one of the most virtuous statesmen and upright judges that France ever produced. The name of de l'Hôpital suggests one of the few pleasing remembrances which relieve the revolting picture of French history during the last half of the sixteenth century. Amidst the iniquitous administration of Catherine de' Medici, and the sanguinary fanaticism of the religious wars, l'Hôpital appears almost a solitary example of mild, yet inflexible virtue, labouring ineffectually to preserve the domestic peace of the kingdom, to allay the irreconcilable hatred of the Catholic and Calvinistic factions, and to inculcate principles of mutual forbearance and toleration. Animated by a spirit too good for the unhappy times in which he lived, he encountered the usual fate of those who would temper the fury of religious and civil discord; and his efforts in the cause of charity and peace, were rewarded by the calumny and ingratitude of both parties. Yet he was fortunate in being removed from public affairs before the climax of horrors, which ushered in the wars of the league: he escaped the grief and suspicion of having witnessed and shared in crimes, which he could not have prevented; and he has left to posterity no difficulty in honouring his memory with the praise of irreproachable intentions and incorruptible integrity. His superiority to the fanatical bigotry of his times, the benevolence of his religious views, and his enlightened love of toleration, would make his biography a befitting subject for the learned leisure of Mr. Charles Butler. We can imagine the congenial pleasure with which the biographer of Erasmus and Grotius would dwell on the character, and elucidate the conduct of de l'Hôpital; and it is in some degree in a kindred spirit of affection for the Christian virtues of his hero, that M. Villemain has constructed his memoir. This is the best praise of the piece: for the mere materials for the life of de l'Hôpital were of ready access and easy compilation.

M. Villemain's opening discourse on the study of French eloquence, savours too much of the old prejudices of his national literature. Every thing great and good in modern learning and taste, is here referred to 'the Augustan age of Louis XIV.' The servile imitation of classical antiquity, on which the productions

of that age were coldly modelled, is stoutly defended, and preferred to the exercise of that more free and original spirit, which, in our own times, has been warmed and rekindled from the romantic creations of the middle ages.

Like all the partisans, among his countrymen, of the same formal and obsolete school, M. Villemain cannot be made to comprehend, that every circumstance in the structure of society more naturally connects the maturity of the modern European mind with its own infancy in the middle ages, than with the departed greatness of classical antiquity. With the institutions of Greece and Rome we have nothing in common: with the institutions of the Gothic and Teutonic nations, every thing. Our governments are the remains of the feudal condition, modified only by the vigorous encroachments of popular liberty; our laws and customs bear the impress of the same origin; our regal state, our aristocratic titles and decorations of honour, our corporate democracies, our heraldic and martial and civic pomp, all tell of the recollections of the middle ages. Our religion interweaves our holiest associations with the kindred enthusiasm of our forefathers: our manners are compounded of the devotion and the gallantry of the crusading and chivalric spirit; our imagination, our tastes, our feelings, all are congenial with the poetical and romantic literature of the people from whom we have sprung. But, with the details of classical antiquity, in what manner can our every day life and associations possibly be harmonised. With the political constitution of the Greek and Roman societies, our condition can have no analogy; with their mythological religions, we can have no sympathies; to the spirit of their manners, customs, and domestic relations, our feelings are altogether repugnant. We study their immortal literature for the grandeur, the strength, the beauty of some of its poetical inspirations; for its stores of philosophical wisdom; for its enduring lessons of historical experience and political application. But we study it as conveying the inspiration and the wisdom of another world, as it were, from that in which we live; and when we attempt to regulate the impressions of our own thoughts and feelings upon forms which belong not to us, and are wholly inapplicable to our state of existence, our copies must ever be forced and unnatural. But that which is stigmatised as the imitation of barbarism, is on the contrary, only the cultivation into elegance of ruder materials, which have descended to us as the natural possessions of our birthright. Here we do not imitate, we only mould the unfinished work that has been bequeathed to us into all the perfection and beauty of which it may be capable. But if, like the French writers of the seventeenth century, we would labour only after the models of classical antiquity, we should be at once constrained to abandon all efforts of originality, and to limit the range of intellectual taste to an eternal circle of repetitions.

M. Villemain's Essay on Shakspeare is far less narrowed by the critical dogmas of the whole school of French literature, than his 'opening discourse.' Here, in his critical examination of the works of our immortal bard, he has evinced a warm respect for his excellences, a high and liberal estimate of his genius, a candid allowance for his faults, and a thorough capacity for appreciating and enjoying his beauties, which, in a Frenchman, and an academician above all, must be pronounced to be alike novel and quite surprising. We should judge from this essay alone, that a great and most remarkable change is already in progress in the national literary tastes of our neighbours. Doubtless M. Villemain does not share in all the enthusiasm, with which we worship the genius of Shakspeare; nor is it natural that he should. But the judgment of a foreigner, who, while he really understands his author, is without the affectionate prepossession of a native, may not, after all, be the farthest from the truth, nor most widely removed from the only fair and impartial standard of decision. The fidelity with which M. Villemain has repeated all the little which we know, of the life of Shakspeare, is not less worthy of remark: because this accuracy, so easily as it is attainable, is very unusual with French commentators on either our manners, language, or literature. Even M. Villemain's English orthography of proper names is rarely erroneous: though we could desire that he had not afflicted us by insisting upon throwing Ben Jonson's two names into one, and rendering Ben-Jonson, rabbinically or arabically, as though it had been Ben-David, or Ben-Hamet. Nor can we conceive either the source from whence M. Villemain derived, or the measure of credulity with which he admitted into his essay, the following notable story:

'According to some other traditions, his father with his trade in wool united the occupation of a butcher; and young Shakspeare being suddenly withdrawn from a public school, where his parents could no longer support him, was early employed in the severest drudgery of that calling. If a writer, who was almost contemporary with him, may be believed, when Shakspeare was directed *to kill a calf*, he performed the execution with a sort of pomp, and did not fail to pronounce an oration before the assembled neighbours. Literary curiosity may perhaps please itself in tracing some connection between these harangues of the young apprentice and the tragic vocation of the poet,' &c.—p. 143.

Where M. Villemain discovered this precious piece of absurdity we know not, but the whole tale looks very French, and still more so is the crowning gravity and grandeur of M. Villemain's reflection upon it, that—'de semblables premices nous jettent bien loin des brillantes inspirations et de la poétique origin du theatre grec. C'etait *aux champs de Marathon* et dans les fêtes d'Athènes victorieuse qu' Eschyle avoit entendu la voix des Muses!'

The ridiculous puerility of such a passage as this, however, is not to detract from the tribute of general applause due to the

critical judgment and good sense of our academician. It is one of the signs of a new literary era in France, when the name of our Spencer, is there heard and known, and when the structure of the Fairy Queen is praised for ingenuity and elegance, by a countryman and academic successor of Boileau. 'The style of Spencer,' says M. Villemain, 'is prodigiously superior to the grotesque diction of our Ronsard. And even old Chaucer, the imitator of Boccaccio and Petrarca, had already, in his English of the fourteenth century, offered examples of liveliness and a great abundance of felicitous fiction.' And then M. Villemain proceeds, not unskilfully or inaccurately, to develope some of the intellectual features of English society in the age immediately antecedent to Shakspeare:

'Other sources of imagination were opened, other materials of poesy had been prepared in the remains of popular traditions and local superstitions, which were preserved all over England. At the court, astrology; in the villages, sorcerers, fairies, and sprites, were articles of belief still alive and all-powerful. The imagination of the English, habitually melancholy, preserved these fables of the North like a national remembrance. At the same time there came to be mingled with these, in minds more cultivated, the chivalrous fiction of the South, and all the wondrous relations of the Italian muse, which a cloud of translations had infused into the English language. Thus from all parts, and in all senses, by the mixture of old with foreign ideas—by the obstinate credulity of indigenous associations—by erudition and by ignorance—by religious reforms and popular superstitions—were offered a thousand perspectives for the imagination; and without investigating further the opinion of writers who have called this epoch the golden age of English poetry, it may be said that England, rising out of barbarism, agitated by the conflicts of opinion, without being disturbed by war, pregnant with imagination and with tradition, was of all fields the best prepared for the appearance of a great poet.'—pp. 148, 149.

In considering the 'dramatic system' of Shakspeare, M. Villemain naturally follows, in some measure, the style of French theatrical criticism, and dwells much upon his irregularities and extravagances. That Shakspeare was acquainted with the existence of regular dramatic rules, our critic does not fail to observe; that the bard knowing, should still neglect them, he does not consider so extraordinary and so unpardonable as other French critics have done. But, in opposition to the German worshippers of Shakspeare, he strenuously denies to him the forethought of any formal system, and maintains that, in the irregular structure of his dramas, he followed only the easily satisfied taste of his times, and gave the reins to his splendid and original imagination. We confess that we here wholly agree with him; nor have we ever, in our most enthusiastic veneration of Shakspeare's genius, been able to recognise that uniform philosophical "realization of the ideal in poetry," that profundity of original design, which Schlegel and his

countrymen, with a devotion that at least does honour to their taste have in the refinement and mysticism of their imaginations de lighted to attribute to the wondrous creations of our bard. Bu M. Villemain's general conception of the genius of Shakspeare though less ardent than that of the German critics, is not a nig gard or unworthy tribute of admiration:

'But if we consider Shakspeare apart from any spirit of imitation o system—if we regard his genius as an extraordinary phenomenon whic is not to be repeated, what admirable traits does it not exhibit! wha passion! what poetry! what eloquence! A fertile and original genius he has still, doubtless, not created every thing: for almost all his tra gedies are only the romances and chronicles of the time, distributed int scenes; but he has stamped an original impress upon all that he ha borrowed: a popular tale, an old ballad, touched by his mighty genius springs to life, is transformed, and becomes an immortal creation. A vigorous painter of characters, he does not always preserve them wit exactitude; for his personages, with very few exceptions, in whatever country he places them, have the English physiognomy; and with him the people of Rome are but the populace of London. But it is precisel this want of fidelity to the local manners of different countries, this pre occupation of English manners, which renders him so dear to his nation No poet was ever more national. Shakspeare is the genius of Englan personified, with its free and lofty deportment, its sternness, its profun dity, and its melancholy. Was not the soliloquy of Hamlet inspired b the land of fogs and spleen? Was not the dark ambition of Macbeth—tha ambition, so sudden and so deep, so violent and so premeditated—was i not a picture made for a people, whose throne had been disputed so lon and by so many crimes and wars?

'What still greater power has this indigenous spirit, in the subject where Shakspeare fills his audience with all their national recollections with all their old manners, with all the prejudices of their land, with th proper names of its places and its men, as in Richard III., in Henry VI. in Henry VIII. Let us figure to ourselves that a man of genius had arise at the epoch of the first cultivation of our own language and arts; let u suppose that, throwing a rude energy into every expression, he had pro duced on the scene, with the freedom of an action without limits and th inspiration of traditions still recent, the revengeful spirit of Louis XI. the crimes of the palace of Charles IX., the audacity of the Guises, th furious excesses of the league: that this poet had introduced our chiefs our factions, our cities, our rivers, our plains, not with the passing illu sions, and in the harmonious language of Nerestan and Zäire, not with the emphatic circumlocution and the modern pomp of the old French disfigured by Dubelloy, but with a rude and simple freedom, with th familiar phraseology of the times, never ennobled, but always animated by the genius of the painter: let us suppose all this, and such pieces, i they had still been played, would they not have preserved an immortal authority in our literature, and an all-powerful effect on our theatre And yet we have neither, like the English, a relish for our old annals respect for our old manners, nor, above all, the energy of insula patriotism.'—pp. 162—164.

He thus goes on to comment upon some of—as they appear to French classical dogmatism—the anomalies and extravagances of Shakspeare's muse; and he observes, that 'those very parts of his works which shock the conventional proprieties of taste—(French taste, we presume)—have for the bard's own nation inexpressible charms:' such as the grave-digger's scene, in Hamlet. 'He presents to the English imagination, pleasures which never fade; he excites, he fascinates; he satisfies that love of singularity upon which England prides herself. He entertains the English with themselves alone:'—the sole thing, M. Villemain is pleased to add, in very flattering terms, 'which the English love or esteem.' He admits, however, that, out of his native land, Shakspeare still does not lose his power; that the local beauties and the individual traits, with which his writings are filled, 'respond to some general type of truth;' and that, like the ancient Greek tragedians, in labouring only for his countrymen, he has written for the universe.

Throughout this essay, the ascendancy of Shakspeare's genius over the mind of a modern Frenchman of letters, in opposition to all the national canons of criticism, and in repugnance to all preconceived principles and partialities of taste, has appeared to us very remarkable, as illustrating, in no doubtful manner, that literary revolution in France, which has followed the vicissitudes of her political history. Half a century ago, no Frenchman, and certainly no royal academician, would have dared to bestow on Shakspeare a tenth part of the praise, which M. Villemain has earnestly rendered; nor would the liberal freedom of his strictures on the dramatic writers then have been tolerated for an instant, in the critical coteries of Paris.

The next essay, of which we have to speak, on the Polytheism of the Ancients, exhibits a view of the state of Paganism in the world, and more especially, of course, the Roman world, at the first century of our Christian era; and it originally formed, says our author, part of a great work which he had commenced some years ago. We shall add our hope that, if a general history of the Paganism of antiquity, throughout all its ages, was the contemplated subject of that work, M. Villemain may still be induced to prosecute his original intention; for, judging by the manner in which he has executed his view of a single epoch, we should be disposed to argue most favourably of his learning and qualifications for such an enterprise. The essay before us should be perused by every general reader, and will not displease the more fastidious expectations of the classical scholar. With a powerful hand, although in no fanatical spirit, it unveils, within the compass of some seventy pages, a faithful and terrific picture of the utter corruption of public and private morals, which was aggravated only, not restrained, by a system of superstitions, gross and licentious in themselves, and incredible to the philosophical acuteness of the times. He proves, if indeed it had *previously* at all been doubtful, that in

the most polished and intellectual age of the Roman empire, under the dominion and in the court of Augustus, all remains of piety and veneration for the gods had long been extinguished; and that the sceptical speculation of philosophers, the licentious fables of poets, and the ludicrous satire of dramatists, had produced, or reflected, one general disbelief in the Roman world, of either retribution for crime or reward for virtue. M. Villemain paints well and justly the horrible depravity of morals, which was the inevitable consequence of this practical and universal Atheism; and he exhibits, in its true and revolting colours, that monstrous system of lust and absurdity, which Gibbon and other infidels have delighted to characterise only as the "elegant mythology" of antiquity.

The last portion of these mélanges treats, as we have before stated, of 'Christian Eloquence in the Fourth Century,' or, in other words, of that epoch in the early history of the Christian church, which was most remarkable for its controversial eloquence and theological literature. Of the intellectual features of this memorable period, in ecclesiastical annals, M. Villemain has taken a very clear and accurate view, at once minute and excursive, exact in its details, and philosophical in its reflections. As a specimen of the mode in which he has handled his general subject, we can afford to give only a single extract from this part of his volume:

'I have often passed the long hours of the night in turning over the pages of those voluminous collections, which exhibit the doctrine and the eloquence of the first Christian centuries; I seemed to be traversing the history of the greatest revolution which had ever been wrought upon the earth. A profane reader, I sought only in these theological libraries the manners and the genius of nations. The vivid imaginations of the orators of Christianity, their combats, their enthusiasm, called up before my eyes a world which no longer exists, and which their language, ever active and impassioned, appeared to set before me far more impressively than history had done. The most abstract questions acquired a definite aspect in the warmth of their discussion and the truth of their language: all seemed interesting, for all was sincere. Great virtues, ardent convictions, characters powerfully original, animated this picture of an extraordinary age, which was passionately addicted to metaphysics and theology, and for which the wonderful and the incomprehensible had become the order of nature and reality.

'With this life, all contemplative and all ideal as it was, were mixed up, in a perpetual and even curious contrast, the incidents of every day life, the passions, the ordinary vices of our nature. The mingling of manners and nations, which was occasioned by an universal religion, augments still more the singular variety of this spectacle. Christianity acted diversely upon different countries: in its reception by people who, though in common subjection to Rome, were of distinct origin from each other, it received the various tinge of peculiar manners and temperament. The primitive character of each people appeared again in the enthusiasm,

which in a manner freed them from their terrestrial bondage. The Syrian, the Greek, the African, the Latin, the Gaul, the Spaniard, coloured Christianity with the shades of their characters; and heresies, which were then so numerous, were more national than theological.

'The writings of the fathers are an image of all these varieties. In the midst of controversies and of mystical subtilties, may be detected all the details of the history of nations; all the progress of a long moral revolution; the decline and obstinate retention of ancient usages; the influence of letters prolonging that of belief; new belief commencing with the people, and receiving support in its turn from learning and eloquence; orators replacing the apostles; and Christianity forming in the midst of the old world, a new age of civilization, which seemed independent of the Roman empire, and which was destined to expire with it.

'Then appeared that genius of Greece, which had so long been oppressed by the Roman yoke, but which now rose again in the ardour of proselytism, and aspired to convert the world to its faith, instead of vainly expending its eloquence for the amusement of its conquerors. That genius shewed itself almost in the same moment at all points of the eastern empire: it illumined its native land, Egypt, Cyrene, and above all that Asiatic Greece, of which nothing now remains, and which yet was so celebrated for its luxury and its splendour.

'In the church of Rome scarcely any sect appeared. Its genius was therein opposed to that of Greece: it held to old formularies, innovated little, dreaded change as a heresy, and without emulating the glory of the eastern church, was calculated, in the long course of events, to triumph over that rival by a sort of temporal prudence and tenacity.

'The Greek genius, more free and more bold, and which had become since the conquest of Alexander more Asiatic than European, carried into Christianity its subtilties and its allegories. Of these, Egypt and Asia Minor were the theatres: a thousand sects, a thousand wild opinions, sprung up in those countries, from the superstitious imagination of their inhabitants. The Romans, or rather the people who spoke the Latin language, had something less learned, less ingenious: beside the Greeks of Alexandria, they appeared but rude theologians; but they were more calm and more sober in their opinions. They had a distrust of the metaphysical subtilties which the orientals mingled in the dogmas of their faith; and that schism, that mutual repugnance which, some centuries later, separated the two churches, had its root in the first ages of Christian proselytism. Its traces might be found also in the oratorical monuments of the two schools of theological literature; but the parallel could not be exactly followed. The eastern church had not only an incontestible superiority of imagination and eloquence; but, among the writers of the Latin church, all those who shone with any great splendour, seemed to belong to the east: some, indeed, had lived in Syria, in Egypt, and drunk of enthusiasm at the waters of Jordan; others, born under the burning clime of Africa, were rather orientals than Latins; the Latin language itself was transformed in their writings, and assumed a sort of sublime and barbarous irregularity.

'In this point of view, they were greater innovators than the Greeks: they formed in the midst of the West, an epoch more singular and more distinct from all that had preceded it.'—pp. 295—305.

To the truth of every syllable of this masterly description, whoever is conversant with the condition of the Christian church, and with the writings of the fathers, during the fourth century, will fully subscribe. From his general view of the aspect of the Greek and Latin churches, M. Villemain proceeds to sketch off several striking and well delineated portraits of the most celebrated fathers of each. Thus are presented to us, among the Greek fathers, St. Athanasius, St. Gregory of Nazianzen, St. Basil, St. John Chrysostom: among the Latin fathers, St. Hilary, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Augustine. Of all we have some little biographical account, intermingled with an admirable commentary on the characteristic genius and the writings of each. The whole of this essay, therefore, on the Christian eloquence of the fourth century is, in fact, an essay on the theological history of that age: and we shall sum up our opinion of its value, by declaring, that we do not remember any popular work which, within the same compass, offers so complete a view of the state of the church, and of the lives of the fathers who flourished, during the epoch to which it relates. The volume is altogether, one of the best of the recent productions of the French press, and well deserves attention in this country.

ART. XIV. 1. *Tudományos Gyüteméný, or The Magiar Almanack.* Buda: 1824-5.

IN the midst of the universal research after foreign literature, whilst numerous travellers are exploring remote countries, and adding to our stock of philological information curious and often valuable documents concerning exotic languages and dialects, there is in the centre of Europe one language of a peculiar character, distinct from all others, the language of a numerous and gallant people, in which a national literature is rapidly arising, but of which, however, little or no notice has been taken as yet by our critics. This is the Magiar, or Hungarian language; the language of the conquerors, legislators, and rulers of Hungary, since the ninth century of our era.

After the invasion of the Huns, and that of the Avari, and the destruction of the latter, the Magiars, a *nomade* people from Asia, following the track of barbarian emigration, arrived in Hungary, and effected in that century a settlement in the country about Munkaez, from whence they spread themselves all over the great plains, and the fertile parts of the country, driving the Sclavonian inhabitants to the mountains. Towards the end of the tenth century the Magiars embraced the Christian faith, and Pope Sylvester II. sent their king Stephen, afterwards styled St. Stephen, a sacred crown, which is still preserved at Buda with great veneration. From that epoch, the Latin became the language of

the educated classes, the written language of the country. The Magiars were involved in frequent wars, either with their neighbours to defend or enlarge their conquests, or among themselves for the succession to the throne. Irruptions of Tartars came also to desolate the country. It may be easily supposed that in the midst of all this, little attention was bestowed on letters. At the commencement of the twelfth century Coloman, a prelate and the only surviving descendant from the royal blood of Arpad, was called to exchange his bishop's crook for the sceptre. He was styled the bookish Coloman, being one of the most learned men of his time; a man superior to some of the prevailing prejudices of his age. It appears from one of his laws, which says: "De strigis *quæ non sunt* nulla quæstio fiet." We must remember that this law, or rather this declaration of the non-existence of sorcery, was promulgated in the 12th century, and in barbarous Hungary, whilst faggots for the extermination of witches blazed all over western Europe, and that even down to a recent period statutes against those wretched victims of ignorance and superstition, have disgraced the legislation of the most civilised countries. The learned Coloman, however, did not contribute to improve and to fix the idiom of his country, but thought it better to translate all the laws of his predecessors into Latin. The two great kings of Hungary, Lewis I. who reigned about the middle of the 14th century, and Mathias, who reigned in the latter half of the 15th, although they affected much, the latter especially, for the civilisation of the country, did not attempt any improvement in that important part of a people's property—their language. The discovery of the art of printing, and the Reformation, by transferring the books of religion and worship, from the obscurity of a dead language into the vulgar idiom, gave a great impulse to most European languages, and exerted a peculiar influence on that of Hungary. The first book printed in the Magiar language appeared in the year 1533, and was followed by several other publications, among which was a poem written by a relation of Nicholas Zzingi, to celebrate that hero's defence of Sziget against the Turks. The subject and the patriotic sentiments of this work have endeared it, to this day, to the Hungarians. The course of civilisation thus began, was arrested by the calamities of the time; the Turks overran nearly the whole kingdom: domestic wars for motives of ambition, or, under pretence of religion, between the Christians themselves, ravaged what the infidels could not conquer, and the fatal effects of these feuds were felt, long after the causes had ceased to exist. Peace was at last restored to Hungary towards the beginning of the 18th century. But the national language and the pursuits of literature had been totally abandoned, and the Latin continued to prevail, especially as the written language of the country. In 1760, a man of letters prognosticated that the Magiar language would be entirely lost; yet shortly after a few books were pub-

lished in it, which were considered as so many rarities. At length Maria Theresa ascended the throne, improvements were introduced in the government, which were answered, as they will ever be, by corresponding improvements in the people; the Hungarians secured their peaceful allegiance to the house of Austria; their gallant spirit, and their affecting loyalty to the Empress Queen in the hour of danger, won them the heart of that sovereign, and Hungary began to reap the advantages of a state of good intelligence between the rulers and the ruled*.

Joseph II., who had vast, and often impracticable ideas, which he pursued with imperious obstinacy, had conceived the plan of amalgamating all the different people subject to the sceptre of the house of Austria into one nation, and of introducing a physiocratic system throughout his dominions. "In order to effect this," said he, "I must have one universal language;" and he proposed to his council, whether German or Sclavonian should be the language of the Austrian Monarchy? This proposition, however strange at first sight, was not so unreasonable in fact; as three-fourths, perhaps, of the Austrian subjects speak dialects of the Sclavonian language; and there had been a time, in the fourteenth century, when even every elector of the German Empire was bound by the statutes of the Golden Bull of Charles IV., to learn the Bohemian language, which is a dialect of the Sclavonian. However, the men of the court, the people of influence at Vienna, naturally enough preferred German; and on the proposal of Joseph, the council decided, with what correctness or even competence we will not say, that German was superior and preferable to Sclavonian. The emperor, who was an energetic executor of bold measures, issued his decree to Hungary, importing that, for the first year, counting from the date of the decree, all dispatches and communications remitted thence to the Imperial court, should be written in German; in the second year, every paper directed to the *Consilium locum tenens*, or internal government of the country; and in the third year, every communication or statement laid before the *Comitati*, or provincial councils, were to be also in German; and in the fourth year, no deed or writing in any public office was to be in any other language. This act of authority was deemed most arbitrary and oppressive, and as it was revolting to the feelings of the Hungarians, a number of pamphlets in the Magiar idiom appeared against the proposed measure, and against the reforming monarch who was the author of it. The effect of this unsuccessful attempt was, therefore, to contribute to the rise of the Magiar, by calling forth the energy and patriotism of those who spoke it, and who felt interested in the language of their forefathers. Joseph

* The population of Hungary proper, is about eight millions, of which more than three millions speak the Magiar, or national language, the others speak Sclavonian, German, and Valachian, or Rumniasty.

was also, in another manner, the indirect cause of the spreading of the proscribed language; for, when he suppressed monasteries, several of the learned fathers felt the necessity of employing their talents for the use of the public, and to them Hungary became indebted for some good translations of the classics, besides grammatical works, in Magiar.

At length the question of the language was set at rest by Art. 7, of the diet of 1815, in which the king, in compliance with the request of the *Ablegati*, ordered that the acts of the Diets should be published in two columns, the one in Magiar, the other in Latin. The Latin maintains itself in the administrative offices, but the Magiar may be used alone in any public correspondence, the deputies of the lower chamber in the Diet use no other language, and the greater part of the Comitati have made it a point of patriotism to correspond in Magiar. Professors of Magiar have been also appointed to the various colleges in the kingdom.

"The Hungarian language," says Gibbon, "stands alone, and as it were, insulated among the Sclavonian dialects: but it bears a close affinity to the idioms of the Fennic race; of an obsolete and savage race, which formerly occupied the northern regions of Asia and Europe. The genuine appellation of Ugri, or Sgours, is found on the western confines of China—their migration to the banks of the Irtish, is attested by Tartar evidence; a similar name and language are detected in the southern part of Siberia; and the remains of the Fennic tribes are widely, though thinly, scattered from the sources of the Oby to the shores of Lapland." The following facts come in support of Gibbon's authority. In the campaign of 1813—14, Hungarian troops came in contact with some Don Cossacks, and, to their mutual astonishment, found their languages to be nearly the same. In 1821, there came into Hungary a stranger, a native of the country near Ecaterinopol, beyond the river Don; his idiom was, in words and pronunciation, Magiar, wanting of course the technical, and other European terms, which the Magiars of Hungary have adopted or created in the progress of their civilisation. A private society of literati despatched two young men to the region indicated by the Asiatic, who found there several villages in which the Magiar is spoken. On the banks of the river Kuma, which descends from Caucasus, and empties itself into the Black Sea, are the ruins of a town still called Madschar, or Madjar.

The Magiar language is understood to be rich and expressive, its pronunciation is remarkably soft and harmonious, and the order of words in the construction being interchangeable, almost *ad libitum*, adapts it peculiarly for versification. The Hungarians boast that they possess an hexameter superior to that of any other European language. They have adopted the Roman alphabet, and they make use of affixes at the end of nouns and verbs, instead

of pronouns, which is a feature of the Asiatic origin of the language.

The first attempts at composition in this idiom having been, as we have seen, of a martial cast, its capabilities for other species of poetry were not tried until late in the last century. Alexander Kisfaludy, a young officer of great intellectual attainments, being made prisoner by the French, while serving in the Austrian army in Italy during the war of the Revolution, was taken to Avignon. There he visited Petrarch's sacred fount, and the memory of that poet, and of his famed love and plaintive lays, re-awakened the young Hungarian's recollection of his own distant fair, whom he had left behind on the banks of the Danube, when first setting off to serve his king and country. Kilfaludy's early passion for poetry revived, and he expressed his complaints in a number of sonnets in his own energetic idiom. These of course were as unintelligible as Chinese to any body in France; but on his being at last released, and restored to his native country, Kisfaludy published the songs of his captivity, in two volumes, which established his reputation as a writer. The poet next married the object of his affections, and then he wrote "Love Happy," a work inferior to the preceding, but still containing beautiful passages and pictures of rural life. He subsequently published a volume containing three stories or tales, in verse, marked by simplicity and vigour, and a deep knowledge of the bold and impassioned character of his countrymen.

The enthusiastic applause bestowed on Kisfaludy, excited the emulation of several writers, chiefly in the various branches of poetry, of which the lyric seems the most adapted to the genius of the language, and is also the most cultivated. At present Charles Kisfaludy, a relation of Alexander, is the favourite of the Magiars. He not only is a poet, but has applied zealously to the improvement of his native language, of which he is particularly fond. He formed and executed the project of editing a Magiar almanack, or annual magazine, in imitation of the well known German *Taschenbücher:* by his own labours and the contributions of others, he has already published three or four of these annual volumes; which, in the merit of their composition, as well as in the form and style in which they are executed, are not inferior to those of Germany. The engravings with which they are adorned, are very well executed; and the national costume and physiognomy are well expressed in them. Among the contributors to these magazines, there are counts, barons, noble-citizens, bishops, priests, monks, and Protestant pastors. The counts and barons, however, are but few; as, until lately, the Hungarian Magnates did not pay much attention to the national language; for between German, which is the language of the court—Latin, which is the official language—French, which is used in fashionable conversation—besides the different Sclavonian dialects, which are spoken over one half of Hungary; it is

easy to understand, that the Magiar was comparatively neglected. Families of distinction, however, are now paying greater attention to this subject, and have their children instructed in the Magiar language, as an essential part of their education.

Several other periodical works are published in Hungarian. The one whose title, *Tudomanyos Gyütemeny*, we have prefixed to this article, has been supported with credit for about six years. There are but few political journals, the number being limited by the censorship, which exists here as in Austria, although not authorised by any resolution of the Diet. About three hundred persons are reckoned (among whom are several ladies), who publish occasionally their writings in the Magiar language; a considerable number for an infant literature, which arose but lately, and in which authorship has not yet become a profession or trade.

One of Alexander Kisfaludy's poems relates to the tragical fate of Dobozy and his wife, who fell together during the Turkish wars. Some extracts from it may serve as a specimen of Hungarian poetry.

After the fatal battle of Mohackz (in which king Lewis II. perished with the flower of his army), the Turks overran Hungary, and Buda the capital became their conquest. Parties of Hungarians, however, still resisted in various strong holds, and Zapolya, a bold chief, assembled a number of trusty followers, and even aspired to the throne; but many of the Magnates thought it safer, in the common danger from the infidels, to bestow the crown on a powerful prince, who ruled already over other countries—this was Ferdinand, the brother of Charles V. Zapolya's faction, however, would not accede to this, and the country was divided between him, Ferdinand, and the Turks. During the desultory warfare that followed, a party of Hungarians who were assembled at the village of Maroth, under a leader of the name of Michael Dobozy, were attacked by superior Ottoman forces, and hemmed in on every side: they sold their lives dearly, and fell victims to their patriotism. A few ran away from the scene of slaughter, and among the rest Dobozy, who had his wife with him, a young and beautiful woman; the horror of her impending fate, were she to fall into the hands of the barbarians, made him try a last effort to save her. He vaulted on his well-tried steed, and having seated his wife *en croupe* behind him, they galloped away for their lives:

'But there are deadly foes behind
Who cannot brook that one brave son
Of Hunnia live—and wild they urge
Their Arab steeds, and onward run.

'Then was each meaner fugitive
By scores of Osmanlees pursued,
But hundreds followed Dobozy,
He who had oft his hands imbrued

'In their best blood!—Fly Dobozy!
Should thy horse fail thee in this strife,
Alas! for thee and, oh! thy wife!
A double death thou'lt surely die!'

The noble animal flies like the wind, and at first leaves far behind the Turkish pursuers; but wearied with the fatigue of the preceding fight, and with the double burthen he has now to carry, he slackens by degrees his course; he gasps and trembles in all his frame; his iron foot heavily and deeply imprints the sod. Meantime fatal sounds swell on the breeze; it is the cry of the Turkish bloodhounds, that have too well scented their prey:

'"Oh Michael, best beloved!" she cried,
"E'en now we feel the heathen's grasp,
Thy horse sinks under us—oh, see
His bloody foam, his labouring gasp!

"Do thou for thy lov'd land survive,
But here—it must be so—we part;
But still I am for ever thine,
Here let thy dagger pierce my heart:

"Alone, and unincumber'd, fly:
Thou yet may'st 'scape, and live to deal
Death to thy foes—oh! sometimes feel!
For her who left thee, but to die!"'

Dobozy looks behind, and all hope of escape dies within him; the Turks are fearfully gaining ground upon them; he still dashes his spur, and urges his charger on, but all in vain; the poor steed is exhausted, and can hardly draw breath. At last he stumbles and falls. The fatal moment is now come! Dobozy leaps on the ground, supporting his trembling wife with one arm:

'Nearer and nearer now the Turks—
Their breast-plates shine, their horse-tails dance,
And in their red blood-reeking hands
Flash the bright scimitar and lance;

'"Ah! is it so? Heaven!—no help!"
Cries the Hungarian Lord and weeps:
His wife—her charms—the Turks—dire thought!
A death-cold shivering o'er him creeps—

'Her bosom then with trembling hand,
Baring—the throne of all his bliss:
Drives to her heart the fatal steel,
And draws her last breath in a kiss.

'"Ah, lovely, hapless child of earth!
Thou source of joy, of matchless grief,
Smile my beloved, for thy chaste soul
Hath found its speediest, best relief.

' "Oh wait thee on thy way to heaven !
Now, even now again we meet."
He sobbed, and with his broidered cloak
Cover'd the martyr at his feet.'

The last look of his expiring consort, full of love and thankfulness for being saved from a fate worse than death, increases Dobozy's despair—the Ottomans press upon him; he cleaves down with his sabre the foremost of his assailants; at last he is struck by a spear from behind, his arm droops nerveless, he falls on the body of his beloved wife, and dies pierced with wounds.

Scenes like these were familiar at that time all over eastern Europe, and the Hungarian as well as the Sclavonian old romances and ballads, reflect upon us in a striking manner the lurid glare of bloody barbarian strife, and of the desperate struggle made by those brave people, against the tiger-like advance of the ruthless enemy of Christianity and civilisation—Ottoman Mahomedanism. Those scenes had been happily forgotten for a long season, when they were of late years revived, in all their horrid reality, in another part of the unhappy East, to the dismay and indignation of the whole of Christian Europe.

NOTICES.

ART. XV. *Personal Narrative of Adventures in the Peninsula, during the War*, 1812, 1813. 8vo. pp. 339. 9*s.* 6*d.* London: Murray. 1827.

'ADVENTURES in the Peninsula during the War of 1812—13!' What, is not that theme as yet exhausted? Has it not yet fallen to the dust beneath the oppression of Southey's ponderous tomes? Have we not had a sufficiency of memoirs, recollections, sketches, scenes, campaigns, and outlines, descriptive, not merely of the battles which were fought, but of the most minute circumstance relating to them, down even to the very dogs and kettles which joined in the uproar? No such thing. Southey threatens three or four more formidable quartos; and here we have, fresh from the press, a series of letters, written by an officer lately engaged in the civil department of the Peninsular army, and detailing what he is pleased to call his 'Adventures' in that little known quarter.

We confess that as soon as we discovered that he was wholly employed in the commissariat department, and that during his sojourn in Portugal and Spain, he was not present at a single action, his time having been wholly taken up in providing soup, and meat and bread for the troops, we were not a little curious to see the sort of 'adventures' in which such an officer could have been engaged. We supposed that a fight or two at a fair, a quarrel now and then with the regiments entrusted to his attention, when the biscuit became unserviceable, the beef uneatable, and the wine sour, were the principal circumstances upon which the story of his romantic career might have turned. Accordingly we do find him, on one occasion, escaping for his life through a church window, when the provisions ran

short; on another, we are bothered with his calculations of the prices of cows, and mules, and asses: but as for adventures beyond the common lot of the soldier, who sometimes meets a good billet, and sometimes a very indifferent one, they are certainly not to be had in this particular volume. Perhaps the author has reserved them for a postscript.

He informs us that he entered the service in question at a very early period of life, fresh from school. We doubt it not. He takes every occasion of displaying his classical acquirements. He can hardly walk up and down a room without ejaculating a Greek stanza, and the least opening sends him off in a chase after a derivation. Juvenal, Persius, and Virgil are at his fingers' ends, and he never encounters a monk without entering into a learned dissertation with him. Arrived at Cea, situated among what he calls the highlands, or Switzerland of Portugal, he straight finds out from some Padre, the particular point of the neighbouring Sierra, whence Viriatus is said to have rushed upon the Romans, when he drove them through the plains of Vizeu. He then furnishes out a note of Latin from Cicero, and of Greek from Diodorus Siculus, and of references to Appian and Florus, in order to prove, what?—That this same Viriatus was 'something more than a common robber!' As if any human being, save our learned commissary, cared one farthing about the mode in which the Lusitanian rogue divided his booty.

Convents and foreign churches seem in general to be game that may be hunted down by English travellers and adventurers. It is quite ludicrous to observe the gross ignorance which our commissary displays on these subjects. It would have been as well if he had taken a leaf out of the book of that ecclesiastic, who, writing on the state, or rather the privation, of civil and religious liberty in England, happily remarked, that it was inconsistent for a nation which had the privilege of the "Habeas Corpus," to be without the correlative blessing of a "Habeas Animum." If the person were free, at least the mind ought not to be placed under restraint: and had our author been taught this doctrine with his Juvenal, he would have been perhaps a little more discreet in his observations upon religious ceremonies.

We have no hesitation in setting down his letters, as incomparably the dullest of all the productions which have been generated by the Peninsular war.

ART. XVI. *Hints to Churchwardens, with a few Illustrations relative to the repair and improvement of Parish Churches; with Twelve Plates.* 8vo. pp. 31. 10*s.* 6*d.* London: Rodwell & Martin. 1827.

THIS is a very determined, and not easily paried thrust (nor, by any means the less mischievous to the assailed party, for being dealt with the most perfect good humour), at those officious churchwardens, and other parochial Vandals, whose plaster and brick-bats have done more than time itself, to destroy the venerable architecture of our ecclesiastical edifices. We happen to know that a late antiquary, one of the brightest ornaments of modern literature, never held up his head after the *intestine* war that was carried on against Salisbury cathedral. The *restorers* tore down the shrines,

and whitewashed the walls, and reduced the interior of this once beautiful pile, to the resemblance, as nearly as possible, of a neatly constructed modern barn. It is not many months ago that St. Saviour's church, in Southwark, one of the most boasted specimens we have of sacred architecture, was saved from the wanton clutches of those tyrants of the vestry—and in what manner?—By the importunate warnings of the press. To the press alone, to its vehemence in anger—its torturing satire, in playfulness, must we look for the preservation of our ancient churches.

The 'Hints' are altogether in Swift's way, and after the manner of the Dean, as more particularly exemplified in the "Advice to Servants." This author, with undisturbed seriousness of face, gravely recommends to be perpetrated, those crimes against good taste which, in sober earnest, he would desire to see most strenuously avoided. Thus, if a church be built of stone, the churchwarden is advised, by all means, to provide a good floridly-red brick porch, with an angular arch at top; this porch, it should be observed, ought, if possible, to make an inroad on some window of ancient construction, so as, if not altogether, at least as much as possible, to obstruct the light. Then stopping up the old porch, and doing away with the zig-zag ornaments that appear about the frame work, or at once confounding them altogether beneath a solid stratum of durable mortar, are steps so immediately growing out of the original improvement, as to require only to be suggested, in order that they may be adopted.

The author of the 'Hints' extends his solicitude to the internal as well as the exterior emendations of churches. And very laughable, to speak the truth, are his solemn instructions respecting the obliterations of the old, and the fabrications of fresh, chancel windows—the substitution of altar-pieces—the amending of pulpits, and the occasional destruction of royal arms and other decorations.

The aid of the draughtsman is invoked to demonstrate, sensibly, the imaginative conceptions of our author. Not only does he thus "strengthen all his laws" by examples, and become himself, as it were, "the great Sublime," which he shadows forth, but he completely remedies the incapacity of the illiterate; a class of commiserated beings, to which it is not uncharitable to anticipate that many a very sincere reformer of a churchwarden belongs. At all events, pictorial representations ever have been of acknowledged use, and in no cases have they been more serviceable, than in those where satire can sting, and exposure bring about shame.

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

We have heard, however, with pain, that these 'hints,' after all, confer no credit on the fancy of this author; and that they can claim no higher praise than that of being merely historical—faithfully accurate descriptions of architectural offences already committed in various parts of the country. We are sorry that this is so; the discovery exposes us to the double disappointment of finding that this author is without invention, and next, that our churches have been most impiously profaned.

ART. XVII. *Materia Indica: or some Account of those Articles which are employed by the Hindoos, and other Eastern Nations, in their Medicine and Agriculture, &c.* By Whitelaw Ainslie, M.D., M.R.A.S. 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* London: Longman & Co. 1827.

To our apprehension, this is a work which nothing short of extraordinary and fortunate opportunities, great learning, industry, and research, could have enabled any man to accomplish. Besides that the contents of these volumes will be found, we doubt not, of the first professional value, they supply to the philosopher and the general reader, a vast fund of information respecting the Hindoo community, that is important and highly curious. Dr. Ainslie's residence in our Indian territories gave him facilities, of which he seems to have made the amplest use, in carrying on his inquiries about those drugs of Eastern produce, which are known to, and employed in, the practice of our own country. He then describes those medicines which are exclusively used by the Oriental nations, mixing with the account of them some very interesting facts, relating to those vegetables which are cultivated in the East for the purposes of food, and the ingredients which they employ in their arts and manufactures.

If any prejudices existed amongst us, as to the advanced state of Hindoo knowledge upon the subject of medicine, we should certainly say, that the work of Dr. Ainslie would be sufficient to remove them. It is undoubtedly a misfortune that medicine, in common with other arts and sciences, should have been incorporated in the sacred writings of the Hindoos—a circumstance it is obvious that must keep the former stationary in their rude and uncultivated condition, which it would be profane and even penal to attempt to alter. Notwithstanding this impediment to innovation and improvement, the science of physic is far from having been neglected by the Hindoos, as the number and variety of their medical writings, and the extent of their acquaintance with the virtues of numberless drugs, conclusively testify.

Of the Indian practitioners themselves, Dr. Ainslie is enabled to speak in terms of eulogy, for which almost no recent representation of their character had prepared us; and he does so with a degree of liberality highly creditable to him.

ART. XVIII. *Alphonso: or the Beggar's Boy, a Comedy in Verse.* 8vo. p. 85. London: Ridgway. 1827.

THERE cannot be the least doubt that Shakspeare, Congreve, and Sheridan, and artists of this stamp, were altogether astray in conforming to the prejudices extant in their day, respecting the construction of pieces for the stage. We should not be surprised if the theatrical millenium were at last arrived, when the true principles of the drama are to be made known, established, and followed by all; nor is it improbable that 'Alphonso,' will be remembered hereafter, as one of the signs that marked the dawn of that golden era.

Comedy, strictly speaking, is, or ought to be a sort of reflection of every-day life; and those who attempted to shine in that province of

the drama, imagined that they ought to put up with prose, homely or otherwise, according to the wants and necessities of their characters. That course has been very properly abandoned in the work before us. Heroic metre, after the manner of the ancients, is obviously the most suited to the uses of colloquial intercourse, whether carried on by maids or their mistresses.

Again, it used to be thought of importance that there should be an interesting story—a plot, as it was called, with a beginning, a middle, and a conclusion, developed in the progress of the play—we expect to hear no more of such imbecilities—at least, if there be sufficient virtue in the world, to make men follow the example of the author of Alphonso.

But let us see in what other respects the old-fashioned notions about dramatic perfectibility deserve to be exploded. The scene of this comedy is laid in Mantua—*Mantua Musarum Domus.* Now one of the ordinary run of poets would suppose, that having made his election of that renowned city, he was bound to make the ladies and gentlemen of the comedy think and speak like "choice Italians." Such are the errors of small minds—our author, on the contrary, has all his Mantuans bred up in the city of London, gives them the fullest enjoyment of the freedom of the corporation—and they do address each other most pleasantly about mining companies, and aldermen's chains, and other topics, that are altogether indigenous to the climate of Bishopsgate within. The poor foreigners in fact are not allowed to indulge a single reminiscence of home—or to make a single allusion to the history, past or present, or to the manners and customs, of their country—Well indeed may they exclaim, with the shepherd in Virgil's Eclogue, "Superet modo Mantua nobis." This method of giving to dramatic characters the advantage of what is called "keeping," is, we are ready to believe, the most unexceptionable that can well be devised, as will be made, we doubt not at some future time, more apparent than our limited ken at present enables us to discover it to be. Of the merits of style and expression which characterise this production, a judgment will be best formed from a few specimens.

Count Lorenzo, backbiting a rival of his, who is supposed to be of mean birth, thus addresses the father of the beauty:

'————One would deem him
Sprung from the king o' the beggars, son and heir
To his most mendicant majesty.—If once
He gain your daughter's hand, he will not fail
To bring a tribe of worthy gentlemen
To claim alliance with your house and purse.
The famed prince Filch, covered with honour's scars,
'Graved by the beadle's lash,—and he count Prig,
That travels in the porridge pot, will haste
To greet their loving cousin; ne'er again
Shall you pass by the public stocks unhailed
By some august relation.'

Of the uses to which an ingenious poet may turn the most apparently barren subjects, a very pleasing example is given in the following lines:

'— ———— All the world
Is of one family, although we bear
Our *follies with a difference.* This one carries

Pride on a scutcheon of pretence, that waste
Quartered with avarice; poverty of soul
Blazoned in or—guile couchant in a field
Of fairest argent.'

The comedy is dedicated to the Marquis of Lansdown, and as it would seem by way of restitution to that nobleman,—for it was at Bowood, the hospitable mansion of the Marquis, that this comedy was in great part composed. But a dedication is too small for the gratitude of the poet, and he therefore begs to remind his patron of some lines in the fourth act, which were intended by him, 'to describe in part, the character of the owner of that hospitable mansion.' A passage so very peculiarly circumstanced, is a parley to quotation; and in complying with the invitation, we think it only justice to ourselves to declare, that we harbour not the slightest malice against the Marquis of Lansdown, his person or family.—

'Some few, who happy in themselves and bent
On that high aim, the happiness and rights
Of all around, stretch forth the liberal hand
To learning, art, and sacred charity.
And wear the gorgeous garb of wealth and power
With true simplicity of domestic worth,
Pure as e'er brightened the remotest cot
That ne'er temptation entered.'

ART. XIX. *Dame Rebecca Berry; or Court Scenes in the Reign of Charles the Second.* 3 vols. 8vo. 18*s*. London: Longman & Co. 1827.

IT must have been a very great disappointment to the authoress of 'Dame Rebecca,' after she had finished her pretty little web of literary labour, and was just about to give it to the light, whilst perhaps pondering within herself how happy she was to have been able to take out a patent, as it were, for exhibiting all that was curious and interesting in Charles's court—to find that "Woodstock" and "Brambletye-House" had been in the market before her. It was not necessary that, in the preface, the writer should assure us, that nearly the whole of her work had been finished before the announcement of the other two productions had been made. We could very easily believe, that to the mind of one who shews not a little sagacity and acuteness in other matters, it would never occur to risk character and future success, by entering into rivalship with such tried veterans in literature as Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Smith. Neither can there be traced the slightest resemblance between 'Dame Rebecca' and the two works of those gentlemen, in those points where a resemblance, arising from imitation, would be sure to discover itself.

The foundation of the performance before us is a story of very simple texture. It is adopted from a homely, but ancient ballad, which again has, no doubt, derived its incidents from tradition. The particulars which are given of persons and events of celebrity, seem not to have been sought for, but to grow naturally out of the course of the tale. These episodes form some of the happiest portions of the novel. The descriptions of court scenes are not, perhaps, remarkable for a guiding and animating poetical spirit; but they are elaborately and curiously faithful to truth—an advantage which an enlarged acquaintance with the personal and political

history of the time alone, could have enabled any writer to attain. The style will be found to be generally perspicuous and spirited, though now and then stiffened, or, to borrow a phrase from millinery, brocaded by an attempt to rival the stateliness of expression that belongs to an elder time.

We hope Miss Spence will not think us gratuitously unkind, if we point attention to one or two awkward instances of negligence. Rebecca, in her childhood, is described as being possessed, amongst other attractions, of a comely quantity of *black* hair: 'her laughing eyes sparkled with gladness, and her *black hair* turned into a thousand fantastic curls over her face and neck.'—vol. i, p. 9. About some twenty-five pages further on, Rebecca having attained her fourteenth year, is made to answer to the following portrait:—'Her fair complexion, mild blue eyes, with a profusion of *light* curling hair, rendered her a most attractive creature.'—*ib.* p. 33. And in the same page we are told, that 'her silken blond ringlets flowed, &c.'—a supposed change, which is exactly the reverse of what takes place in nature. We know with what facility a writer in the ardour of composition will fall into the commission of little sins against chronology—when one is in pursuit of some desirable epithet, or fairly committed to the stream of the narrative, it is not very probable that one will stop to calculate dates, and enter into nice comparisons of eras. It must have been, doubtless, in some moment of poetic rapture that our agreeable authoress has renewed the popularity of the ballad of "Black-eyed Susan," and enabled her heroine to have it by heart, many years before the author happened to be born.

Art. XX. *The Wolfe of Badenoch, a historical Romance of the Fourteenth Century.* By the Author of "Lochandu." 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* Edinburgh: Cadell & Co. 1827.

Although the author of Waverley has occasionally sought materials for his admirable fictions beyond the pale of his own country, yet it could not have been from any difficulty he experienced in finding, in Scottish history, an ample field for the exercise of his genius. Other writers have employed their powers on the traditions and manners of the people of the North with considerable success; and the author before us has incontestibly proved, by experiment, that it was not so very rash in a person of his powers to enter upon the dangerous ground of the Scottish historical Novel. Undoubtedly it was dangerous ground—success alone could justify the courage of the attempt; and it is upon a fair and dispassionate reference to this criterion, that we venture to state the decision of our judgment—that success has been attained in the 'Wolfe of Badenoch.'

In choosing so remote an era in the annals of Scotland for the scene, where his fancy was to employ its creative power, our author, along with having some advantages, imposed on himself the necessity of surmounting difficulties of no ordinary nature. The political history of the period must have been familiar to him—he must have been equally well skilled in the biography of the principal public characters of the time, and a variety of concomitant facts of manners, customs, and costume, must he have mastered, in order to stamp his scenes with the colouring of truth. Merely then to say that he has overcome the obstacles that opposed the bold un-

dertaking, is, under the circumstances, no small award of praise to his talents.

We are filled with varying emotions, as we contemplate the picture which is here given of all the repugnant traits of uncivilised life. We see the influence of ungovernable passion, rendering the accidental lord of great possessions a terror to his vassals—the dread of his neighbours—and an outlaw without the pale of all social intercourse. We see the relations of society—the pursuit of the arts of peace—abandoned for the sword of civil war, and the gratification of personal hatred. We see the power of revenge. We see the power of religion made the instrument of gain or ambition; and, (a very pleasing part of the picture), we see the natural mildness of the other sex preserved amidst the rudeness of barbarous life, occasionally exciting general homage, and sometimes winning deep attachment; a trait of manners which well agrees with the records of history. Here, too, is to be found, what in the uncouth period we are speaking of was too frequently seen in Scotland, a female character, who, having thrown off her virtue, dismissed all delicacy, and became one of the most revolting figures in the picture of rude society. Such, indeed, is the lady Mariota, as she is very powerfully sketched in this romance. The Wolfe himself, is a very bold combination of those qualities that are very nearly allied to virtue, such as courage and fortitude; but which become, under the impulse of passion, the accessories of crime. In the heated and impetuous scenes of combat, and the disastrous progress of war, our author shews great power of imagination. The firing of the town of Forres, and the fierce exultation with which the Wolfe contemplates the advancing flames; and then, again, the struggle between Douglas and Hotspur, are described in all the vivid colouring of a poet's pencil.

Of the style which has been adopted in this work, a difference of opinion will, no doubt, be expressed. However, we shall merely observe, that the use of the quaint and solemn phrase peculiar to a remote era, cannot be more justifiably resorted to, in any instance, than where the actors of the scene are marked by dispositions and habits, which are equally foreign to our own experience.

We trust that the author of the 'Wolfe of Badenoch,' will not hastily abandon the region of fiction. It would be with the anticipation of receiving no common degree of gratification, that we should hear of his adopting materials from a nearer and more amiable epoch of manners and characters, than any which he has yet selected.

FOREIGN.

ART. XXI. *Œuvres de Michel Lepeletier Saint Fargeau, deputé aux Assemblées Constituante et Conventionelle, assassiné le 20 Janvier, 1793, par Paris, Garde du Roi; precedées de sa vie.* Par Felix Lepeletier, son frere. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 502. 10*s.* 6*d.* Brusselles: Arnold Lacrosse. Londres: Rolendi. 1826.

MICHEL LEPELETIER, whose works are contained in the present volume, was born at Paris, March 29, 1760, of a noble family. He gave very early proofs of intellect and capacity; when eight years and a half old, *he wrote the* Life of Epaminondas; at twenty-two, he became advocate-

general in the parliament of Paris, (*président a mortier*). During the whole of his career, he displayed a character of courage and energy. He possessed a strong mind, with a mild and persuasive eloquence. Being a sincere friend of law and morality, he could not bring himself to be the supporter of what he thought a corrupt and capricious court; and as he opposed it, he was exiled with the parliament. Being nominated a member of the states general, in 1789, and afterwards to the constituent assembly, and the convention, he devoted himself actively to the support of the revolution. Though of noble birth, he was one of the first that laid down his titles; and though possessed of privileges, he resigned them. He became one of the most active members of the constituent assembly; and we find among his works, a plan of public education, which, though impracticable, as it now stands, contains some very useful ideas; and also, a project of a penal code, which does equal honour to his humanity and his learning. The basis of this code rests on the abrogation of the penalty of death: the author admits but one exception, in which this penalty ought to be enforced, and that is, in the case of the heads of parties. This opinion influenced his conduct during the trial of Louis XVI. 'I have defended before the convention,' said he, 'the system of the abolition of capital punishments; but I then imagined, and I now hold it as a fixed opinion, that if reason and humanity demand this glorious victory over ancient errors and prejudices, policy, and the supreme welfare of nations, require, perhaps, a single exception, against those whose existence is a cause of troubles, a focus of feelings, and a source of hope to the malevolent, while it is a ground of uneasiness to the citizen.' He voted for the penalty of death; and his conscience was as much at ease on the occasion, as that of an upright judge on pronouncing a just sentence according to the dictates of conscience and equity. He continued to lead a peaceful and easy life, and on January 20, was taking a frugal repast at a restaurateur's, in the Palais Royal, when a Garde du Corps, called Paris, addressed him in these words: "Are you Lepeletier Saint Fargeau?" "Yes," replied the other.—"You have voted for the death of the king, what is your opinion on that subject?" "I think him guilty," replied Lepeletier, "I have voted from the dictates of my soul and conscience." At these words, Paris drew a dagger, which he had kept concealed about his person, and plunged it into the bosom of Michel Lepeletier, exclaiming:—"Villain! there is your reward."

Michel Lepeletier received his wound at five o'clock in the afternoon, and he breathed his last at one in the morning. The dagger penetrated at his right side; the wound was large, deep, and incurable; and he had to struggle with death during seven hours. He saw his end approach with great resignation; he died recommending the love of liberty to the surrounding spectators, and addressing these last words to his brother: "I die contented, I perish in the cause of liberty." His remains were deposited at the Pantheon. After his death, the republic adopted his daughter.

As for his assassin, Paris, he contrived to escape, and for a long time passed for dead; but M. F. Lepeletier states some facts, which prove that this *garde du corps* took refuge in England, where he remained till 1813, which is the true period of his death.

Such are the principal features of the life of Michel Lepeletier. The

writings which he has left behind him, and to which we have briefly alluded, are distinguished for a strong attachment to the public welfare and general liberty; all of them, without excepting the life of Epaminondas, which he wrote at the age of eight and a half, display sentiments full of novelty and elevation of sentiment, expressed in a style remarkable for its neatness, simplicity, and perspicuity. In this respect, it forms a striking contrast with the style of his brother, which is frequently turgid and declamatory; and more remarkable for good ideas, than for good French.

ART. XXII. *Almanach Philanthropique, ou Tableau des Societés et Institutions de Bienfaisance, d'Education, et d'Utilité Publique de la Ville de Paris.* Par Eugene Cassin. 16mo. pp. 216. Paris and London: Treüttel & Wurtz. 1827.

NOTWITHSTANDING its affected title, this is really a useful little volume; and we were about to begin by wishing that, in this land of benevolent establishments, we possessed such a directory to the means of procuring ready assistance for the distressed, or of best employing the funds destined by the idle or the busy for the relief of their fellow creatures, when we learned from the *avertissement*, that the idea of the work had been taken from an English publication, bearing the humbler name of *A Manual of Charity*. But if our French neighbours occasionally condescend to borrow the original inventions of John Bull, they appropriate them by alterations far beyond our insular genius. We accordingly find in *L'Almanach Philanthropique*, institutions which, though unquestionably of *public utility*, no Englishman would have dreamed of classing with hospitals and charitable societies.

The Almanach is divided into eight chapters, of which we translate the titles: 1st, Hospitals, Alms-Houses (if we may thus render *Hospices*), and Relief administered to the Poor at home. 2nd, Philanthropic Societies, and Societies for mutual Assistance. 3rd, Societies for the Support of Schools and Improvement of Education. 4th, Religious Societies. 5th, Societies and Institutions for the Encouragement of Industry, the Sciences, and the Arts. 6th, Institutions and Establishments of Public Instruction. 7th, Prisons. 8th, Succours provided in case of Fire. These heads of chapters give a sufficient general idea of the work.

Hospitals abound in Paris, but are, like the alms-houses, even when supported by private funds, almost without exception managed by government. All we need say of them is, that one species of French hospital might, we think, be advantageously introduced in England. We mean the *Maison de Santé*, which admits no absolutely gratuitous patients. The price paid depends upon the style of accommodation required; and there are separate apartments in which persons of the better classes of society, but of narrow fortune, may, at the moderate expense of four or five shillings a-day, be both respectably and conveniently lodged, and moreover doctored, physicked, and dieted, in a way they might be ill able to afford at their own homes. The *Bureaux de Charité* are government establishments for relieving indigence, which serve seemingly as a substitute for our poor-rates. The *Mont de Pieté*, or government pawnbroker's shop, has

been made sufficiently known here, by the recent attempt to establish a joint-stock company of lucrative benevolence.

The second chapter offers a list of several private associations for benevolent purposes. A Society of Prison Discipline has been lately established, under the especial patronage of the King; and one of Christian Morality might seem to render all others superfluous, embracing every object from the Greeks and the Slave Trade to the Suppression of Vice. Friendly societies are so numerous that a catalogue of their pompous titles fills 45 of the 200 pages forming the volume. Their invention is claimed for France, by referring one to the year 1329.

Schools upon the Bell or Lancaster system appear to be increasing, and as M. Cassin cannot well claim the invention for France, he asserts that it has there been perfected, and thence spread over the Globe. In the chapter of Public Instruction, we find the *Université*, and all public schools which mingle gratuitous scholars, like those upon our foundations, with scholars who pay. Paris contains eight actually public libraries, and many more to which access is easily obtained. This is the point in which the French metropolis is really entitled to boast its superiority over its English rival. It possesses about thirty literary and scientific societies, amongst which we find non more remarkable than that for fine penmanship, or the most talented *Artistes Ecrivains*. The prisons come, we think, only prospectively into the list of philanthropic institutions, even according to M. Cassin's own view of the subject; and the 8th chapter merely gives, as the result of royal munificence, those establishments of fire-engines, fire-men, &c., which are in London the effect of mercantile speculation, or parochial arrangement.

We have thus run through seven of the eight chapters, reserving for the last, on account of its peculiar and interesting nature, that upon Religious Societies. We know not whether the English public be aware that patients in French hospitals are attended, not by mercenary nurses, but by societies of hospital-sisters, to whom of late years an order of hospital brothers has, we learn, been added. The idea of the nobly born, the highly educated, and the affluent, voluntarily undertaking the most loathsome menial offices about the poor, the coarse, and the vicious, seizes upon the heart and imagination as the pure sublime of Christian charity, and might go far to reconcile the most intolerant Protestant to the monasticity of Catholicism. It is true the *Sœurs de la Charité* are not, and we believe never were, bound by the indissoluble vows of nuns; but the institution is, nevertheless, in its nature essentially monastic, and could hardly exist where a large portion of either sex was not habitually devoted to a life of celibacy. We have an abundance of old maids and old bachelors, who might dedicate their wearisome leisure to some of our hospitals, with advantage to themselves and the public.

ART. XXIII. *La Legislation, Civile, Commerciale, et Criminelle, de la France.* Par M. Le Baron Locré. 8vo. pp. 640. Paris and London: Treüttel & Wurtz. 1827.

THIS volume forms the first of a series of twenty-four volumes, which will make up the collection intended to be published by Baron Locré. As soon as the work shall have made further progress, we may perhaps be

disposed to notice it more in detail. The plan of the baron, who was formerly general secretary to the council of state, will embrace the history of the five codes, which now regulate the judicial and legal transactions of the French nation; namely, 'the *code civil*, the *code de procedure*, the *code de commerce*, the *code d'instruction criminelle*, and the *code penal*.' It will exhibit also the forms in which they have been discussed and adopted; as well as the laws which have been made since the restoration, with a view to modify and restrict them. The discussion of these French codes, and especially of that of the *code civil*, presents to the view of the philosophical jurisconsult, a very interesting spectacle, which is sometimes very lively and amusing, especially when we consider the characters of the performers on the legal scene; and that the discussion was carried on by lawyers, administrators, military men, and financiers; by men of rank, and of various talents, among whom Napoleon himself, frequently made a grand display. At this peculiar period, when England manifests a disposition to improve her legal system, and to ameliorate both the civil and commercial laws, a work of the nature of the baron's will be consulted with advantage, by those who engage in the task of improving our institutions; although the first volume, which now lies before us, gives us reason to fear, that M. Locré is deficient in impartiality in the execution of his task, and that, in order to please the actual government of France, he frequently attacks governments by which he was formerly employed, and curtails the free and intrepid expressions of some of the republican orators, who had a share in the compilation of the French codes.

ART. XXIV. *Resumé de l'histoire litterarire du Portugal, suivi du Resumé de l'histoire litterarire du Bresil.* Par Ferdinand Denis. 1 vol., 18mo. pp. 625. Paris: Lecointe et Durey. 1827.

VERY few of those who belong to the class of general readers, know scarcely any thing of the literary history of Portugal, beyond what is involved in the biography of Camoëns. The work of M. Denis, presents a long catalogue of Portuguese writers of various merit, who have, by their productions, influenced the taste and stimulated the intellect of their countrymen. Of the ability of most of these authors, we are enabled to from some notion from the opinions expressed by M. Denis, and from the extracts cited by him from their respective writings.

The life of Camoens, and the notice of his works, occupy deservedly a large portion of this history; the critical disquisition is marked by a fine perception of poetical beauty, and by a sympathetic admiration of his author; tempered, however, by a spirit of just criticism. Portugal seems to be fertile in epic poems. Besides the *Lusiad*, which is now read in all civilised languages, we have an analysis of *Alphonso the African*, by Quebedo; of *Ulysses, or the Foundation of Lisbon*, by Castro; the *Conquest of Malacca*, by Menezes; and *Sepulveda*, by Corte-Real. Mr. Denis intermingles with the account of the celebrated writers of Portugal, notices of the state of letters at different times; pointing out the character which applies to each era respectively, and adverting to the political or moral causes by which the taste and the talent of the Portuguese were directed and called forth. The literary history of Portugal is then

carried down to our own times, and an able summary is given of the existing state of almost every branch of human knowledge in that country.

The portion of the work which is devoted to an account of the state of letters in the Brazils, is occupied not so much with an historical reference to what is past, as with speculations upon the probable condition of literature in future times, in that empire. M. Denis notices, however, two Brazilian poems. The first is called *Caramourou*, by Durao. The characters consist of savages and Portuguese,—manners are exactly described —the Christian religion alone is alluded to—the author appears to possess energy and spirit, but he is a mere imitator of the ancients. The other poem is entitled '*War of the Missions of Uraguay*,' to which the remarks that were called forth by the former poem, may with equal justice be applied.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic and Foreign.

The *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, of Blackwood's Magazine, which some two or three years ago were pleasant, and occasionally piquante enough, have, under the present editor, degenerated into the most licentious scurrility. Indeed the whole tone of that once able and caustic periodical has been so sadly altered of late, that we scarcely recognise it as the lawful offspring of Ebony. It is a spurious and fulsome compilation, in which affectation and vulgarity contend for pre-eminence. Of course the sale of the magazine has been considerably reduced by its glaring boorishness and bad taste; from thousands it has fallen to hundreds. We believe the editor is the same person who wrote in the Amulet for this year, one or two tales, so ludicrously turgid and nonsensical, that they have almost caused the death of that innocent annual.

By the way, talking of annuals, we understand, that there is to be a whole batch of novelties in this way on the carpet about November next. November! did we say? Some are to be out in August, to cool the fervour of the dog days! This is quite ridiculous. Why do not some of these speculators undertake a semi-annual? one for Christmas, the other for Easter; and, in order to drive their literary *trade* the better, they might publish the Easter volume at Christmas, and the Christmas one at Easter.

We desire, however, not to be misunderstood, as including among those quackeries, "The Keepsake," for which the plates are to be provided by the principal proprietor, Charles Heath, and the literary matter by Mr. Ainsworth, the promising author of Sir John Chiverton. This volume is to be of a size larger, and, of course, a price higher, than any of those annuals with which the public are already acquainted.

A similar publication has also been projected by Sir Thomas Lawrence, aided by Mr. Balmanno, of which we are disposed to form favourable anticipations.

It is gratifying to know, that the revolution which lately agitated the bookselling world has nearly subsided, and that as trade is now conducted

upon safe and substantial principles, it is not likely to be again "affrighted from its propriety," for another cycle.

We perceive, in the second edition of "Death's Doings," a considerable accession of letter-press and of new plates to illustrate it. The work is no favourite of our's, and we think it not at all the better for the six pages of laudatory criticism which introduce it, extracted from Bell's Life in London, and several other equally notable authorities. We have ourselves known of instances, where the same individual has written *puffs* of the same work in ten different newspapers, and these puffs we have seen appended to advertisements of the work, for the purpose of leading the public to suppose, that they expressed the unsolicited and concurrent opinions of ten unconnected literary tribunals. But the eyes of the public, of the reading public at least, are now opened to these arts; and the days of puff, like those of hair powder, are nearly gone by. We must do Mr. Dagley, however, the justice to say, that his second edition, which he has judiciously divided into two volumes, is very much superior to the first, and that those who were pleased with the one, cannot fail to be still more amused with the other.

A foreign Quarterly Review and Continental Literary Miscellany, which is to be exclusively devoted to foreign literature, has been announced.

The Rev. J. A. Ross is preparing a translation from the German of Hirsch's Geometry, uniform with his translation of Hirsch's Algebra.

A translation of some of the most popular Fairy Tales from the German is in the press; they will be illustrated by Cruikshank.

We understand that a new work is in preparation, to be entitled "The Theological Encyclopædia," embracing every topic connected with Biblical Criticism and Theology.

This seems to be the "age of reviews." We have a prospectus before us of "The Jurist; a Quarterly Journal of Jurisprudence and Legislation;" a work which, if well executed, would be extremely useful.

The Abate Romani has just completed his General Dictionary of Italian Synonimes, published at Milan; a work very much wanted, and of the greatest utility to the Italian scholar.

The society of publishers of the Italian classics at Milan, having completed their edition of the great works on the arts, by the celebrated Visconti, *viz.* the two Iconographies and the Museo Pio-Clementino, have begun the publication of his minor works, mostly inedited or become very scarce. The learned Dr. Labus, of Brescia, superintends this edition, which will come out in numbers, and consist of four vols., 8vo.

The *Biografia universale antica e moderna*, which is in course of publication at Venice, has reached its thirty-first vol.—letters L. A.

A new Medical Journal has been announced by Dr. Strambio, of Milan, under the title of *Giornale critico de Medicina Italiana*. 'His object,' the Doctor says, 'is to rescue the medical science in Italy from the state of anarchy into which it has fallen, in consequence of the exclusive doctrines of *Stimolo* and *Contrastimolo*.'

The recent happy changes in the Ministry have of course given rise to

several caricatures and squibs. One of the former which we have seen is admirable; one of the latter which we have just received—execrable. It is entitled "Pasquin to the Premier, by Timothy Turnabout;" partly in prose and verse, both of the weakest description. Witness the following lines from what the author calls an Irish congratulatory address:—

'Oh happy day for Ireland's glory,
Which saw you change from Whig to Tory!
To us giving expectation
Of entire "emancipation"
From taxes, tithes, and poverty,
From these, at last, we shall be free!'

We have no objection to the sentiment here expressed, and only hope it may prove prophetic.

A statistical, topographical, and historical Atlas of the Papal States, on a new plan, has been published at Rome, by Count Trestour, in thirteen sheets, one for each province, with the most minute account of the extent, population, soil, productions, and climate, as well as of the administration, commerce, industry, revenues, courts of justice, ecclesiastical authorities, with chronological tables, &c. On the map are accurately marked the roads, distances, stages, and resting places, which renders the work useful to travellers, as well as interesting to the general scholar.

A Newspaper was commenced at New York on the first of March. It is conducted by five different editors, each of whom has his own separate department, with which the others do not interfere. Were we to judge of the Paper by the following extract, it must, we should think, prove highly attractive:—"The Editors of the *Morning Chronicle* will be happy to see their friends and subscribers at their office, this day, between twelve and two, to partake of a collation," &c.

A new edition of the collection of the *Scriptores Historiæ Byzantinæ*, is now publishing, under the direction of the Privy Counsellor of State, Niebuhr. Besides other encouragements to the completion of the great work, the Government has *ordered* it to be subscribed for, for all the public libraries in the Prussian dominions, as well those of the Universities as of all the Gymnasia, and other learned institutions.

Royal Society.—A curious paper was read lately by Thomas Bell, Esq., in which some very highly interesting particulars are given about the natural history of the crocodile. He discovered beneath the lower jaw of this animal, a gland which secretes an oily substance of a strong musky odour. Considering the voracity of the crocodile for fish, and the well known partiality of fish for odoriferous oils and extracts, Mr. Bell supposes, that the secretion acts as a bait to the fish. What seems to confirm this conjecture is, that the crocodile feeds most freely in the season when the secretion is most plentiful.

The two very splendid libraries of the Rev. Theodore Williams and of Mr. Dent, were sold by auction during the preceding month. Some of the most beautiful specimens of ancient and costly printing that we have in this country, and several invaluable manuscripts, were purchased at these sales. The prices were such as to shew, that the appetite for those literary treasures is far from *having subsided* in England.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS, SCIENCES, AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science, 8vo., 6*d*.

The Quarterly Journal of Science, Literature, and Art. A New Series. No. 1. 6*s*.

The Edinburgh Philosophical Journal. No. 4. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Chemical Manipulation. By Faraday, F.R.S. 1 vol., 8vo., 18*s*. bds.

Views in the West Indies. Coloured, 1*l*.

Storer's Views in Edinburgh. 2 vols., 8vo., 3*l*. 2*s*. 6*d*. bds.

Mitchel's First Lines of Science. 12mo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life of Edward Jenner. By John Baron, 1 vol., 8vo., 18*s*.

The Life, Diary, &c., of Sir William Dugdale, sometime Garter King at Arms. 4to., 2*l*. 2*s*.,

Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone. 2 vols. 8vo., 1*l*. 14*s*.

Butler's Grotius. 8vo., 7*s*. 6*d*.

HISTORY.

A Chronicle of London from 1089 to 1483. 4to. 2*l*. 2*s*. bds.

LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.

Observations on the Municipal Bodies in Cities and Towns incorporated by Royal Charters in England and Wales. By R. P. Cruden, Esq. 3*s*.

Bridgman's Equity Digest. Third Edit. 3 vols. 8vo., 4*l*. 14*s*. 6*d*. bds.

Mr. Chitty's Treatise on Pleading. 4th Edition. 3 vols., 4*l*. 14*s*. 6*d*. bds.

MEDICINE, SURGERY AND ANATOMY.

Observations on the Medicinal and Dietetic Properties of Green Tea. By W. Navenham, Esq. 8vo., 1*s*. 6*d*.

Dr. Farnes' Apology for British Anatomy. Plates, 4to., 9*s*.

Observations on the Nature and Treatment of Fevers, &c., which Travellers in Greece are exposed to. By J. S. Down, M.B.

The Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal. No. XCI. 6*s*.

The London Medical and Surgical Journal.

Observations on the Causes, &c., of Derangement of the Mind. By Paul Slade Knight. 8vo.

Observations on the Impropriety of employing Men in Midwifery. 8vo., 2*s*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches of his own Times, 2 vols. 8vo.

Journal of an Officer of the King's German Legion, 1 vol. 8vo., 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Reigning Vice, a satirical essay, 8vo.

The Orlando Furioso, translated into English prose, by C. Johnson, vol. 1., containing cantos 1 to 12, 8vo., 9*s*. boards.

Bibliotheca Sussexiana; a descriptive Catalogue of the Library of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, with historical and biographical Notes, by T. Pettigrew, F.R.S., &c., Surgeon and Librarian to his Royal Highness, royal 8vo., illustrated with plates, 3*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*.

The Westminster Review. No. 13. 6*s*.

The Edinburgh Review. No. 90. 6*s*.

The Quarterly Juvenile Review. No. 1. 2*s*. 6*d*.

A History of Inventions and Discoveries. By F. S. White. 1 vol. 8vo., 14*s*.

Constable's Miscellany. Vol. 5, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Moods and Tenses. By One of Us. 8vo., 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Military Sketch Book, 2 vols. 8vo., 1*l*. 1*s*.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1827.

Art. I. *German Romance: Specimens of its chief Authors; with Biographical and Critical Notices.* By the translator of Wilhelm Miester, and author of the life of Schiller. 4 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 16*s.* Edinburgh and London: Tait (Fleet Street). 1827.

Our literature has of late been so rapidly presented with 'selections,' 'specimens,' and 'translations,' of German Romance, that unless the rage for such importations shall speedily cease, we seem destined to be invaded by the whole prolific race of Teutonic hobgoblins, night-mares, and other brain-prodigies. Within less than twelve months, we have been called upon to notice in our pages as many volumes of German fiction, which have been rendered into English in quick succession by Messrs. Soane, Roscoe, and Gillies; and we have now here four more tomes of the same goodly stuff, from the pen of Mr. Carlisle, whose translations of Wilhelm Meister, and Life of Schiller, are extant for sufficient warrants of qualifications and tastes suitable to his present enterprise.

It appears to us, however, that Mr. Carlisle, and other writers, whose abilities are really respectable, might have converted their labour of translation to a more useful purpose, had they employed it upon the historical and other sound portions of German literature, rather than upon the trash of fiction, which, at best, is fit only for the meridian of our circulating libraries and watering places. Even in these volumes, the only merit which Mr. Carlisle should think worth the claiming, is not in the translated tales themselves, but in the biographical accounts of their authors, which he has collected from German materials. Having chosen his collection from the writings of Musœus, La Motte Fouqué, Tieck, Hoffmann, Jean Paul Richter, and Göthe, he has prefixed to his specimens a little memoir of the life and writings of each of these six novelists; and the mass of biography and criticism which he has thus accumulated, forms infinitely the most attractive portion of his work.

Here we are at least introduced to a few authentic pictures of rea German character; and the light which two or three of thes sketches throw upon the state of the national society and literature is both extremely entertaining, and apparently faithful.

The first volume is occupied by Musœus and La Motte Fouqué In the memoir of the latter, a patrician of French descent, and a enthusiast of chivalry, who is still in existence, there is little to in terest: but the former was a true German of the middle ranks o life. Johann August Musœus was born in the year 1735, at Jena in Prussia, of a respectable legal family, and was bred to the church He studied with sufficient industry, but his pursuits and tastes were not probably very theological; and when a country living nea Eisenach was offered to him, the people stoutly resisted the admis sion of their new pastor, on the ground that *he had once been see dancing*. This opposition defeated or disgusted him in his clerica views, to which his lively, though innocent, temper and sparkling talents were not most congenial. He had meanwhile been steadily enriching his mind with useful and ornamental knowledge; and h gave up his destined profession with easy philosophy.

'In his twenty-fifth year he became an author; a satirist, and, what is rarer, a just one. Germany, by the report of its enemies and lukewarm friends, is seldom long without some idol; some author of superhuman endowments; some system that promises to renovate the earth; some science destined to conduct, by a north-west passage, to universal knowledge. At this period the brazen image of the day was our English Richardson: his Novels had been translated into German with unbounded acceptance;* and *Grandison* was figuring in many weak heads as the sole model of a true Christian gentleman. Musäus published his *German Grandison* in 1760; a work of good omen as a first attempt; and received with greater favour than the popularity of its victim seemed to promise. It co-operated with time in removing this spiritual epidemic, and appears to have survived its object, for it was reprinted in 1781.'—vol. i., p. 3.

It was not until after an interval of nineteen years, that the appearance of a new subject for ridicule again called forth the satirical talents of Musœus. Lavater had left his parsonage among the Alps, and set out on a cruize over Europe, in search of proselytes and striking physiognomies. He and his theories became so much the general rage in Germany, that Musœus was provoked 'to grasp his satirical hammer, and with lusty stokes unshrine the false divinity.' His 'Physiognomical Travels,' which appeared in 1779, overwhelmed the speculations of Lavater with felicitous ridicule; and the burlesque itself, though the occasion of its wit is long passed, is still ranked by German critics among the happiest productions of

* See the letters of Meta, Klopstock's lady, in *Richardson's Life and Correspondence.*

its kind in the national literature. The universal favour with which this work was received, betrayed, or tempted, Musœus forth from his anonymous obscurity; and he became immediately enrolled among "the lights of his age."

His success inspired him with fresh enterprise; and he was now the first of his countrymen to strike out a new course of literary adventure. He had always been charmed with the popular traditions of the bygone ages of Germany; and 'their rugged Gothic vigour became dearer to his taste, as he looked abroad upon the mawkish deluge of sentimentality, for which the "Sorrows of Werter" had been the signal for a legion of imitators to drown the land.' It occurred to Musœus, that the existing fragments of German legends might be worked up and polished anew, and transferred from the hearths of the common people, to the parlours of the intellectual and refined. Such was the origin of his Volksmährchen, or Popular Traditionary Tales, which appeared in five little volumes in 1782, by which alone he has been hitherto known to English readers. In the collection of materials for this work, says his biographer,

'He spared no pains and despised no source of intelligence, however mean. He would call children from the street; become a child along with them, listen to their nursery tales, and reward his tiny narrators with a *dreyer* apiece. Sometimes he assembled a knot of old women, with their spinning-wheels, about him; and amid the hum of their industrious implements, gathered stories of the ancient time from the lips of the garrulous sisterhood. Once his wife had been out paying visits: on opening the parlour door at her return, she was met by a villanous cloud of tobacco-smoke; and venturing forward through the haze, she found her husband seated by the stove, in company with an old soldier who was smoking vehemently on his black stump of a pipe, and charming his landlord, between whiffs, with legendary lore.'

In the compilation of a second series of tales, under the title of Straussfedern (Ostrich feathers), Musœus was arrested by the hand of death. He had long been in weakly health, and his disorder, which proved to be a polypus of the heart, put a period to his existence in 1787, and before the completion of his fifty-second year. The Straussfedern were completed by another hand; and a small volume of Remains, edited by Kotzebue, in 1791, concludes the list of his writings.

Musœus does not approach the first rank of writers. His best qualities are sprightliness, and a certain vein of humorous expression: but he has neither much high imagination, nor any great depth of feeling, or power of thought. He was a man of considerable and various talent, but not of original genius. Even in his traditional tales, he has shewn no capacity for the poetry of his subject: he has not caught the finest spirit of which this species of fiction is susceptible; and he is too fond of converting his stories into occasions for the provoking of merriment, rather than the excitement of romantic interest.

The second volume of Mr. Carlisle's series is devoted to Tieck and Hoffmann. Of the personal history of Ludwig Tieck, his biographer has been able to collect scarcely any particulars which are interesting. The course of his fortunes seems to have been undisturbed by striking vicissitudes: he has never filled any profession except that of a man of letters; and the circumstances of his private life are little known, even in Germany itself. As a sound dramatic critic, the talents and reputation of Mr. Tieck deservedly rank much higher than as a mere compiler of fantastical and unnatural fiction. So enthusiastic is his passion for the stage, that he has made the theatrical tour of Europe; and we have had occasion to notice with applause his critical remarks on the state of our drama, which were the results of a visit to this country, undertaken expressly for such purpose in 1818. Upon these best products and characteristics of Mr. Tieck's mind, his biographer has scarcely dwelt; while he has too ambitiously endeavoured to claim for him, in his capacity of romance-writer, the possession of true poetic genius. But we do not in any respect agree with Mr Carlisle in his conception of the intellectual character of Tieck: as a critic, we conceive that he deserves far higher praise than he has received; but, so far as his romances are concerned, instead of the pure inspiration of poetry which is here attributed to his inventions, we can discern only the gross and monstrous creations of a distempered fancy. Mr. Tieck is still living; and we learn from Mr. Carlisle, that a new production of his pen has lately resulted from his visit to England. He is said to have written a novel on Shakspeare and his times, in which he has not trembled to introduce, as living characters, the great dramatist himself, with Marlowe and various other poets of the same epoch. We shall be anxious to see this notable attempt; and it will certainly be a matter of no small curiosity to observe, what sort of heterogeneous improbabilities he has succeeded in exhibiting for the veracious delineation of our far-famed "Elizabethan age."

From Hoffmann we have here only a single tale; but this is introduced by an entertaining and even instructive memoir of the author, full of touches of German real life, which cannot be mistaken. As we have here to deal chiefly with his literary career, we shall only observe, that, during seven years, his life differed little from that of the most needy strolling-player; but it is honourable to him, that in all his straits, he appears to have disdained to receive pecuniary assistance. At length, in the extremity of his distress, he was driven to literature for subsistence; but it was by dire necessity, not by choice. In his youth, the rejection by the booksellers of a novel which he had written, had filled him with a disgust of authorship; and it was, as a last resource, that he was led to offer contributions to a Leipzig magazine. For this work were all his most popular tales, under the title of Fantasiestücke, or Fantasy-Pieces, thus originally written.

Their success enabled him merely to support existence, without relieving his penury. The war of 1813, the unsettled state of Germany, and the interruption of all peaceful employments, exposed him to severer want and harder vicissitudes than ever. But a season of fairer hopes was at hand: he obtained the easy station of counsellor in the Court of Exchequer at Berlin. His situation might now be considered enviable: the income of his post was amply sufficient, and its labour not excessive; he was surrounded by his best friends; his public conduct was irreprehensible; and his literary fame was rapidly spreading. 'He was happy, and had he been wise might have continued happy; but he was not wise, and in his cup of enjoyment there lurked a deadly poison.'

'The order of his life, from 1816, downwards,' says his biographer, 'was this: On Mondays and Thursdays he passed his forenoons at his post in the Kammergericht; on other days at home, in working; the afternoons he regularly spent in sleep, to which, in summer, perhaps he added walking: the evenings and nights were devoted to the tavern. Even when out in company, while the other guests went home, he retired to the tavern to await the morning, before which time it was next to impossible to bring him home. Strangers who came to Berlin went to see him in the tavern; the tavern was his study, and his pulpit, and his throne: here his wit flashed and flamed like an *Aurora Borealis*, and the table was for ever in a roar; and thus, amid tobacco-smoke, and over coarse earthly liquor, was Hoffmann wasting faculties which might have seasoned the nectar of the gods.'—vol. ii., pp. 191, 192.

Thus was this misguided votary of debauch now on the high road to ruin; and the only wonder is, says Mr. Carlisle, that with such fatal speed, he did not reach the gaol even more balefully and sooner. His official duties were, to the last, punctually and irreproachably performed: he composed fancy pieces for magazines more abundantly than ever; and his reputation in Germany, as a romance-writer, continually increased.

'Meanwhile, Hoffmann's tavern orgies continued unabated, and his health at last sunk under them. In 1819, he had suffered a renewed attack of the gout; from which, however, he had recovered by a journey to the Silesian baths. On his forty-fifth birth-day, the 24th of January, 1822, he saw his best and oldest friends, including Hitzig and Hippel, assembled round his table; but he himself was sick; no longer hurrying to and fro in hospitable assiduity, as was his custom; but confined to his chair, and drinking bath water, while his guests were enjoying wine. It was his death that lay upon him, and a mournful lingering death. The disease was a *Tabes dorsalis;* limb by limb, from his feet upwards, for five months, his body stiffened and died. Hoffmann bore his sufferings with inconceivable gaiety; so long as his hands had power he kept writing; afterwards he dictated to an amanuensis; and four of his Tales, the last, *Der Feind* (The Enemy), discontinued only some few days before his death, were composed in this melancholy season. He would not believe that he was dying, and he longed for life with inexpressible desire. On the evening of the 24th of June, his whole body to the neck had become

stiff and powerless; no longer feeling pain, he said to his doctor: "I shall soon be through it now."—Yes," said the doctor, "You will soon be through it." Next morning he was evidently dying: yet about eleven o'clock he awoke from his stupor; cried that he was well, and would go on with dictating the *Feind* that night; at the same time calling on his wife to read him the passage where he had stopt. She spoke to him in kind dissuasion: he was silent; he motioned to be turned towards the wall; and in a few minutes Hoffmann was no more.'—vol ii., pp. 193, 194.

A few of Mr. Carlisle's comments on his character are sensible and proper.

'Hoffmann's, says he, 'was a mind for which proper culture might have done great things: there lay in it the elements of much moral worth and talents of almost the highest order. Nor was it weakness of will that so far frustrated these fine endowments; for in many trying emergencies he proved that decision and perseverance of resolve, were by no means denied him. Unhappily, however, he had found no sure principle of action; no truth adequate to the guidance of such a mind. What in common minds is called prudence, was not wanting, could this have sufficed; for it is to be observed, that so long as he was poor, so long as the fetters of every-day duty lay round him, Hoffmann was diligent, unblameable, and even praiseworthy; but these wants once supplied, these fetters once cast off, his wayward spirit was without fit direction or restraint, and its fine faculties rioted in wild disorder. In the practical concerns of life, he felt no interest; in religion he seems not to have believed, or even disbelieved; he never talked of it, nor would hear it talked of.'

On the literary qualities of this unhappy man, or the intellectual peculiarities of his writings, it is scarcely necessary for us, after Mr. Carlisle's example, to add many comments. The only tale from his pen—'The Golden Pot,'—which appears in these volumes, is disfigured by all the usual and outrageous extravagance of his conceptions, without the redeeming strength of delineation which is occasionally to be found in his narratives. In general, his tales defy either abridgment or analysis: so wild and unconnected, and often too, so unmeaning are the flights of his imagination, that the endeavour to subject them to any standard of criticism, would be as vain as the attempt to compose musical notes to the ravings of a madman or a bacchanal; and the source from whence he too frequently drew his inspiration, would be perceptible enough, even if his biographer had failed to present us with the faithful and lamentable spectacle of his habitual propensities.

In Mr. Carlisle's third volume, we are introduced to a far different picture from that which is exhibited in the character and writings of Hoffmann:—a picture of a gentle and religious spirit, displaying its workings in reverence to God, and kindly sympathy for man. This volume is filled with selections from the writings of one of the most benevolent and original children of genius *whom Germany* has ever produced, the amiable, though eccentric

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Of his life, Mr. Carlisle has been able to render but a very barren account; but the little which he has to tell us of his personal character is highly favourable, and the rest is to be gathered from the spirit of his writings. John Paul has not long closed his peaceful existence; and as two German biographies of him have been announced in the press, we may hope to see the essence of them transmitted into an English memoir, at no very distant period.

Richter deserves the blended character which our commentator has assigned to him, of 'a moralist and a sage, no less than a poet and a wit.' Neither his numerous essays, his poetry, nor his novels, are much known in England: for his language is not always very intelligible even to his own countrymen, and its peculiarities and difficulties are of course not diminished by the translation. Mr. Carlisle whimsically, but aptly illustrates it, as that of 'a Burton writing, not an Anatomy of Melancholy, but a foreign romance, through the scriptory organs of a Jeremy Bentham.' Hence, we may add, John Paul has been unsparingly accused of affectation, while in fact he is only unaffectedly eccentric and original. His intellect is keen, philosophical and lofty; his learning is immense; his imagination is vast and overpowering: but his knowledge lies in chaotic magnitude and singularity, and his spirit often expands into boundless air, and loses itself in shadowy clouds. His most attractive qualities of mind, however, are genuine humour and affectionate sensibility: and in his novels, he often reminds us of the charming simplicity and naiveté of our own Goldsmith. Mr. Carlisle's specimens of his tales are exceedingly well chosen to familiarize the reader with the most captivating qualities of his mind. One of the little novels in this volume, is the 'Army Chaplain Schmelzle's Journey to Flætz,'—a most humorous auto-biography of an habitual coward, who, with a perpetual vaunting of his courage, trembles at every step of his course through life. The other tale, which makes up the contents of the volume, is the 'Life of Quintus Fixlein.' This piece merely recounts the struggles of a poor clerical student, whose aspirations are directed to, and finally gratified by, his induction to a country living, and marriage with the object of his affection. The whole story is full of the quiet domestic interest that belongs to our English novel of middle life.

It is much to be regretted, that the difficulties of rendering John Paul are almost insuperable. In fact, much of his language is quite untranslateable; and its perplexities to a foreigner may be conceived, when it is known that a German lexicon of 'the unusual modes of speech which occur in his writings,' has been an acceptable present to his native readers! We can, therefore, well make allowances for the embarrassment which Mr. Carlisle has suffered in this part of his task: but he certainly does appear to us to have, in some instances, left his text in needless obscurity.

Thus, he often permits a term to remain in the original unexplained, the import of which he might readily have stated. For instance (p. 129), what can the English reader understand by Rittmeisterinn? The German scholar, who, of course, knows that Rittmeister means a captain of cavalry, and that the additional *inn* changes the sex, (as in könig, king, königinn, queen), is at once struck with the quaintness and drollery of the title; but this is lost upon the uninitiated. Again (p. 132), Mr. Carlisle renders the passage, that Zobedäus could never enter in his note book the name of a person of quality, without writing an H for Herr, before it. Now, even those of our countrymen who know that the word Herr means Sir, or Mr., will scarcely, without an explanation, understand it in the aristocratic force which a German assigns to it, especially if it be preceded by the *von*. In another place, by the way, Mr. Carlisle gives *your grace* for Euer Gnaden, which simply means *your honour*, or *your ladyship*; and, mirabile dictu, the author of *Vivian Grey*, going a step farther in absurd blundering, renders the same term by *your highness*, and actually makes the servant so address him throughout the whole book! To return to Mr. Carlisle, why has he (p. 137,) manufactured the clumsy compound, *address-calendar*, for a word which signifies only a *directory*? and why, in the next page, and passim, has he not rendered hammerherrs and räths, (hammerherren and räthe he should have said, if he desired to retain the real German plural,) by the obvious English substitutes of chamberlains and counsellors? How is the English reader to comprehend these untranslated German titles?

The fourth and last of these volumes before us, contains only the Wilhelm Meister's Travels of Göthe, introduced as usual by a biographical sketch of that celebrated writer. The tale is well known. The biographical essay is really a composition of great merit. It is valuable, not so much for the incidents related in the life of Göthe: for it is, in so far, only a very meagre and unsatisfactory abridgment of his auto-biography, of which a translation (not a good one,) has already been made through a French version into English. But the recommendation of the essay before us, is its sound and judicious criticism, not only upon the writings of Göthe himself, but upon the age or school of German literature, of which he has been the principal creator. To one passage in particular, from this essay, we would fain give place for its able developement of that revolution in German literature, of which, as is justly observed, the writings of Göthe were among the prominent causes, or at least, the earliest signals.

'The works just mentioned (Gotz von Berlichingen, and the Sorrows of Werter), though noble specimens of youthful talent, are still not so much distinguished by their intrinsic merits, as by their splendid fortune. It would be difficult to name two books which have exercised a deeper influence on the subsequent literature of Europe, than these two performances of a young author; his first fruits, the produce of his twenty-fourth year.

Werter appeared to seize the hearts of men in all quarters of the world, and to utter for them the word which they had long been waiting to hear. As usually happens, too, this same word once uttered was soon abundantly repeated; spoken in all dialects, and chanted through all the notes of the gamut, till at length the sound of it had grown a weariness rather than a pleasure. Sceptical sentimentality, view-hunting, love, friendship, suicide, and desperation, became the staple of literary ware; and though the epidemic, after a long course of years, subsided in Germany, it re-appeared with various modifications in other countries; and everywhere abundant traces of its good and bad effects are still to be discerned. The fortune of *Berlichingen with the Iron Hand*, though less sudden, was by no means less exalted. In his own country, *Götz*, though he now stands solitary and childless, became the parent of an innumerable progeny of chivalry plays, feudal delineations, and poetico-antiquarian performances; which, though long ago deceased, made noise enough in their day and generation: and with ourselves, his influence has been perhaps still more remarkable. Sir Walter Scott's first literary enterprise was a translation of *Götz von Berlichingen*: and if genius could be communicated like instruction, we might call this work of Goethe's the prime cause of *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, with all that has followed from the same creative hand. Truly, a grain of seed that has lighted in the right soil! For if not firmer and fairer, it has grown to be taller and broader than any other tree; and all the nations of the earth are still yearly gathering of its fruit.

'But overlooking these spiritual genealogies, which bring little certainty and little profit, it may be sufficient to observe of *Berlichingen* and *Werter*, that they stand prominent among the causes, or, at the very least, among the signals, of a great change in modern literature. The former directed men's attention with a new force to the picturesque effects of the past; and the latter, for the first time, attempted the more accurate delineation of a class of feelings, deeply important to modern minds; but for which our elder poetry offered no exponent, and perhaps could offer none, because they are feelings that arise from passion incapable of being converted into action, and belong chiefly to an age as indolent, cultivated, and unbelieving, as our own. This, notwithstanding the dash of falsehood which may exist in *Werter* itself, and the boundless delirium of extravagance which it called forth in others, is a high praise which cannot justly be denied it. The English reader ought also to understand that our current version of *Werter* is mutilated and inaccurate: it comes to us through the all-subduing medium of the French; shorn of its caustic strength; with its melancholy rendered maudlin; its hero reduced from the stately gloom of a broken-hearted poet to the tearful wrangling of a dyspeptic tailor.

'One of the very first to perceive the faults of these works, and the ridiculous extravagance of their imitators, was Goethe himself. In this unlooked-for and unexampled popularity, he was far from feeling that he had attained his object: this first out-pouring of his soul had calmed its agitations, not exhausted or even indicated its strength; and he now began to see afar off a much higher region, as well as glimpses of the track by which it might be reached. To cultivate his own spirit, not only as an author, but as a man; to obtain dominion over it, and wield its resources as instruments in the service of what seemed good and beautiful, had been his

object more or less distinctly from the first, as it is that of all true men in their several spheres. According to his own deep maxim, that "Doubt of any sort can only be removed by action," this object had now become more clear to him; and he may be said to have pursued it to the present hour, with a comprehensiveness and unwearied perseverance, rarely, if ever, exemplified in the history of such a mind.'—vol. iv., pp. 5—8.

We can only further afford a few words upon the general manner in which Mr. Carlisle has executed his design. That his tales are in general exceedingly well and fluently translated, is the least part of the praise which is due to him. For he has in truth brought to his task a very considerable acquaintance with German literature, and a thorough conception of its peculiar spirit. His criticisms are always lively, acute, and intelligent, and not unfrequently both profound and judicious. But he certainly succeeds best in his biographical pieces; and observing the animation and vigour with which he knows how to carry us forward, and amuse us at every step, through the lives of his heroes, we really would recommend him to pursue biography as a department of literary composition, for which he has evidently a particular talent. In giving only a secondary degree of applause to his critical ability, our application is qualified by observing, that he has often refined, and as it were, idealized his subject too eagerly. Perhaps this has been a natural consequence of his recent studies; and in burying his mind deeply in the thoughts of German philosophers, critics and commentators, he has steeped it in not a little of the national spirit of mysticism.

He is too prone to "energise;" and he indulges this disposition sometimes with a vengeance, by the fracturing of our old language, and the propelling together of all sorts of odd compounds and novel phrases. Indeed, of his style altogether, we are sorry to say that we can by no means approve; it is at once preposterously ornamented, and unpardonably careless. His periods sparkle with lively illustrations, and are bedecked with every variety of tropes and figures; but these appear often as ill-assorted and mixed metaphors, and may be likened to parti-coloured ribbands, strewed over an under dress of incongruous hues and unseemly negligence. The whole appearance, therefore, is one of tawdry finery, not of chastened simplicity or appropriate and consistent elegance. We mention these palpable marks of bad taste in Mr. Carlisle's composition, not in ill-natured censure, but for friendly admonition; because, while they disfigure the attraction and injure the value of his thoughts, a recurrence of such faults may be easily avoided; and because we have conceived a very favourable opinion of the qualities of his mind, and would willingly caution him against suffering a few blemishes of mannerism to interfere with the free exercise, and advantageous exhibition, of no ordinary talents.

Art. II. *Coleccion de los Viages y Descubrimientos que hicieron por mar los Espanoles desde fines del Siglo XV., con varios documentos meditos, coordinata é ilustrada* por D. Martin, F. de Navarrete. De Orden de su Magestad: Madrid en la Imprenta Real, 1825. Vol. i. & ii. 4to.

In the number of this journal for January last, the work now before us was briefly noticed*, as one replete with curious matter, the greater part of which had hitherto lain concealed in the royal archives of Spain. Since then a respectable contemporary, the Quarterly Review, has adverted to the subject, but in so compendious and cursory a manner, that we are quite confident the intelligent reader will feel obliged to us for introducing him more fully to the contents of these two volumes.

They are intended to afford a complete view of the discoveries made by the Spaniards since the close of the fifteenth century. Of course, the chief portion of them refers to Colombo's intrepid and successful enterprises. Little new light is shed on his early career farther than this—that he went to settle at Lisbon about the year 1470, where he married Doña Felipa Muniz, whose father Bartolomé was attached to the household of the Infante Don Juan of Portugal. Bartolomé was also a navigator, and went with a colony to the island of Puerto Santo. After his death, his widow gave the use of his papers, charts, and instruments, to her son-in-law, who visited the island of Madeira. It appears, that in consequence of the information which these papers afforded him, Colombo offered his services to the court of Portugal, for undertaking further discoveries to the westward; and we have a curious epistle, addressed to him at Lisbon, by Paolo Toscanelli, a celebrated astronomer of the day, dated Florence, 25th June, 1474, in which, knowing Colombo's earnest desire to sail in quest of the regions where the spices grow, the writer sends him a copy of a letter he had written some time before to Canon Martinez, a confidential person of the king of Portugal, stating his opinion, that the direct westward track from Lisbon to the Spice islands, and other Indian coasts, must be shorter than that from Lisbon to the coast of Guinea; and accompanying his assertion by a chart of his own composition, with the track marked upon it. "Do not be surprised, observes Toscanelli, that I call *Ponente* the lands where the spices grow, which commonly are called *Levante*, because those who sail to the west will find those places in that direction, whilst those who proceed eastward by land, will meet them in the east."

However, Colombo did not succeed with the court of Portugal, and he was even obliged, it appears, to escape precipitately from that country about the year 1484, the reason of which is not

* *See the M. R.* p. 109, vol. iv.

stated; and he retired to Andalusia. Having afterwards asked of the king of Portugal a *sauf conduit* to return to Lisbon, the king, Don Joham, wrote to him, at Seville, a kind letter, dated 20th March, 1488, saying that he would be pleased to see him, being acquainted with his zeal for his service, and that affairs should be settled to his satisfaction.

Whether Colombo accepted or not of this invitation, we have not been able to ascertain; but we find him in the years 1487, 88, and 89, at Seville, where it appears, by several documents, that various sums of money were paid to him by order of queen Isabella, at different periods, till the year 1492, apparently for his support and encouragement in his views of preparing for a voyage of discovery. The Duke of Medinaceli, a great nobleman in Andalusia, had become acquainted with Colombo in 1484, when the latter was a refugee from Portugal: the Duke kept him two years near his person, and intended at one time to have sent him with an expedition on his own account from Port St. Mary's; but thinking afterwards the undertaking more fit for a Sovereign, he wrote to the Queen, and sent Colombo to her, requesting that if the expedition were to take place, he, the Duke, should have a share in it; and that it should sail from, and return to, the port just mentioned. The consequence was, that Colombo, from the year 1486, was taken into the Queen's service, and received a salary; but the final determination was deferred until after the taking of Grenada, into which city their Catholic Majesties entered in January, 1492.

At last, on the 17th of April, 1492, an agreement was entered into between their majesties and Colombo, by which the latter was to have the title of Almirante and Viceroy of the lands which he was to discover, and also *the tenth part of the profits to be derived* either from the discovery of precious metals, stones, &c., or from the selling or exchanging of goods; and on the 30th of the same month, this agreement was sanctioned by letters patent.

The various narratives of the four voyages of Colombo, are contained in the first volume of the present collection. The second volume consists entirely of detached documents connected with those transactions. Colombo's narratives are of a piece with his character,—plain, unassuming matter of fact statements, intermixed with religious feelings, which gave to his firmness and courage additional strength. We pass over his two first voyages, as they contain few particulars which are not already known. His third voyage was undertaken in 1498. He sailed from San Lucar, and steered direct for the Caribbee Islands; he made Trinidad, and discovered the main land of Cumana, and the mouths of the great Oronoco river: amidst which, curiously enough, he thought he had found the site of the primitive Eden! He thence repaired to Hispaniola, where those troubles began which pursued him almost *during the* remainder of his life.

And here we think Mr. Navarrete has, in a great measure, succeeded in exculpating Ferdinand and Isabella from the charge of ingratitude to Colombo, which has been rashly and intemperately brought against them by several modern writers. Colombo had been rewarded in a generous manner for his services; the greatest confidence was reposed in him by the king, as is proved by his letters; his sons were made pages to the queen; he was authorised to create a mayorazgo in his family, which was thus ennobled; he had privileges and emoluments bestowed on him in his newly discovered countries; he was entrusted with an ample and high command; the kindest and most flattering expressions were addressed to him by the two monarchs, when on a sudden a storm arose, which obscured the whole course of his fortunes.

Colombo found the colony which had been already settled at Hispaniola, in a state of great confusion, and he seems to have been either unable or unfit to restore order. It must be admitted that he had exceeded his powers, that he had made slaves of the Indians, and sent them to Spain to be sold, and that he suspended the salaries and allowances of many of the officers and settlers. Hence reclamations were made against him numerous and loud; the colony was threatened with utter anarchy and destruction; numbers of persons who returned to Spain from Hispaniola, complained of Colombo's overbearing and arbitrary conduct, of his ambition, injustice, and insatiable love of money. The disappointed complainants beset the ministers and the king himself; they demanded the arrears of their allowances, which had been stopped by the admiral; a crowd of them assembled in the Alhambra of Grenada, and pressing round the king, made the place resound with their vociferations; and went so far as to insult the sons of Colombo, who were employed in the royal palace, about their majesties' persons. Yet Ferdinand paused a long time before he took any measure against his favourite admiral, and it was only in May, 1499, that he determined on sending an officer, with the title of *juez perquisitor*, to investigate the causes of the prevailing discontent. The king's choice fell on the commander Bobadilla, an old servant of the crown, and a man, till then, of high character. On Bobadilla's arrival at Hispaniola, he found the disturbances nearly quelled, but his appearance was the signal for the discontented to raise fresh outcries against the admiral, whom they called *a foreigner*. The new judge, surrounded by partial accusers, and perhaps not a little stimulated by his own ambition and cupidity, acted with great harshness towards the admiral and his brother, seized upon their house and property, put them in chains, and sent them to Spain. On their arrival at Cadiz, however, in November 1500, they were immediately released by order of their majesties, who were then at Grenada; a supply of money was sent to them, and they were invited to appear at court, where they were received most kindly, and were expressly informed that the treat-

ment which they had suffered had been the very reverse of t majesties' intentions. Bobadilla being recalled, Don Nichola Ovando was sent as governor-general, ad interim, with Colom consent; and in September 1501, orders were given that the miral's property should be restored to him. He was, moreo indemnified for his losses, the contracts he had made were c firmed, and in short, he was reinstated in all his privileges emoluments, except the governorship*. It is a remarkable cumstance, however, that the inquests taken, and the deposit forwarded against him, were hushed up, and not made pub and that he does not appear ever to have solicited, as he mi have done, to be tried, or confronted with his accusers, in or that he might clear himself from the charges of his accusers. historian Oviedo remarks, on this subject, " that the real moti of the imprisonment of the admiral remained secret, because king and queen preferred to have him discharged, rather t severely treated."

The account of the fourth or last voyage of Colombo, is p ceded by a copy of the instructions drawn out by the king, for admiral's guidance. Among other things, Colombo was desi not to interfere with the colony of Hispaniola, the scene of former broils, nor even to touch, or at least linger, on its sho He was also forbidden to make slaves of the Indians, but was o to take with him such as would willingly attend him. He set in May, 1502, on this new expedition, during which he discove the coast of Nicaragua, and landed at the Rio de Veragua, wh he was unsuccessful in his attempt at forming a settlement. have among the narratives, two accounts of those transactio The first was written by Diego de Porres, a member of the ex dition. He states briefly, that Colombo having entered the ri which he named Santa Maria de Belem, was well received by people, andthat the cacique informed the Spaniards where the mi lay, and even sent two of his sons to point them out. "We foun says Diego, " many mines already opened by the Indians, who here very skilful in the art of extracting the precious metals; in day we gathered several ounces of gold, without any instrument He then proceeds to state, that in consequence of an attempt wh was made by the admiral, to seize the cacique and his children, camp of the Spaniards was attacked, several of the men w wounded, and they found it necessary, after burning two of th ships which became unserviceable, to make the best of their w to Hispaniola.

We have another account of this disgraceful affair, from the of Diego Mendez, who was a principal actor in it, and who appe to have enjoyed the admiral's peculiar confidence. His narrat is extracted, oddly enough, from his will, in which he bequea

* See documents in vol. ii., p. 274, &c.

his heir his yet unrequited claims for his services in the expe-
on under Colombo. He states that, while the expedition was
the Rio de Belem, a great number of Indians from another
rict assembled in the neighbourhood, giving out that they
come to join those of Veragua, to fight against the natives of
rava Auriva.

But,' says Mendez, '*I believed them not*, and thought they had
mbled to burn our ships and kill us all; upon which supposition the
iral ordered me to go and explore. I went accordingly, with one single
panion, to the cacique's habitation, and was met by the chief's son,
roughly opposed my progress, asking me what I wanted with his
er? I said that I was a physician, but the young Indian would not be
uaded. I, seeing that by this means I could not pacify him, took out
my pocket a comb, scissors, and looking glass, and I told my com-
ion, Escobar, to comb and cut my hair. At the sight of this, the
que's son, and the other Indians present, looked astonished and dis-
ed; I told Escobar to comb the cacique's son, and to cut his hair;
I gave him the comb, scissors, and glass, upon which he became
dly, and I asked him for something to eat. By his order, his people
bring some provisions, of which we cheerfully partook, and then we
them friends. I then returned on board, and made report to my lord
admiral, of all the occurrences.'—vol. i., p. 316.

ext morning, however, there was a council held on board, and
ombo having asked the opinion of Mendez, the latter said, that
cacique and the principal among his people must be seized, after
ch, the rest would be easily induced to submit. This barbarous
ncil was carried into effect; the cacique and most of his chiefs
their wives, children, and relatives, with all the principal men
heir race, were made prisoners; but while they were on the way
he ships the cacique escaped, through the fault of the man who
charge of him, and afterwards caused the Spaniards much in-
. The rains then came, and the Admiral sailed out, leaving
ndez on shore with seventy men. The latter had to resist the
cks of the justly irritated natives, and at last was glad to leave
ill-fated coast. The whole of Mendez' narrative is highly in-
sting for the tone of plain, blunt sincerity in which it is written,
as exhibiting the bold reckless spirit of an adventurer ready to
e his master *per fas per nefas*. Colombo seems to have well un-
tood and appreciated this man's character, for he gave him
er dangerous commissions to execute in the island of Cuba and
where.'

is curious to observe Colombo, the bold navigator, the deter-
ed and not over-scrupulous commander, the keen speculator who
ows so many praises on the great utility of gold,* now and then
d with a fit of devotional enthusiasm, fancying at one time that
ad discovered the primitive Eden, and at another, writing to

* Vol. i. p. 309. Carta de Colon.

a learned monk, Gorricio, about the end of the world being only one hundred and fifty years removed, and insisting that Jerusalem was soon to be delivered from the infidels; events which, in his excited fancy, he connects with his astonishing discoveries in the New World. He quotes the Bible, and several learned rabbis, in support of his prognostications. We have here also a letter of his to the Pope, which he wrote in February, 1502, before setting out on his fourth voyage, and in which he acquaints his holiness with his unexpected success. In several passages he expresses an honest and Christian belief, that he was an instrument in the hands of Providence, to carry the light of the Gospel to the New World. In his complaints about the affair of Bobadilla, he thus expresses himself:

'I have added to the dominions of their Catholic Majesties, more lands than Europe and Africa put together. I have withstood the offers of France, England, and Portugal, and have answered, that these lands belong to their majesties, *for here my Redeemer has sent me.* I have lost the best part of my life in this conquest; and I now find myself upon invidious and malicious charges deprived of all. . . .'—vol. ii., p. 254.

From his fourth voyage Colombo returned to Spain, in November, 1504, ill in health, and soon after queen Isabella his patroness, died. He survived her but a short time, and we have here a copy of his will, made on his death bed, at Valladolid, the 19th May, 1506, in which he describes himself under the high sounding title of 'Admiral, Viceroy, and Governor-General of the islands and continents of the Indies.' A few hours afterwards, these were all empty sounds!

Mr. Navarrete next passes in review the various Spanish writers who have treated of Colombo's discoveries, and of the early Spanish settlements in the New World. The first in order is Andres Bernaldes, rector of the Villa de los Palacios, who, in his *Historia de los Reyes Catolicos*, speaks of the great events of his time, Colombo's voyages and discoveries. The good cura knew Colombo personally, and among other things, speaking of the admiral's return to Castile after his second voyage, he states, that he was dressed in the garb of a monk of St. Francis, (one of those fits of devotion, we imagine, to which we have seen Colombo was subject), and that he had with him some Indians, whom he had taken away along with the cacique Caonoboa, to shew them to queen Isabel; the cacique himself, however, had died of grief at sea. The next writer is Pedro Martin de Angleria, also personally acquainted with Colombo, who wrote: *De rebus Oceanicis et orbe novo Decades tres.* The third is Don Hernando Colon, son of the admiral, who was only fourteen years of age when he accompanied his father in his fourth and last voyage. He wrote the history of the admiral, in Spanish, which was lost; but Alfonso de Ulloa wrote an Italian translation of it, and from it a retranslation into Spanish, carelessly executed, was published by Barcia.

Next, but perhaps first in celebrity as connected with Indian affairs, stands Father Bartolome de Las Casas, 'whose invectives against the conquerors, says Navarrete, have been the main foundation on which foreign writers have built their accounts of those early transactions.' Of Las Casas' various works, the most important is his *Historia general de las Indias*, in three parts or volumes, in which he treats of the discovery, conquest, and subsequent events in the New World, as far as the year 1520. These volumes, however, remain inedited; the two first (autograph) are preserved in the royal academy of history, and the third in the royal library.

'In this work,' says Mr. Navarrete, 'Las Casas has displayed vast erudition, mixed, however, with a disregard for temperance and discrimination which sometimes borders upon temerity. He had access to many original documents, which he has most carefully and scrupulously copied or extracted, and in these alone he is entitled to the highest credit and confidence. On this account, and for his having been present at many of the early expeditions and conquests, his authority has been followed by many subsequent writers, and among the rest by Antonio de Herrera, in his Decadas. He does not deserve so much credit when he relates from hearsay or from recollection; for as he began, as he himself says, to write his history in 1527, when he was fifty-three years of age, and did not complete it before 1559, when he was eighty-five; and as he confesses also that he wrote both *what he had seen and what he had not seen, but heard*, during sixty years of his life, it is not extraordinary that his memory should fail him, and that he should confound one event with the other, deviate from the order of chronology, and alter the real nature and connexion of cause and effect.'

Our editor after quoting instances of this incorrectness, proceeds in the following language, which must appear remarkable as coming from ultra Catholic Spain:

'To give an idea of the singular character of this writer (Las Casas), we must premise, that his system on the conquest of the New World reduced itself to this principle, viz.: that the authority of the pope *alone* could legally bestow on the Christian monarchs the sovereignty over the discovered lands, which was to be, however, but a limited and protected supremacy, leaving the native kings or chiefs in the possession of their own immediate authority over their subjects as before, this being the properest means to obtain the establishment of Christianity, an object, which, in Las Casas' judgment, *was the only argument or title that could be alleged in favour of conquest*. In short, evangelic mildness, charity, and pacific instruction, were the only arms to be employed in this *spiritual subjugation*. Consequently, whatever departs from this principle is in Las Casas' eyes a crime, an usurpation, a tyranny, a disorder.'

In seeing the good Las Casas' notions of public right thus severely commented upon by another Spanish clergyman, and a secretary of his Catholic Majesty, in the nineteenth century, many reflections on the contradictions of human opinions will present

themselves to the mind of the reader. One thing is evident, Las Casas was sincere in his faith, single hearted, and little acquainted with the secret springs of worldly affairs, otherwise he could never have fancied that the subjection of the New World, or of any country, could be effected by spiritual means alone; or rather that the Spaniards would be satisfied with these. Yet his was an amiable error—a delusion common to many high and generous minds of various communions, even in our own days. Exclusive religious studies but indifferently qualify a man to direct the intricate and jarring machinery of human interests and human passions: in this Mr. Navarrete is right—*he* knows men better; but as a matter of speculative opinion, Las Casas' simplicity is more attractive than his censor's worldly wisdom.

Another and a classical writer on Indian affairs is Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo, whose works are not yet wholly known to the public. The principal among them, viz. *La Historia natural y general de las Indias, islas y tierra firme del mar Oceano*, contains fifty books, and is divided into three parts; the first of which alone has been printed entirely, and afterwards reprinted with a comment, and also translated into Italian and French. Of the second part, the first book only has been printed; and the remaining books, as well as the whole of the third part, have remained inedited, although Charles III. ordered the whole to be printed. 'Oviedo,' says Navarrete, 'is a laborious diligent writer, very accurate, especially when treating of the epoch which followed that of Colombo, and with the events of which he was better acquainted than with the earlier times of the first discovery.' Oviedo was born in 1478, went in 1513 to Tierra Firme, as *veedor de las fundiciones de oro*, or inspector of the smelting of the gold; in 1519, he was lieutenant to Davila, in Darien, where he distinguished himself. In 1526 he was named governor and captain of the province of Carthagena, in Tierra Firme; and in 1535, alcalde of the fortress of St. Domingo, in Hispaniola. Afterwards, having returned to Spain, he was appointed *cronista general*, or historiographer of the Indies. He died at Valladolid in 1557, having been forty years in the king's service, thirty of which he passed in the Indies.

After this recapitulation of the old writers, contemporary with the discovery, Navarrete proceeds to argue, that it is from these the history of that period ought to be compiled. He then enters into a sort of apologetic disquisition on the conduct of the Spaniards at the conquest, in which it is no part of our business to follow him. Unfortunately, if we examine the history of the various European settlements in both worlds, there is enough to make us hold down our heads and blush for the sins of all and each. All were guilty: the guilt of the Spaniards appears more heinous and destructive, owing perhaps, in part, to the magnitude of their conquests. Some difference also ought to be made between the

various Spanish expeditions, and between their chiefs. The conquest of Mexico, by Cortez, is certainly divested, in a great measure, of the character of atrocity and iniquity which attaches itself to those of Pizarro and Almagro. When we think of the dreadful sacrifices of human victims immolated to the monstrous Mexican idols—when we reflect that the Mexican rulers were a race of usurpers—that Montezuma was a gloomy, cruel, and insidious tyrant, we cannot but rejoice in the success of Cortez. Conquest alone could extirpate the Juggernauts of the New World; and we may even allow, that humanity and civilization triumphed for once under the banners of ambition.

In conclusion, we must observe, that Mr. Navarrete appears to us to have acted his part with a certain dignified moderation; which is the more commendable, considering the quarter whence it proceeds. If he has not succeeded in making an impression in favour of Spain, he may console himself by reflecting, that the advocate is worthy of a better cause.

Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent: etiam hac defensa fuissent.

For our part, we have viewed this work in the light the editor himself professes to see it—as a series of valuable, authentic, historical documents, and as such we deem it highly important. We hope Mr. Navarrete may continue his task, and give us the third volume, which will contain the account of, and documents connected with, the conquest of Costa Firme and Florida; and the fourth volume, which will bring to our view Hernan Cortez and his little valiant band. Many valuable documents, as Mr. N. observes, have been lost, through neglect or accident*; others have been destroyed during the six years' war against the French; some have found their way to foreign lands. In the present state of Spain, too, it must be a great relief to a man of sense and taste, to withdraw himself from the hot-houses of faction and intrigue, and to retire to the peace of the libraries, to employ himself amid those splendid collections which are scattered about the Peninsula; and there, among the memorials of learning and departed worth, to gaze at the brilliant meteor of Spain's past glory—the glories of Castile and Aragon—to admire their chivalrous struggles against the children of Agar—to feed the mind on the records of the heroism, for that cannot be denied to them, of Cortez and of Pizarro—and to dwell on the remembrance of those times when "the sun never set on the dominions of the Spanish monarchy."

* Among the rest, the archives of the kingdom of Aragon, destroyed in the bombardment of Zaragoza, in January, 1809, and the library of the university and the archiepiscopal library of Valencia, burnt by the shells of the French under Suchet, in January, 1812. See Navarrete's illustrations to his introduction, v. i., p. 135, where he gives an enumeration of the precious manuscripts and other works thus lost to the world.

ART. III. *The Odd Volume. Third Edition.* 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* pp. 375. London: Longman & Co. 1827.
The Odd Volume. Second Series. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* pp. 381. London: Longman & Co. 1827.

IT would appear to have been the purpose of the author, or rather the authors, of these volumes, to get together as great a number of national tales as the limits of their plan would allow. With these they have mingled several traditions of the north of Europe. They appear, in truth, to be particularly erudite in the biography of every goblin of repute that has figured in Germany: they intermingle, without scruple, the familiar with the wild and wonderful: they produce the most fantastic combinations of the terrible and the jocular. Nature, however, is by no means neglected—a just regard is also paid to the laws of probability; and, save where a decent attention to the sorrows of others suspends it, a buoyant spirit generally pervades these stories, which gives them a charm beyond mere intricacy of plot, or even boldness and individuality of character.

The merit of which we now speak is particularly conspicuous in the 'Legends of Number-Nip.' These are constructed on some of the well-known exploits of that celebrated personage—a gnome of as wickedly humorous propensities as any fairy that ever sprung a mine beneath a hay-stack, or spitefully arrested an undershot-mill in any parish in Devonshire. The two first legends possess, to our taste, all the preternatural attractions of a well-appointed pantomime. The animated pumpkins—the intelligent caudle-cup, enact such wonders as a very considerable bounty only could ensure for a Christmas pageant at the most legitimate of our theatres. The Third Legend exhibits Number-Nip in the copious enjoyment of a sort of retributive freak on the person of a poor student in Silesia. Rolf, for so the young gentleman was called, had the ill luck to enter into a conspiracy against his professor, which succeeds in placing the worthy pedagogue in a situation too ridiculous to be patiently borne by all the philosophy that was ever acquired at a university. This was an infringement of his patent which Number-Nip was not Christian enough to forgive; but, for this turn, he gave the priority of vengeance to the degraded professor. Poor Rolf was expelled from the gymnasium; remittances from his distant friends were stopped; and he had now to meditate upon the way and the means of getting, not a theme, but a dinner for the day.

'Ruminating on this very interesting subject, he accidentally approached the market-place. The busy throng had dispersed. A few stragglers only remained, who with hungry eyes were viewing the tempting morsels. A sudden thought struck Rolf. He boldly advanced, and taking one of the people aside, whispered to him that he was sent at that quiet hour by the

celebrated Doctor Addlebrain, to purchase the tail and the two hind hoofs of an ox, as the doctor had discovered, that by calcining these substances along with the back bone of an ass, he would obtain a powder which would be an infallible cure for gout, palsy, pestilence, in short a panacea for every ill. Before taking out a patent for this wonderful discovery, the doctor wished to make a final experiment, and for that purpose had sent him to purchase the necessary articles. As the butcher was well aware that a gout-extirpating powder would be in great demand among the rich burgomasters, he was perfectly overjoyed at the news, and handled the before despised hoofs as if they were shod with gold and studded with nails of silver. He lugged out the whole assortment of tails, and entreated Rolf to take his choice.

'With a countenance of immovable gravity, Rolf examined and criticised them, and at length chose one of a jet black colour, with hoofs to suit. The rejected tails were laid carefully aside; Rolf's offered payment was declined; and the butcher, slipping a dollar into his hand, begged his interest with Doctor Addlebrain. Rolf gave him a patronising nod; and having packed his purchase, he took it up, and drawing his cloak over it, walked deliberately away.'—pp. 129, 130.

Thus equipped, Rolf betook him to the Golden Eagle, the supreme hotel of the town—there to accomplish one of the most astonishing feats of which impudence is capable—namely, to obtain a succession of such luxuries as supper, bed, and breakfast, each in its proper season; and, under the eyes of his landlord, to walk out of the house next morning without paying a farthing for his entertainment.

'Sounds of mirth and revelry were still heard in the inn of The Golden Eagle, when Rolf knocked loudly at the door, which noise brought out the portly landlord, and some of his satellites. The noble bearing of our student, his free and manly air, impressed mine host with the conviction that this new guest was one of Fortune's favoured sons, and already in imagination he fingered the ducats which he hoped would soon be transferred from the stranger's pocket into his own. Snatching up two wax candles, he stepped with officious zeal before the youth, and ushering him into a handsome apartment, offered to disencumber him of his cloak. Rolf waved him off with a haughty air, and in a deep and solemn tone pronounced the word, "Supper!"

'The obsequious landlord disappeared, but soon after returned, bearing a lordly dish of smoking viands, and followed by two domestics loaded with other delicacies. While the servants arranged the repast, Rolf patted his dog, (Number-Nip, who for a season assumed that shape), bestowing on him one or two muttered monosyllables of notice; and when all was announced to be ready, he placed himself at table, waved his hand, and said sternly, "Begone!" The landlord looked to the servants, and the servants to the landlord; but there could be no disputing with one who seemed accustomed to command, and without loss of time they all retired.

'So soon as the room was cleared, Rolf began to the repast, to which he did ample justice; he then gaily quaffed the generous wine, and finished this first act *of the farce* with smoking a cigar. At the first sound

of the bell, the obedient landlord started into the room. Rolf gave a long, loud yawn, which was enough for the observant Boniface, who, taking up a pair of candles, marshalled his silent guest into a commodious bed-chamber. Rolf flung himself carelessly on a couch, without noticing that the useful personage called Boots stood ready to receive his commands. His silent humour by this time being well known through the whole house, when he threw out a leg, our friend Boots thought it a signal for him to do his duty; and so anxious was he to show his zeal, in the hope of participating in the bounty of the stranger, Rolf's boot was half-way off before he seemed to know anything of the matter. The moment, however, he was aware of the transaction, he lent his officious valet such a hearty cuff, as sent him reeling to the other side of the room, and a single stamp of his foot, cleared it of all intruders. Rolf having fastened the door, indulged himself in an extravagant fit of laughter. Loud and long were the peals, which, contrasting so strangely with his previous taciturnity, froze the blood of every man, woman, and child, within the precincts of The Golden Eagle.

'Rolf went to bed, and slept soundly till a late hour, when he arose and equipped himself for the second act of the farce; which completed, he unfastened the door, rung the bell violently, then jumped again into bed, leaving one hoof peeping carelessly from under the bed-clothes. On a servant entering the room, Rolf called out, "Breakfast;" but so soon as the appalling sight met his eyes, the horror-struck domestic rushed down stairs, nor paused till he found himself in the kitchen, the door of which he bolted behind him.

'"What, in the name of wonder," exclaimed the landlady, "is the meaning of this uproar? You come tumbling in here as if Number-Nip were at your heels."

'"Talk not of heels!" ejaculated the servant; "talk not of heels—I say he hath hoofs!"

'"Who has hoofs, blockhead?" demanded the enraged landlady. "Hast been at the bottle already, sot? I must beat this evil practice out of you—a drunkard neglects every thing. Up, booby, and see what the stranger gentleman wants—don't you hear how furiously he is ringing? No one rings in the Golden Eagle in that manner without paying for it."

'"I will not hold converse with The Enemy," said the terrified domestic.

'"Dolt! fool! you shall be well punished for this freak. Go up instantly," bawled she to another servant, "and ask what the gentleman wants."

'The man obeyed; but by this time Rolf had both legs hanging out of bed, and his dog growled from beneath it. In a second the servant came back yelling with affright.

'"I think you are all possessed this morning; such conduct is enough to drive a woman distracted. Call in my husband."

'Boniface appeared, and the matter was laid before him. It might well have discomposed the equanimity of any host in the city to find a pair of unseemly hoofs in his very best bed; and accordingly this disapprobation showed itself in his bristling hair, pale cheek, and chattering teeth.

'"Heaven grant me patience!" exclaimed the wife. "Are you also frightened by a bugbear? Go up this moment, or ——"

'"*I am going*, my love; I am going. I only wait to change my coat, *and put on a better vest*, and ——"

'"Do you hear that, Nincompoop?" cried the Frau, as another peal rung in her ears. "Off with you this instant, before we are all deafened with the noise."

'"I am going, sweetest, but I must have all the servants with me. If our guest is the person I suspect him to be, he is accustomed to many attendants." Accordingly the whole posse was mustered. Boniface, in the humility of his heart, wished to resign the post of honour; but his troop used such *pressing* arguments to induce him to be their leader, it was quite impossible to resist them. He therefore stepped slowly on, followed by the three waiters, the hostlers, boots, the stable-boy, and the scullion, all holding by each other. The party paused at the back of the door to take breath, and there came another furious peal.

'They were just on the point of running down stairs, when the hostess thundered out, "What are you about there? must I come up?"

'Boniface cast a rueful glance at his followers, which was as much as to say, that will never do. A general groan attested their apprehension of her *weighty* arguments, and, driven to despair, Boniface boldly threw open the door.

'The stranger had now thrust out of bed not only two hoofs, but a long black tail, which he whisked about in a paroxysm of rage; and had anything been wanting to complete their consternation, it was supplied by Number-Nip, who, counterfeiting the utmost degree of canine vociferation, sprung towards the door. It was too much—the whole troop faced about, and in their flight Boniface fell upon the waiters, they on the hostlers, the hostlers on boots, boots on the stable-boy, who overset the scullion, and they all rolled down stairs, fighting and scuffling who should get first into the kitchen. Three stuck in the door-way, but were quickly dislodged by their compeers behind, and they all bolted into the kitchen, and barricadoed the door behind them.

'Consternation reigned in the inn of the Golden Eagle, from the cellar to the garret. The guests were all ringing to know the cause of the uproar. The landlady railed at the servants, who refused to leave their entrenchment; and Boniface prudently counterfeited a swoon, from which all the kicks and cuffs plentifully bestowed on him by his active spouse failed to recall him. At length snatching up a tray, and exclaiming, "Should he be the devil himself he shall have his breakfast, if he pays for it," this termagant boldly marched up stairs.

'On reaching the apartment, she found her guest seated at table waiting for breakfast, who, after paying her the compliments of the morning, with grave courtesy, motioned her to set down the repast. The landlady obeyed, and in doing so, glanced under the table; but nothing was to be seen there, except a pair of very handsome unbooted legs. Under pretext of adjusting the window-curtains, she made a detour to the rear, but with no better success; and she then walked down stairs, thoroughly persuaded that all those marvellous stories had originated in the ale flagon.

'Having finished breakfast, Rolf slowly descended the stairs, and at the same moment the carriage of the proud and rich Baroness Liebenstein drove up to the door. Instantly all was bustle within The Golden Eagle. Out rushed the landlady, the waiters, and the hostlers; and into the kitchen stepped Rolf, with purse in hand. Boniface stood trembling be-

fore him. His profferred payment was timidly rejected; and in a voice almost inaudible from agitation, Boniface begged him to accept of his poor entertainment, adding, that he considered the honour of his company sufficient compensation. "Nay, nay," quoth Rolf, advancing as the other retreated, "this must not be. At least accept of this purse—you know not how much it will oblige me,"

'"Heaven defend me! Tempt me not! Avaunt, I say!" cried the horror-struck landlord. But on observing our hero's well-feigned astonishment, dropping on his knees, he added, "Your excellency must excuse me; I am under a vow not to touch money this blessed day."

'"Nay, then, there is no help for it," said Rolf with the utmost urbanity; "but henceforth you may rely on my patronage;" saying which, he gaily bade good morning, and left the house, leaving Boniface cursing the hour he entered it.'—pp. 130—137.

The remaining portion of this story does not equal, in comic force, the scene which we have just been laughing at. The embarrassments into which the student is drawn by the unrelenting Number-Nip, are certainly very inconvenient for the time; but he is finally removed from them and restored to happiness.

Differing essentially from these stories, in structure and execution, the 'Widow's Nuptials' calls forth all our tenderest sympathies. The plot is a common one, but it is managed in the detail with a spirit and originality, which communicate their character to the whole frame-work of the piece. It reminds the reader forcibly of the tragedy of Isabella; and, as is the case in that drama, calamity here accumulates on calamity until the mind is painfully filled by a climax of disasters. The whole tale is written with remarkable energy. If we were captiously disposed, we might object to the title of 'The Widow's Nuptials,' as it leads to the expectation that the marriage ceremony is to produce either the catastrophe, or at least some important event in the story. This, however, is not the case. The widow is married in the usual way, and nothing of consequence occurs to any party until long after the period of the 'nuptials.'

The second series contains five tales, and two dramatic pieces. Of the latter we may charitably say, that their briefness forms one of the most acceptable qualities which they possess. This volume will, we think, be considered inferior, though in a moderate degree, to its predecessor. It is wholly destitute of those pieces of a purely humorous character in which the forte of at least one of the authors chiefly lies. The first tale, 'Mrs. Margaret Twinstoun,' derives its materials from an interesting epoch of Scottish history—the period that is cotemporary with the reign of our Elizabeth—when such was the barbarous spirit which animated the Caledonian nobles, that all their exercises were rendered subservient to the gratification of personal revenge; and when even the authority of the court was exercised in vain, to curb the excesses into which that passion constantly urged them against each other. The story

itself scarcely rises above the level of an ordinary love-plot. The characters are, however, boldly displayed, and disposed so as to constitute a very striking and faithful picture of peculiar, and happily obsolete, manners. The 'Elopement,' and 'Augustus Ehrman,' are very pleasant characteristic stories of German life. But the palm of superiority must be adjudged to the tale of the 'Newhaven Pilot.' The lives of most of that amphibious race who dwell near the coast, often present circumstances of adventure, and of danger, highly calculated to command our sympathies. An attractive story of maritime calamity and vicissitude is, therefore, very much within the compass of ordinary abilities. But in the tale before us, the usual resources of common minds, when they are directed to such a quarter for their materials, are altogether dispensed with, and the interest which we feel throughout the story, arises more from the regard we are induced to entertain for the persons of the actors themselves, than from any hold upon our curiosity which the plot intrinsically possesses. Indeed, the whole of that interest is made to concentrate in Hans Muller, a young adventurous Dane, bold and daring, hearty and frolicsome, and not the less susceptible of the influence of love, because he defied all other sorts of power. The details of Muller's off-hand, sailor-like mode of making love, and Peggy Jarvies's course of tactics—now resolutely defending the garrison, then parleying with, and finally capitulating to, the besieger, together with an account of the tricks and stratagems that were put in practice to separate the lovers, constitute all the material business of this excellent composition. The character of Hans is very ably drawn; that of Peggy is likewise most delicately sketched: we shall extract the scene of their opening courtship:—

'"May I come in, pretty Peggy?" said Hans, as he stood one day at the door of Philip's dwelling.

'"You're kindly welcome," said Peggy; though I'm feared you will weary, for baith my father and Willie are at the fishing, and my mother is up at the town; but ye may come in, if you like." And Hans, so invited, followed Peggy into the kitchen.

'"We're baking the day," said Peggy, as soon as Hans had seated himself. "I fancy ye never saw a farle o' cake in Norroway; ye will be strange to our customs."

'"I think I should soon learn them," replied her lover.

'"I doubt ye," said Peggy, with a saucy smile; "but if ye want to learn, ye may begin wi' toasting the cakes, and see ye dinna let them burn."

'A cake was quickly placed on the girdle, and Hans watched and turned it at the proper moment; and when sufficiently done, deposited it in safety on the shelf.

'"You see how useful I could be in a house, Peggy, my dear," said Hans.

'"Ye had better no be bragging ower soon; we will see how ye come on wi' this ane."

'Hans continued to watch the cake for a few minutes; but soon for-

getting his duty, he turned to Peggy, saying,—" I don't think I will go back to Copenhagen; I've a good mind to stay in this country.—What would you advise?"

' " I dinna ken."

' " You won't say then, Peggy, that you want me to stay?"

' " Me want you to stay!" she replied, with all the coquetry of her sex.—" What puts that in your head?"

' " Come now, Peggy," said Hans, " don't teaze me.—Why won't you speak your mind? You know you told me the other night, you never would have Jamie Renton."

' " Ay; but maybe I may change my mind and tak my word again, for Jamie was up here last night."

' " Farewell then, Peggy," exclaimed Hans, as he strode indignantly to the door.

' " But," said Peggy, " I sent him awa' as douff as he came."

' " Oh, Peggy," said Hans, quickly returning to the provoking merry girl, " why won't you give me a kind word?"

' " Ye weel deserve that indeed! only look at the gude cake burnt as black as the crown o' your hat."

' " Give it to Wolfgang," said Hans, " he will find no fault with the colour."

' " I may as weel gie it to the puir thing; but what would my mother say to see such waistrie?" And she stooped down and stroked the long hair of Wolfgang.

' " Ah, Peggy! I see you know the old saying,—' Love me, love my dog.' "

' " I wouldna wonder, if he turned out the best o' the twa; but stand out o' my road till I put on this cake, for my baking mauna be stopped this way by a glaiket callant."

' " You must let me try again," said Hans.—But Peggy refused, and Hans persisted; and in the midst of a laughing struggle, Nanny Tod bounced in, crying out—" My word, but you twa are plying bonnie pliskies. I wonder, Peggy, what your father would say to see ye sae furthy wi' a lad that's amaist a stranger i' the place, and his very dog worrying your mother's gude cakes.—Jamie Renton had need to look about him."

' " What do you want?" said Peggy, with some spirit in her voice and manner.

' " I cam' up too see if I could get the lend o' your brass pan to boil some berries; but I fancy I maun wait till Effie comes in, as ye are far ower thrang to speak to me—so I'll just sit down and rest a we."

' With the friendly intention of watching the lovers, she was in the act of taking possession of a seat, when Hans giving a hint to Wolfgang, he sprung upon Nanny, and in a moment tore away the half of her upper petticoat.

' " The sorra tak the brute," cried she; " he deserved to be brained. What maks him rive folk's claes that gate?"

' " My good woman," said Hans, " my dog can't endure the sight of a yellow petticoat."

' " What the mischief," cried Nanny, in a rage, " is it to him, whether my coat is green or yellow?"

'"Dear me, Nanny," said Effie, who entered at this moment, "what's a' this din about?"

'"Din!" she replied; "it sets ye ill to speak o' din when your dochter and this Norroway lad hae been making a skirling like the Bars o' Ayr.—Troth, Effie, it's a friend's advice,—tak Peggy, up to the town wi' you."

'"What's this I hear, Peggy?" said Effie, in an angry tone.

'"Now, mother, dinna be angry wi' me, for we were only laughing at the burning o' a farle o' cake."

'"Aweel, my bairn, I believe ye; ye'll be douce enough in time.—What was't ye were wanting, Nanny?" continued she;—and Nanny, having obtained her request, went off, in a very sulky humour, to repair the breach made in her apparel by Wolfgang.

'"Now, bairns," said Effie, gravely, "I'm sorry to think that ye hae gi'en that lang-tongued randy ony occasion to speak ill o'ye; for I ken, if your father hear o't, Peggy, Hans will be forbidden ever to set his foot within the door."

'"My good mother," said Hans, "do speak to your husband to let me have Peggy for a wife."

'"Whisht, whisht, laddie, it's out o' a' reason for twa such young creatures to be tkinking o' marriage; and forbye, I ken Philip winna gie Peggy to ony but a Newhaven lad, and ye belang, Hans, to anither country, and would be for taking Peggy awa' amang your ain friends."

'"If that is all," rejoined Hans, eagerly, "I will swear never to leave this country; I have no friends in Copenhagen that I care much about—and as my father left me a good many dollars, I can marry when I like, without being a burthen upon any one."

'"Weel, weel," replied Effie, somewhat mollified by the mention of the dollars, "keep yourselves quiet for a while, and if Philip comes round I'll no hinder you frae pleasing yoursels."

'Hans was forced to content himself for the present with this portion of encouragement, and finding that Effie meant to remain at home, and that there was no chance of another *tete-à-tête*, he returned to see how Captain Schroeder had been during his absence.—2d series, pp. 227—231.

In the like successful manner is the whole tale executed. Considered as a narrative, or as a development of a particular class of national traits, it has nothing to dread from the competition of any existing writer. The tale of 'The Three Sons,' with which the volume concludes, is a translation from the German of Brachmann. From the elegance of its style, and the variety and attraction of its incidents, it is well worthy of forming a part of the contents of the 'Odd Volume:' nor is it an ordinary degree of merit which should entitle it to that distinction.

Art. IV. *Précis del'histoire des Tribunaux Secrets dans le Nord de l'Allemagne; conténant des Recherches sur l'origine des Cours Wehmiques; sur leur durée, leur influence, l'etendu de leur jurisdiction, et leur procedures inquisitoriales.* Par A Loeve Veimars. 12mo. pp. 306. Paris, Carez; 1824. London: Treuttel & Wurtz.

This work contains a succinct and clear account of the institutions called the *Wehmic Tribunals*, which were established in Germany

during the middle ages, and obtained both extensive judicial authority, and great political influence. They formed a numerous and powerful body. Its higher members were called Illuminés; an appellation which some centuries afterwards was given to an association of a very different character. The Wehmic Tribunals were followed by the Tungen bund. The later Illuminés pretended to a much more ancient origin than the Wehmic. With these Illuminés we shall therefore begin; then proceed to the Wehmic; and from those, to the Tungen bund.

Great political events are produced sometimes by one, sometimes by many causes: these are sometimes visible, sometimes concealed; they have sometimes a certain, sometimes a fortuitous operation. Many circumstances announced the French Revolution; they were perceived by several wise and discerning spirits; but most attributed them to causes which had no influence in producing it.

Some ascribed the Revolution to the Illuminés of Germany,—an assemblage of persons scattered over that spacious territory; a few of them possessed talent and information; the generality were slight men and very wrong-headed.

It was said that they derived their origin from the higher lodges of the Freemasons. According to the advocates of this opinion, Freemasonry was imported from the east into Europe, by the Knights Templar. The Freemasons descended from the Manicheans, who had fled to Egypt and Asia, to avoid the imperial edicts by which their sects were persecuted. The tenets of their creed had been professed by a respectable portion of men in every age; that creed consisted of a perfect system of Deism, and high notions of the liberty and equality of all mankind. It is said that, at the building of the Temple of Solomon, these tenets were professed, but in different degrees, by the workmen employed in its construction. *Adoniram*, their grand master, divided the workmen into three classes—apprentices, fellows, and masters: he gave to all of them words and signs, which enabled them to recognise those who worked in the construction of the temple from all others; and gave to each class words and signs which enabled the members to recognise the workmen of their own class. "Liberty and equality," were watch words common to all: the word '*Jehovah*,' was communicated only to masters of the highest rank, and denoted pure Deism, and the absolute independence of the members, to whom it was given, on every temporal and ecclesiastical institution. It is further said, that in consequence of the ravages of the Saracens, the word 'Jehovah' was in danger of being lost; that, to preserve its existence for happier times, it had been engraved on three stones, which were buried in the earth, and subsequently discovered by the Knights Templar, under a sacred edifice in Jerusalem, and taken by them into Europe. On the extinction of the order of the Knights Templar, some of its members carried the stones, *on which the word* 'Jehovah,' was engraved, and the doctrines im-

ported by it, into Scotland. Those who received the doctrines were formed into bands called, 'the Scottish Lodges.' Further revelations were successively made to certain members of those lodges, the first order of such members were called *Rosicrusians;* the next, *Knights of the Sun;* and the third, *Kadocks.* The word, 'Jehovah' was assigned to all the Scottish Lodges; but among the Rosicrusians, the Knights of the Sun, and the Kadocks, the word *Inri,* composed of the capital letters in the inscription upon the cross of Christ, was substituted for the word 'Jehovah' and denoted atheism and a more perfect and active independence on constituted authorities. Both the inferior and superior Scottish lodges were imported from Scotland into France, and from France into Germany. *Adam Weishaupe,* of unknown, but probably German, extraction, formed them into a general body, called 'the ILLUMINES,' who corresponded and co-operated with the French lodges of Masons; and their correspondences and co-operations, we are told, produced the French Revolution.

Such is the account given of the establishment and effects of Illuminism, by the *Abbé Barruel,* in his *Memoirs pour servir a l'histoire du Jacobinisme*;* and by professor Robinson, in his "*Proofs of a Conspiracy against the Church and State.*"

In this account there is a great mixture of truth and fiction; but the latter generally preponderates. Passing over all that it says of the temple of Solomon, its workmen, and the mystic stones, as an anile fable, we shall offer some observations on what is said in it of the *Manicheans.* This celebrated sect arose from an attempt made by Manes, a native of Persia, in the third century, to engraft upon the Gospel the Persian system of "the two principles;"—one of them eternally and sovereignly good; the other, eternally and sovereignly evil. The soul, and whatever is derived from it, they considered to proceed from the former; the body, and whatever is derived from the body, they considered to proceed from the latter. To the body, and therefore to the evil principle, they ascribed the great inequality of property and rank among mankind.

The Manicheans were persecuted both by the Greek and Latin Emperors; numbers of them, to avoid these persecutions, retreated to Egypt, and the East. Their history has been excellently written by *Beausobre;* and no part of Dr. Lardner's invaluable writings is better executed than that which treats of the Manicheans.† But, while these learned men leave us little to desire on the theological tenets of the Manicheans, they say little on their political principles. We have noticed their doctrine; that they considered government and inequality of rank and property to proceed from the

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* See the former series of the Monthly Review, vol. xxiii., p. 528, xxiv., pp. 233, 348, xxv., p. 501, xxvii., p. 509.

† Credibility of the Gospel, vol. iii., titles *Mane* and *Manicheans.*

evil principle. "They hated," say the centusiators of Magdeburgh*, civil magistracies and governments, as having been framed and constituted by the evil principle: they maintained that no person had an exclusive right to houses, lands, or money: they believed that Christ was God, but was not man: they rejected the Old and some parts of the New Testament: condemned, or, at the most, barely tolerated marriage: they were divided into two classes, the perfect, and the imperfect. All were abstemious; the perfect were so in a particular manner; and they had conventionary words and signs of recognition."

But what is there in common between the doctrine of the Manicheans, and those of Weishaupe and other Illuminés? However imperfect the christianity of the Manicheans was, still they were Christians. They received the greatest part of the Gospel; they believed the divinity of Christ, and professed his doctrine, and called themselves his disciples. This Dr. Lardner has demonstrated. The doctrines of Weishaupe and his followers were directly the reverse:—thus the first link of the chain of argument by which the Jacobin and Manichean doctrines are identified, absolutely fails.

The *Knights Templar*, it is said, imported the doctrines charged upon the Manicheans from the East into Europe. But, for the Masonic origination of their doctrines, they were never criminated during the process which ended in the extinction of their order. Could any argument in support of this accusation have then been unknown, if it had existed? Would it not have been brought forward, if it could have been maintained?

It may be urged that the Knights Templar held principles analogous to the levelling tenets of the Jacobins. On the justice of this charge much may be said. The Templar derivation of the Freemasons has been supported by several German writers. An account of them, and his own researches, is given by M. Ph. George, in his *Memoires sur les Templiers*, a learned work published at Paris, in 1805. He shews that, not long after their establishment as a military order, the Templars gradually lost the spirit of their institute, and that in some of their houses, very irregular and sensual practices were admitted; that their wealth and power were enormous; that personal animosity and motives of avarice, induced *Philip the Fair* to set on foot the process against them; that on account of the tortures inflicted in order to extort confessions from them, and of the rewards held out to encourage accusations of them, no reliance can be placed on their own confessions, on the evidence produced against them, or on the sentences passed on them by their judges; that, whatever may be thought of the corruption alleged to have prevailed among them, there is

* *Magistratus et politias damnabunt;* Cent, Magdeburg; Tom. II., in Manes; *non domos, nec agros nec pecuniam ullam possidendam.* Ibid, ex Epiphanio et Augustino.

no proof that apostacy from Christianity, was either a general or a secret doctrine of their order.

There is as little ground for connecting the Templars with the Freemasons. That, during the middle ages, a number of Masons formed themselves into associations; that there was a gradation of rank among them; and that they were governed by certain rules, many of which were kept from the knowledge of the public; and that they were known to one another by certain secret signs and symbols, may be admitted. But this was the case of other crafts; it was particularly the case of the associations of the miners, and those of the hewers of wood.

At what time that portion of the Masons, which is now distinguished by the appellation of Freemasons, separated themselves from the general body; when they began to adopt mystic rites and ceremonies, and to claim the exclusive possession of a grand intellectual secret, is not ascertained. It has been plausibly suggested, that it first took place in England, and was produced by an union between a part of the English Masons and the Rosicrusian Philosophers. Of these, the celebrated *Cornelius Agrippa* was the most eminent. He came into England, in the year 1510, and founded, in London, a Rosicrusian Society. He was distinguished for his knowledge of what was then termed "The Occult Philosophy," which was often confounded with Magic. It was little more than the philosophy of the Alexandrian school, mixed with Cabbalistic Theology. It explained the harmony of nature, and the connection of the celestial and intellectual elements, on the principles of that school. The pursuits of the general body were a strange mixture of science and magic; both the church and the state viewed them with an evil eye; this occasioned their concealing themselves, their meetings, their studies, and their rites, from the public; and induced them to establish certain conventionary symbols, known only to themselves, by which the members could recognise each other.

It is said, that the Rosicrusians and Freemasons corresponded; that the former communicated their metallic secrets to the Masons, and received from the Masons in return a knowledge of the secrets of their craft; and that a community of their peculiar signs was then established between them. Liberty and equality, in the radical meaning which those words now bear, were unknown to both parties. It was impossible they should be known to either; for at the time of which we are speaking they had no existence.

Thus the whole system of the Abbè and the Professor falls to the ground. We readily admit that, after the commencement of the French revolution, its disorganizing principles found their way into some Masonic lodges. But which was the society, to some of whose members, or clubs, or lodges, these principles did not sooner or later make their way?

We have been led to these observations by the work, the title of

which is prefixed to the present article. Many years ago, *Herman of Unna*, an entertaining novel, the story of which is founded on the persecutions of the heroine by a secret tribunal, was published, and excited a considerable sensation. Many were desirous of ascertaining the existence and extent of such tribunals. The existence of them was proved by Mr. Archdeacon Coxe, in a published letter addressed by him to the Countess of Pembroke; but it contained no further information; and none, of which we are aware, has since that time been presented to the English public. When the work before us attracted our attention, our first impression was, to inquire whether the tribunals, to which it referred, had any connection with the supposed secret societies of the Abbè Barruel and Professor Robinson. This led us to re-peruse their works. The result we have stated: nothing can be more dissimilar than the secret societies of the Abbè and the Professor, and the secret tribunals mentioned in the work before us.

The secret tribunals, which are the subject of it, are called, both by the writers of the middle age and those of modern times, by the name of the WEHMIC TRIBUNALS. Opinions on the import of the word "*Wehmic*," are so different as to leave its meaning in absolute uncertainty. Many of these tribunals existed in the *Westphalia* of the middle ages, or the territory between the *Weser* and the *Rhine*. It is probable that they had their rise in the times of confusion which followed the division of the empire of Charlemagne among his descendants; and in those which afterwards took place during the wars between the popes and the emperors. Towards the middle of the 13th century, these courts acquired a certain degree of consistency. They claimed a right to exercise criminal and civil jurisdiction, independently of the emperor or any other power; and to execute their sentences in virtue of their own supreme authority. The countries over which they exercised their jurisdiction, were divided into *Circles*. The supreme grand master presided over the whole Wehmic Institution: his office was attached to the Archbishop of Cologne. Each circle had its tribunal, each tribunal its Grand Master. The Supreme Grand Master had his Chapter; the inferior Grand Masters had their's. Each tribunal exercised it's power over the immediate circle of it's jurisdiction, but subject to the control of the Supreme Grand Master. Many of the nobility, clergy, and the third estate, aggregated themselves to the Wehmic courts; they had a numerous train of agents and servants of every description; the people generally looked up to them as their protectors against the tyranny of their sovereigns, the oppression of the feudal lords, and the irregular proceedings of the ordinary courts of justice. Sometimes a secret understanding took place between them and the emperor; the latter availing himself of their power and influence, to emancipate himself from the control of the higher nobility.

It has been mentioned, that each tribunal had its Grand Master;

it also had its *free-Counts*, its *free-Judges*, its Notaries, its Criers, its Messengers, and Familiars. The offices of free-Count and free-Judge were sometimes hereditary. The nobility often attended the courts of justice; they took their place among the free-Counts: respectable burghers also frequently attended them; these took their place among the free-Judges. In the admission of the free-Counts and free-Judges, great care and ceremony were used; some were raised to the rank of *Illuminés*; these only were admitted to the secret proceedings of the institution. The Illuminé, upon his admission, swore by the Holy Trinity, "to assist and co-operate without intermission, in the *Wehmic concern*; to defend it against men, women, and children; against father and mother; against brother and sister; against fire and water; against all, upon whom the sun shines, or the dew falls; against all, who exist between heaven and earth; and to reveal to the free tribunal, before which he was prostrate, all that regarded the sovereignty of the Emperor; all the truth that he should know from credible persons; all that deserved reward or punishment; all that was condemnable or pardonable; that he would neglect nothing of this, from love or fear; for gold or silver or precious stones; and that he would pledge his body and fortune for it: he further promised to honour and serve the free tribunal above all other tribunals." "All this," said the postulant, "I will hold, and firmly execute, so help me God, and his sacred Gospels." The free-Count next addressed him in a short speech; the secret statutes were then presented, and the secret words and signs disclosed to him.

The number of persons aggregated to the order was prodigious. In the fifteenth century, it amounted to several hundred thousand persons. The secrecy and mystery in which the proceedings of the tribunal were enveloped, added equally to their strength, and the terror which they inspired. Surrounded by danger, in the deepest darkness, in the midst of political or personal enemies, a grand Master or a free-Count might traverse the whole German empire in the most perfect security. On the other hand, if he was guilty of the slightest breach or neglect of duty, he was horribly punished. He was seised by his own familiars, blindfolded, and stretched on his belly; his tongue was torn out through the back of his neck; and his flesh plucked from his body by pincers; he was then hanged on a cross seven times higher than that upon which ordinary criminals suffered. It was usual in Germany, when a person wished to warn his friend of his danger from a court of justice, that he should walk by his friend, saying in a low voice, "as good bread is eaten elsewhere as here." A free-Count having been overheard to mutter these words, as he passed by his friend, he was instantaneously put to death in the manner we have mentioned.

In the absence of the free-Count, the free-Judge, but with certain precautionary regulations, discharged his duty.

Such were the *secret* proceedings of these tribunals: but their

acts were sometimes public. A criminal seized by an Illuminé, or by three free-Judges, in the actual commission of a crime, was instantaneously punished: if he refused to appear, or if, having been apprehended, he attempted to escape, he was put under the *Wehmic* ban, and his name inscribed in the *Book of Blood*. From this time he was surrounded by a thousand invisible executioners of the Wehmic sentence. The first of its members, to whom the occasion offered, seized him, hanged him on the nearest tree or beam, or, if he made any resistance, stabbed him. The executioner left in or upon the body of the criminal, the instrument of his death, and walked away with perfect impunity. The relations of the criminal often partook in a greater or less degree of his punishment. If a person accused stood his trial, he was fairly judged; an appeal to the grand Master was in some cases allowed.

The Wehmic tribunals are faintly discoverable in the twelfth century; in the thirteenth, they are frequently met with; in the fourteenth and fifteenth, they possessed their greatest power. In 1404, the Wehmic courts were reformed by the Emperor Robert. Till the beginning of the sixteenth century, their authority was always on the increase:—at length, they proceeded so far as to exercise it in every part of Germany, though beyond the circle or limits of their regular jurisdiction. The history of the German empire abounds with instances, in which the Wehmic Courts resisted the Emperor, and even enforced their sentences in opposition to his will, and in the most direct disobedience to his edicts.

The authority of the Wehmic tribunals was first disputed by the free cities: those of the *Hanseatic League* joined in the opposition to them. Soon afterwards, the more powerful of the German princes refused to acknowledge their authority; they were censured by the ecclesiastics; the defects of their judicial proceedings were pointed out to the public by the German jurisconsults. Their proceedings against heretics raised the reformers against them. Offensive and defensive confederacies in opposition to them were entered into. Some Wehmic towns renounced their privileges; by degrees, the institution fell into universal debility; and it was totally annihilated by the new organization of Germany, effected by the treaty of Westphalia.—Such was the end of the Wehmic courts. Public opinion raised them; public opinion destroyed them.

The victories of Napoleon, the confederacy of the Rhine, and the Emperor of Austria's abdication of the sovereignty of the German empire, unhinged the imperial constitution. The violent and oppressive measures of Buonaparte, and the total disregard shewn in the execution of them to the habits and feelings of the country, rendered him and his politics detestable throughout Germany; vengeance was called for by a million of mouths, and in the call, the voices of many princes were distinctly heard. They felt with indignation their subserviency to the newly con-

stituted authorities, and the arrogance of their proceedings. The reverses of Napoleon came to their aid: the emperor of Austria, and the princes of Germany, then determined on shaking off his yoke. But, for this, the exertions of their subjects were necessary; and in order to obtain them, the princes promised free representative constitutions. *All* made the promise;—the Duke of Saxe Weimar alone performed it. This faithlessness on the part of the sovereigns, occasioned an universal murmur: it sounded so loudly at the celebration of the third centenary of the Reformation, that some improvement of the actual constitution of Prussia was granted by its monarch; and a nearer approach to a free constitution was effected in Bavaria. Almost every other part of Germany was in a state of ferment. Some merchants, amounting in number to seventy, attempted to establish, under the appellation of the *Teutonic Hanse*, something which called to remembrance the Hanseatic League.

During the meridian prosperity of Napoleon, a secret association, called the TUNGEN-BUND, had been formed; its object was to deliver Germany from his iron arm; it was encouraged by the queen of Prussia: after the fall of Napoleon, it generally declined. But when, year after year, the promised constitutions were withheld, it began to revive. The students and citizens were its most active members; and public opinion was decidedly in its favour. The nobility formed a counter association, and called it an "*association for the maintenance of the ancient constitution of Germany:*" it soon fell to nothing. The members of the *Tungen-bund* were exasperated by the information generally circulated of the Holy Alliance, and its projects. They met at Wartsbourgh, a place celebrated as the scene of the confinement of Luther, with the connivance of his patron the Elector of Saxony.—They publicly burned a document called, "*The Treaty of the Holy Alliance,*" and several publications hostile to the liberty of Germany. The deputies of fourteen German universities then assembled at Jena, and formed an association which they called the *Burshenscraft*.

We cannot too briefly mention the infamous assassination of *Kotzebue*, by *Sand*, a student at Iena*, on account of the violent hostility of Kotzebue's publications to German liberty;—or the still more infamous assassination of the president *Iball*, by *Læming*. Numerous arrests and imprisonments took place. Great efforts were made, and a commission established at Mentz, to inquire into the circumstances attending these crimes; to discover the accomplices and associates of *Sand* and *Læming;* and to expose to the public all persons suspected of revolutionary principles. The friends of liberty accuse the commissioners of the most vindictive and irregular proceedings; they compare them to the abominations of the Spanish Inquisition, in the worst of times.

* 1819.

The conduct of the Prussian government was equally violent. Its discoveries, or pretended discoveries, furnished the monarch with an excuse for not granting the promised constitution. *Sand* was publicly executed—strange to say, he had his admirers. It is stated, that his mother received four thousand letters condoling with her on his fate, and eulogizing his deed as an act of heroic virtue.

At the end of three years, the commissioners of Mentz published the result of their inquiry and deliberations. They denounced the *Tungend-bund*, and other secret societies. To screen some of the nobility, who were connected with them, the commissioners announced that these societies were originally directed against Napoleon; that after they were broken up, in consequence of his fall, some evil-minded men had possessed themselves of their scattered fragments, and aimed them at their legitimate sovereigns. The Imperial Diet accepted the report of the commissioners, and expressed a grateful approbation of their labours.

"*C'est un grand peutêtre!*"

said an infidel German princess to Descartes, almost at the moment of her dissolution. What will be the final result of the present conflict on the continent, between the votaries of liberty and the votaries of despotism, may also be termed a *great perhaps*. That it may end in establishing, in every part of the continent, a rational system of civil and religious liberty, we sincerely wish: that such a system can only be produced by a representative constitution, in which public opinion has its due weight, we sincerely believe.

ART. V. *Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa; comprising a View of the present state of the Cape Colony, with Observations on the progress and prospects of British Emigrants.* By George Thompson, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Second Edition. London: Colburn. 1827.

WE had thought, that after the very able works upon Southern Africa, with which Mr. Barrow, Professor Lichtenstein, Burchell, and the "Civil Servant," had already favoured, and indeed, by the graces of their style, and the copiousness of their information, preoccupied the public, little remained for new enterprise to discover, or greater industry to collect, on the same field of observation. The volumes now before us, afford, however, a sufficient confirmation of a remark, which in the course of our duties we have more than once been called upon to make—that as no two travellers often chance to contemplate the same objects from the same point of view, or under the same combinations of light and shade, or under other circumstances altogether similar; so they may successively traverse the same path, and yet their diaries shall be as diversified as their personal characters, and almost as different from

each other as the varying hues of the sky, the vicissitudes of the weather and the adventures of the journey can make them.

Mr. Thompson may, as he does freely, admit, that much of the ground which he passed over in the course of his several excursions from the Cape into the interior of our possessions in Southern Africa, had been years ago forestalled by the accomplished and eminent writers whom we have mentioned. But he can also urge, that a residence of eight years in that region, has enabled him to collect information upon some points, which they left wholly untouched, and to correct not a few mistakes into which they had unintentionally fallen. The progress which the colony has made, since even the most recent of their publications has seen the light, is another subject which they could have treated only in prospective, but of which he can speak as a witness; a subject too, which every year becomes of more interest to this country. To this we may add, that Mr Thompson has visited and described several tracts of territory within our present boundary line, which had not been explored, or at least described before; and that, being a commercial person himself, he has considered most of the objects which came within his glance, with reference to the capabilities which they offered for extending the internal and external trade of the colony. In performing this task he has evinced no partialities, he has propounded no theories, he has planned no designs of impossible or extravagant execution. He appears to be a plain, well-informed, practical man of sense, who has raised himself by a course of rational industry, and the fair exercise of his talents, to a respectable station at the Cape. His work is the production of a manly mind, which, without any infusion of a turbulent disposition, frankly exposes the defects and errors of the local government, and without the least degree of servility, gives the same government such measure of commendation as it is fairly entitled to. In this respect it varies widely from some pamphlets concerning Cape politics, which have lately appeared; and although it is the natural result of mal-administration to produce complaint, and although it may be equally natural, and even useful, that complaint shall occasionally swell into clamour, yet we do not hesitate to say, that a temperate, well-reasoned enumeration of evils, like that which we find at the close of the volumes before us, is infinitely more certain to work out their cure, than fifty philippics, or a hundred articles of impeachment.

Besides the features of novelty and interest which we have marked as characterising this work, it should be premised, that within the period of the author's residence at the Cape, not only have the boundaries of the settlement been greatly extended, but 'the circumstances of the old inhabitants, both white and coloured, have been much altered; a new population of British subjects has been introduced; the agricultural and commercial capabilities of the colony have been *more* accurately ascertained; and the geo-

graphical features of the interior regions, and the characters and relations of the tribes who inhabit them,' have been extensively investigated. Hence he has accumulated a very considerable body of materials, which were not in existence when Barrow and Lichtenstein wrote; and he had, moreover, abundant means of correcting his details on the spot, from various official and private reports, which his long sojourn in the country enabled him to collect and compare, and upon which his personal experience peculiarly qualified him to form a proper judgment.

We believe we are not much in error, when we state that our possessions in Southern Africa may be said to be at present embraced within an irregular semicirle, formed by the line of coast commencing at the mouth of the Keiskamma river on the east, running southward round the Cape to the north-west, as far as the mouth of the Gariep, or Orange river, and then undulating with that river and the Cradock, across the continent to the point whence it set out. Strictly speaking, some districts contained within this outline have not been yet actually reduced to possession by British authority; but they may be considered as dependent on our power, and capable of being at any time incorporated with our settlement. A large portion of this territory stretching between the river Gariep, on the north, and the Niewveld mountains on the south and west, is represented as totally unfit for the subsistence of any considerable population. It forms a great inclined plain from the mountains towards the river, and is subject to almost continual drought. Among the ranges of the Niewveld, there are some adapted for the pasturage of cattle, but the persons attending them must necessarily be a wandering race. The country along the eastern coast is described as in every way well suited to the purposes of agriculture, and is at present unproductive only from the want of a population sufficient to cultivate it. The southern segment of the semicircle is chiefly mountainous, but it includes the most fertile parts of the settlement.

Our author's first excursion (in April, 1823), was to the eastern and north-eastern boundaries of the colony. From Cape Town to Elbes-kraal on the coast, a distance of about 250 miles, he travelled in a horse wagon. The remainder of his journey was performed chiefly on horseback, under the superintendance of a Hottentot guide. Soon after leaving Elbes-kraal, he reached that romantic country formerly called Auteniqualand, which has been so charmingly described by Vaillant, and which may perhaps be called the Switzerland of Africa. It seems to have awakened a spark of poetry in our merchant, who speaks of the scenery as picturesque and imposing in a high degree.

'The lofty, rugged, mountains on the left, crested with clouds, and clothed along their skirts with majestic forests,—those woods irregular, dark, hoary with moss, and ancient-looking almost as the rocks which *frown above them*, or the eternal ocean itself which murmurs at their feet,—

form altogether a scene of grandeur which fills the imagination with magnificent and romantic images; accompanied, however, with ideas of wildness, vastness, and solitary seclusion, almost oppressive to the heart.'—vol. i, p. 9.

The woods here alluded to, furnish Cape Town and a great part of the inland districts with timber for building and other purposes. As our traveller proceeded easterly, he found the way still picturesque, the sea occasionally bursting on his view, while 'the smoke curled gracefully from the huts of the woodcutters dispersed over the forests.' The copses were musical with the notes of some bird superior to any he had ever before heard in Africa, and he was occasionally amused by the monkeys, hundreds of which appeared among the boughs of the trees, exposing their breasts to the morning sun. After crossing the Knysna river, which should rather perhaps be termed an arm of the sea, he proceeded along the coast through various forests, and over steep mountains, to Algoa Bay, without meeting with any occurrence worth notice. We regret that on his way he had no opportunity of visiting the mouth of the Kromme river, as it is said that a vein of coal has been lately discovered there, which is likely to be of importance to the colony.

The great improvement which has taken place in this part of the settlement may be inferred from the fact, that in 1820, when the first emigrants arrived at Algoa Bay, the village of Port Elizabeth, on the beach, consisted, exclusive of the Fort, of only three small thatched houses and a few wretched huts, whereas, in 1823, when visited by our author, it contained 'two respectable inns, many neat and substantial private houses and stores, and about 500 inhabitants of all conditions, the majority of whom are English.' It has since then received the privileges of a regular Port, which have contributed greatly to increase the prosperity of the place.

At the distance of about eighteen miles from Port Elizabeth, stands the pleasant village of Uitenhage, which possesses several advantages rather uncommon in South Africa. 'It is more abundantly supplied with fresh water, and with facilities for irrigation, than any other town in the colony. The soil around it is fruitful, and the climate mild and salubrious. The boisterous south-east winds, and the oppressive summer heats, so much felt at Cape Town, are here scarcely known. Provisions of all sorts are cheap and plentiful, and the production of them may be increased to an extent almost indefinite,' Although it has not increased of late in proportion to its capabilities, yet Mr. Thompson thinks that it will in due course of time become 'the most populous and important town in the eastern part of the colony.'

Between this village and the Kowie river, our traveller passed by the locations of several British settlers, all of them apparently prosperous in a high degree. He observed a good deal of land cultivated and enclosed, and numerous herds of cattle. Near the mouth of the Kowie he visited the location of Mr. Thornhill, which he describes as 'one of the most beautiful spots in all Albany, with

lawns and copse woods, laid out by the hand of nature, that far surpass many a nobleman's park in England.' The Albany settlers entertain sanguine hopes, that the Kowie mouth will become available as a harbour for small vessels, as the *Good Intent*, of 20 tons, had already made several successful trips from Cape Town to that place, and landed her cargo in good order. From the Kowie to the Great Fish River, a distance of eighteen miles, Mr. Thompson observed many other locations of settlers, with the appearance of which he was much pleased. 'The hedges and ditches,' he remarks, 'and wattled fences, presented home-looking pictures of neatness and industry, very different from the rude and slovenly premises of the back-country boors.'

The village of Bathurst and Graham's Town were next visited by our traveller. A question has arisen between Sir Rufane Donkin, the late acting governor, and Lord Charles Somerset, upon the fitness of one of these places for the Drostdy (seat of magistracy) for the Albany settlers. Sir Rufane chose the former, on account of its central situation, its many local advantages, and the general concurrence of the settlers in its favour. Lord Charles Somerset preferred the latter, on account of its superiority as a military station against the Caffers. We own we do not see why this reason should have caused the removal of the civil authorities from Bathurst; and we are not surprised to find that the charge was made by the settlers a subject of loud complaint against his lordship.

In 1821, Graham's Town contained only about eighty houses; in 1823 they were increased to three hundred; and in 1826 the population consisted of 2,500 inhabitants, the great majority of whom were English. From a lithograph view which Mr. Thompson has given of it, it appears to be very regularly laid out, and handsomely situated. But beyond this town the country stretching to the north, along the Fish river, presents a most desolate aspect. It is unfit for the residence of men, or for the pasture of cattle, but affords food and shelter to several varieties of the smaller antelopes, and to troops of wolves and wild dogs, which often prove very destructive to the flocks of the neighbouring colonists. Here also are to be found many venomous serpents, and the lions and other ferocious beasts of prey begin to make their appearance. As the traveller advances towards the frontiers, his horses are in continual danger of breaking their legs, from the countless holes of ant-eaters, porcupines, and jackals, with which large patches of country are perforated like a rabbit-warren. He is also frequently surrounded by flocks of quaghas, ostriches, spring-boks, and other wild animals. The country continues mountainous through the districts of Somerset and Cradock. In the vallies of the former district several comfortable farm-houses are found, chiefly belonging to the Boors. The latter district, 'though generally of a dry and desert aspect, is rich in sheep and cattle: and produces also, by irrigation, corn, more than sufficient for the consumption of its inhabitants.'

'The farms here,' observes Mr. Thompson, 'and indeed throughout all the frontier districts except Albany, are of the average extent of 6000 acres; this large extent only being considered a *full place.* But they are in general merely cattle farms, not above two or three acres probably of this large extent being on an average capable of culture; and even where a larger extent might be irrigated, the great distance from any market, and the precarious demand, will not admit of its being profitably cultivated.'—vol. i., p. 65.

The inhabitants are sometimes molested by hordes of wild Bushmen, a race of desperate wanderers, who live on plunder; but Mr. Thompson apprehends that they may soon have a more formidable enemy to encounter on the north-eastern frontier.

'The Tambookie tribe of Caffers, indeed, who have for some time lived close upon this frontier along the banks of the river Zwart-Kei, have hitherto conducted themselves in the most quiet and inoffensive manner. But to the north and east of the Tambookie nation are other tribes, who seem to be in a state of commotion, and to be hostilely impelled upon the Colony by the warlike and marauding hordes beyond them. A few days before my arrival at Cradock, three fugitives from some tribe, entirely unknown to the colonists, were found in the Tarka, and were made prisoners with some difficulty, and sent down to Cape Town. It was ascertained from them that they belonged to a remote country north from Tambookie land, from which they had been several moons in travelling; and that their country had been overrun and plundered by a numerous and fierce nation who press upon them from the north and east.'—vol. i., pp. 67, 68.

From Cradock Mr. Thompson took a south-westerly course to Graaff-Reinet, over part of the Sneeuwberg range of mountains, most of which are of a tabular conformation, here and there characterised by regular and curious shapes, and in the more lofty regions frequently crowned with snow. Graaff-Reinet presents another very striking instance of the rapid and extensive improvement, which has taken place in the colony since the days of Barrow. When he visited that village it consisted merely of 'a few miserable mud and straw huts.'

'It now contains,' says Mr. Thompson, 'about three hundred houses, almost all of which are neat and commodious brick edifices; many are elegant. The streets are wide, laid out at right angles, and planted with rows of lemon and orange trees, which thrive here luxuriantly, and give to the place a fresh and pleasing appearance. Each house has a large allotment of ground behind it, extending in some instances to several acres, which is richly cultivated, divided by quince, lemon, or pomegranate hedges, and laid out in orchards, gardens, and vineyards. These are all watered by a canal from the Sunday River, which branches out into a number of small channels, and each inhabitant receives his due portion at a regular hour. This canal has been greatly improved, or rather constructed anew, on a much higher level, by the present Landdrost, who, by indefatigable exertion and entirely at his own risk, has carried it along the front of a rocky precipice, and by these means gained a large addition of arable ground, and a more certain and abundant supply of water. I was

not a little surprised to find that this arduous task had been accomplished without even the aid of blowing irons or gunpowder, merely by kindling large fires upon the rocks, and when they were well heated, dashing buckets of water upon them. By this simple process immense blocks had been split, and rolled from the path of the water-course. This useful work, so essential to the prosperity of the town, was effected almost entirely by the labour of the convicted felons of the district, under the immediate superintendence of the Landdrost.

'The population of Graaff-Reinet, of all colours, amounts to about 1800 souls. The town is built in a sort of basin, almost encircled by the deep channel of the Sunday River, and closely environed by an amphitheatre of steep rugged mountains. This position, and the arid quality of the red Karroo soil, render it oppressively hot in summer. At that season, however, the atmosphere is sometimes agitated and cooled by violent thunderstorms, accompanied by heavy rains. In winter the weather is frequently rather cold, owing to the elevated situation of the country just at the foot of the Snow Mountains: but while I was there, the air was delightfully temperate, and the sky cloudless and serene.'—vol. i., pp. 75—77.

After leaving Graaff-Reinet, he pursued his way to the north, beyond the old limits of the colony. The country, both in the Sneeuwberg and the northern plains, he describes as altogether naked and barren, not producing a single tree or even a bush. Yet are these the plains chiefly haunted by the bandit tribes of Bushmen, whose atrocities, however, appear to have been very greatly exaggerated by the reports of the colonists in their neighbourhood. These unhappy wanderers are often more to be pitied than feared; some of them live on friendly terms with the settlers, and generally they are poor miserable looking objects, entirely destitute of clothing. A remarkable instance is mentioned by Mr. Thompson of their astonishing powers of sustaining hunger. A Bushman was found in the wilderness, 'who had subsisted fourteen days without any other sustenance than water and salt. The poor creature seemed almost exhausted, and wasted to skin and bone, and it was feared that, if allowed to eat freely, he might injure himself. However, it was agreed to let him have his own way; and before many hours had elapsed, he had nearly eat up half the carcase of a sheep. Next day the fellow appeared in excellent plight, and as rotund as an alderman.' It is painful to hear that measures of a most sanguinary nature are systematically adopted in the colony against these wretched beings. It is a matter of no unusual occurrence to send out an expedition of armed Boors to the mountains, for the purpose of shooting all the Bushmen they may meet with, without any sort of preliminary inquiry, whether the poor wanderers are culprits in fact, or even in intention! In this manner thirty of these beings have been shot by one expedition; and in one district no fewer than a hundred have been destroyed—should we not say murdered?—within a year! These are deeds which make one shudder for the moral responsibility of the government that permits them.

The region now under consideration, which, after passing the old limits of the settlement, stretches as far as the Cradock, and to the junction of that river with the Gariep, is considered as the back-country of the colony. The want of timber will, necessarily, prevent emigrants from settling here. The only fuel which the inhabitants (the boors) have, is dried cow-dung. The climate, however, is dry and salubrious, and though rains fall here but seldom, the country is covered with a hardy pasturage, which is capable of supporting a great quantity of stock. Some of the boors possess 10,000 sheep and goats, and 1500 or 2000 head of cattle. For the most part, they live in the open air, wandering about in waggons; though rude, they are well-looking, and extremely hospitable.

Mr. Thompson and his guide found no difficulty in fording the Cradock river; the country which he now entered upon, he describes as very different from that which he had lately traversed. 'The magnificent windings of the Cradock were full in view; and to the west, and north-west, an extensive and almost boundless landscape opened out, adorned with thickets, and enlivened with multitudes of large game. Turtle doves, wood-pigeons, eagles, and others of the feathered tribes, were likewise seen in great numbers.' It was, however, a complete wilderness, without a road, or even a footpath to guide him; and he was obliged to trust to his map and compass, as his Hottentot was wholly ignorant of the way to Griqua town. The Griquas are Hottentots of a mixed or bastard race, and this, their principal town, is situated beyond the Gariep, not far from the point of confluence between that river, the Yellow River, and the Cradock. By carefully steering his course, our author safely reached his destination, though not without encountering some peril, as the whole country is infested by lions, and bushmen, from whose ferocity he was desired to look upon his escape as miraculous.

The country between the yellow river and Griqua Town is flinty, and covered with a thorny brush-wood, which is a great annoyance to a traveller. The town itself is situated in a pleasant valley, well watered with abundant springs; but beyond the valley the eye ranges over boundless sandy plains, arid and covered with that sort of entangling brushwood just described. The Griquas have been in some measure reclaimed from a nomadic to an agricultural life, by missionaries who are established among them. Beyond the district of the Griquas, a great tract of country to the north, is occupied by the Bechuana tribes. While Mr. Thompson was at Griqua Town, he heard 'some extraordinary rumours respecting an immense horde, or nation, who were said to be approaching from the north-east, and who were laying waste the country, and destroying all who ventured to oppose them.' The report came from the Bechuanas, who represented the invaders as consisting 'partly of white men, with long hair and beards, led on by a giantess, with one eye *in* her forehead.' At first the story was

treated as a ridiculous fiction, but it was soon found to be deserving of serious attention, as Mr. Moffat, one of the missionaries among the Matclhapee and Bechuana tribes, arrived to solicit the assistance of the Griquas against these new and formidable invaders.

Upon full inquiry it was found that they consisted of an immense horde of people called the Mantatees, and that they were the same tribes of whose hostile movements Mr. Thompson had already heard at Cradock. He gives a highly interesting account of the preparations which were instantly made by the Griquas, for the purpose of assisting the Matclhapees and Bechuanas; and also, of the measures taken by the latter to resist the progress of the enemy. The Matclhapees are under the regular government of a king, who, upon extraordinary occasions, like that which now occurred, convenes a general council or parliament, to which not only the chiefs, but the people of the Matclhapee towns and stations are summoned. Mr. Thompson was present at two of these national assemblies, held at their capital, Kuruman; and gives a full and curious report of their debates, and of the ceremonies with which they were attended. The result was, that an expedition composed of the fighting men of the three tribes set out to meet the Mantatees. Mr. Thompson accompanied it, but finding its movements too slow for his curiosity, he rode on before it, attended by a guide named Arend, to the town of Lattakoo, where he hoped to have an opportunity of seeing the enemy. On reaching the town they found it abandoned by the inhabitants; but on proceeding a little to the north-east, their steps were arrested.

'Arend suddenly called to me with great agitation—"The Mantatees! the Mantatees!—we are surrounded!" On looking towards the spot, to which he pointed, I beheld them sure enough marching in an immense black mass in the valley below us, and pushing on towards the river. Arend, with considerable presence of mind, immediately said—"Don't move, else they will perceive us." Accordingly we remained for some time motionless as the trees around us, and observed, through the avenues of the umbrella-shaped camel-thorns, the motions of the barbarians. We soon saw that they had not perceived us by their continuing their course towards the river, trampling into blackness the grassy meadows over which they passed. Though somewhat relieved from our first alarm by observing their route, we could not help throwing suspicious glances, every now and then, around us, apprehensive lest some other division should intercept our retreat in the opposite direction; and every old stump of wood, seen indistinctly through the copses, seemed to our eyes like straggling Mantatees.'—vol. i., pp. 218, 219.

Our author, as all other authors are privileged to do, made the best retreat he could. He candidly acknowledges that his view of them was 'too distant and hurried,' to enable him to gain any accurate personal information respecting their arms or accoutrements. They appeared, he says, 'to be a very numerous body and covered a very extensive tract of ground.' Here ends our author's first ex-

cursion, for as he had no immediate prospect, or wish perhaps, of witnessing a battle, he resolved on returning without further delay to Cape Town, where he had 'business of importance' awaiting him.

Mr. Thompson interweaves with the narrative of his return, an account of some remarkable caverns which lie in a small secluded tract of the Zwartberg, called the Cango, and which he had visited in 1822. They appear to be composed of three different apartments, two of which are adorned by columns of the most splendid stalactites. The greatest distance to which he was able to penetrate, was 1500 feet from the entrance. The description is illustrated by two lithographic plates, and deserves the attention of the geologist.

Some time after Mr. Thompson returned to Cape Town, he received from the missionaries a full and very animated report of the conflict of the allied tribes with the Mantatees, which will be found in his first volume. The missionaries estimated the whole Mantatee horde at 40,000 souls, on the lowest computation. They fought with great courage and obstinacy, but yielded at length to the Griquas and their confederates, who were furnished with fire-arms. The Mantatee warriors are described as 'very tall athletic men, quite black, with no other clothing than a sort of apron round their loins. They wore plumes of ostrich feathers on their heads, and their weapons consisted of spears, or javelins, battle-axes, and clubs. They had large oval shields, which, when rushing forward, they held close to the ground on the left side.' Their language appeared to be a dialect of the Bechuana tongue.

Towards the latter end of July, 1824, our author again left Cape Town, and directed his steps almost due north, towards the banks of the Gariep, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the lower part of that river was capable of affording any facilities for commercial intercourse with the interior tribes. We meet with nothing in the description of this journey that need detain us. The intermediate country between the Gariep and the mountains near Cape Town, though described, we believe, for the first time in the volumes before us, possesses few features of interest: it is for the most part dreary and desolate. While performing this excursion, Mr. Thompson was more than once exposed to the danger of perishing from thirst and famine. The result of his journey was, that he ascertained that 'the mouth of the Gariep is scarcely accessible even for boats, while its course, for several hundred miles upwards, is obstructed by numerous falls and rapids, and scarcely to be considered as capable of affording any facilities for inland navigation.' 'Besides this,' adds Mr. Thompson, 'the country on the lower part of its course is, as we have seen, exceedingly barren and desolate, and peopled only by a few wandering Hottentot hordes, oppressed with poverty, and distracted by internal warfare.' Moreover, the banks of the Gariep have of late years become the

resort of numerous troops of banditti and smugglers, and the mischief has advanced to such an extent, that it seems indispensable to the security of the colony, to extend at once its boundaries to that river, and expel from its neighbourhood the savage hordes which infest it.

A considerable portion of Mr. Thompson's second volume is devoted to observations on the present condition of the Dutch and English inhabitants: on the adaptation of the country for farther colonization; and on its agricultural and commercial capabilities. It is not our purpose to follow him through this part of the work, though we recommend it strongly to the attention of all persons who are disposed to emigrate to the Cape. The following remarks, however, on the situation and prospects of the settlers, in 1826, are too satisfactory to be passed over.

'The inexperience of the settlers, which was on their first arrival so great an obstacle to their success, no longer exists. Seven years of trials and privations have rendered them hardy and expert colonists. And though many of them have still deficiencies to endure, and difficulties to overcome, it may now be safely affirmed that the worst crisis of the emigration is fairly over,—and that in spite of all drawbacks, the British settlement has struck fast root into the country, and will maintain its hold, and gradually extend its influence far beyond the limits of its first location. The recent appointment of a Lieutenant-governor for the eastern districts,—the extension of the privileges of regular ports to Algoa Bay and Port Frances,—and other advantages and immunities conferred by the favour of the Home Government, evince the zealous anxiety which exists at the head of affairs, to afford every reasonable encouragement and support to the prosperity of our countrymen, who have introduced the language, the manners, and the enterprise of England into the wilds of Southern Africa.'—vol. ii., pp. 178, 179.

With respect to the resources of the Cape for farther colonization, Mr. Thompson has the following observations:

'It is acknowledged by every person who is well acquainted with the circumstances and resources of the Cape Colony, that it possesses, within its boundaries, ample means of furnishing a secure and plentiful subsistence to at least five times its present population. It is, no doubt, true, that nearly two-thirds of its entire surface consists of vast ranges of sterile mountains and dreary wastes, which no efforts of human industry can render available for the wants of civilized man, and which refuse even drink and pasturage for the herds of the wandering grazier: it is, therefore, obvious, and admitted by every one, that, throughout a great part of the interior, a dense population can never exist. But the Cape is a country both of very wide extent and of very great diversity of soil and climate; its fertility, in some parts, is not less remarkable than its barrenness in others; and while a large proportion of its available territory is peculiarly adapted for stock-farming, the remainder is equally well suited for agriculture.

'It is, moreover, a circumstance of no slight importance for the future *prosperity* of this settlement, that the tracts adapted by nature for the ex-

tensive prosecution of corn husbandry, lie all contiguous to the sea coast; nor is that coast either of such dangerous navigation, or so ill supplied with harbours and roadsteads, as is generally imagined. Yet of this valuable territory, comprising a belt of land stretching from Hottentot's Holland to the river Keiskamma, scarcely a hundredth part has yet been subjected to the ploughshare.'—vol. ii., pp. 180—182.

It should be added, that of the belt of sea coast here alluded to, the most valuable parts have been already allotted by the government. To the eastward, however, of the great Fish River, the government still holds in reserve the extensive territory which was ceded by the Caffers in 1819. This district Mr. Thompson describes, as 'one of the most beautiful and fertile tracts in Southern Africa.' It contains upwards of a million of acres, available either for the purpose of agriculture, or for the raising of stock. Some other unoccupied tracts, fit for locations, are also mentioned by Mr. Thompson; and on the whole, he thinks that 'the Cape still affords ample room for the reception of at least ten thousand settlers,' a number, by the way, limited enough, when we consider the overgrowing population of the mother islands.

It is not, however, altogether as a colonial dependency that we are disposed to estimate the importance of the Cape. We entirely agree with Mr. Thompson in thinking, that if all the benefits of a free port were conferred upon it, it would, within no very distant period, become an emporium to which many of the nations to the westward, and particularly the rising states of South America, would resort for a supply of Eastern produce; bringing in exchange the productions of their own countries. It has also many capabilities for carrying on a direct trade with England, and it is manifestly, in every way, much better fitted for a station of refreshment, for ships trading to and from the East Indies, than the island of St. Helena.

ART. VI. *Dramatic Scenes, Sonnets, and other Poems.* By Mary Russel Mitford. 8vo. pp. 392. 10*s.* 6*d.* London: Whittaker. 1827.

IT may be prejudice in us, but we must confess, that we like Miss Mitford infinitely better in her village attire, than in the tragic mantle in which she has of late been so ambitious to shine. Neither do we think that the lighter apparel of the stage, even though it harmonise equally with the tear and the smile, sits half so becomingly upon her, as the pretty snow-white cap and russet gown of the cottage. Of all things, the last instrument we wish to see in her hands is the lyre. She may well bear to be told, that in her hands there is no instrument so musical as the distaff:—that there is no scene so suited to her genius, as that which spreads before her,

———"the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields:
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields:
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even."

Miss Kelly was once entreated—forced—to play the character of Lady Teazle. It was, as every body knew, quite out of her style, and after punishing her audience and fretting her powers through the part for a whole evening, she very sensibly gave it up, and claimed the less ostentatious, but much more winning characters, in which she has so long been without a rival. Never was woman more to be pitied than she, in those flaunting robes and ostrich plumes, in which the caprice of the manager chose to bedeck her for that unhappy experiment; and one would almost envy her the feeling of joy which she seemed to experience, when she came forth again in her straw hat and black silk apron. It is much after the same fashion that Miss Mitford's evil angel is at present leading her astray into the higher regions of fancy. Tragedies, dramatic sketches, sonnets, and songs, seem to be the only food upon which her soul can banquet, at the present moment; and though she may, for aught we know, derive more delight from the splendid feast, than Miss Kelly enjoyed in the School for Scandal, yet we are thoroughly convinced that she never divides so much pleasure with her admirers, as when she is wandering amid the copses, or dealing out the gossip of "Our Village."

It may be that Miss Mitford feels a sensible gratification in shaping her fancies into verse. But she ought not to be misled by the supposition, that because the operation of writing her poems may have caused the time to fly lightly over her head, they should, therefore, be fraught with charms for every reader. For us, at least, they have few attractions, and these not very powerful. We imagine that there are hundreds of scribblers, even beyond the Tweed, who could, in a week or two, produce a volume of dialogue and small poetry, quite as good as that which now lies before us.

"Dramatic scenes," are at best no more than the resources of feeble minds, in order to deliver themselves of some legendary episodes, which they find floating in the imagination, and which they have not the power to work into a beginning, a middle, and an end. They are thus spared the trouble of giving a distinctive and individual character to each of their dramatis personæ, and they may stop as soon as the slender tradition on which they depend is exhausted. We have never read a "dramatic scene" in which the dialogue might not have been just as appropriately distributed among the four or five first letters of the alphabet, as among the Conrads, and Lauras, and Orlandos, so generally selected for such occasions.

The real object which these scenic writers have mostly in view, o introduce a description of some landscape, which, in an idle ır they may have struck out at a heat, or to put into the mouth somebody a lecture on philosophy, or an ode to love, which at time or other they may have laboured into verse. Hence it is t in such compositions we almost uniformly find some fifty suc- sive lines, which shine out as it were from among the rubbish t surrounds them. These are the gems, which in the fancy of author required setting, and provided he fixes them in a manner t suits his own taste, he cares not how poor and dull the metal y be in which they are enveloped. The talk that precedes and ows this precious morceau, is, in his opinion, of no sort of con- uence, and the gentle reader is left to praise or damn it, ad tum. He generally does the latter. We occasionally go far- r, and damn the whole.

Thus, for instance, notwithstanding the pretty description of a thful and lovely wife, which is put into the mouth of Sir Albert, the dramatic sketch, entitled, 'Cunigunda's Vow,' we hardly nk that it is sufficient to atone for the clay-cold dullness which rvades that composition. Witness the following sample of the logue:—

'*Cunigunda.* Canst thou blame me
That I ne'er loved afore? that I love now?
Oh, go not, Albert!
Albert. Lady I am bound
By a stong fettering vow.—If I return
This hand is mine?
Cunigunda. Ay, hand and heart. Yet go not!
Beseech thee, stay with me!
Albert. When I come back
Thou art wholly mine.
Cunigunda. Ay; ay. But go not yet!
Albert. Mine to dispose even as I will?
Cunigunda. Ay, dearest,
Even as thou wilt. But stay with me awhile!
Stay! stay!
[*Exit* Albert.
Editha. He's gone!
Cunigunda. Oh, stop him! say I beg!
Say I command! Fly! fly!
[*Exit* Otto.'———p, 13.

The legend of Cunigunda is well known. Mr. Russel mentions n his tour in Germany, and Miss Landon made a pretty ballad m it for her Troubadour. For a dramatic scene, however, it is most unfit subject that could be thought of, for this simple son, that the most striking part of it cannot be represented, nor n told, with dramatic effect.

'The Fawn' is somewhat, though not a great deal, better. There are few, we fear, who, after reading the opening of the scene, would think of going on with it.

'LEOPOLD *alone.*

'*Leopold.* Lie there, dark murderous weapon! I renounce thee!
Farewell, ye barbarous sports! Alas, poor fawn!

Enter BERTHA.

Bertha. Did I not hear a gun? The poor, poor fawn
Licking its bleeding mother! This is cruel.

Leopold. Oh cruel! cowardly! Never again—
I hate my treacherous skill; I hate myself.

Bertha. Look how the poor fawn with his nudging nose
And pretty stamping feet, dabbled in blood,
Tries to awake his dam! How piteously
He moans, poor spotted thing! Art thou quite sure
The doe is dead? I thought I saw her move.

Leopold. Too sure. 'Twas not her motion; that fond thing
Striving——I cannot bear to look on them!
She is too surely dead'.————pp. 29, 30.

But venturing a little farther, we find that the real object of the meeting between Leopold and Bertha, is not to lament over 'the *poor—poor* Fawn,' but to give the former an opportunity of describing a piece of forest scenery, which, however irrelevant to the feeling of the moment, is unquestionably exquisitely painted.

'—Look round thee, lady!
There is not in the forest such a spot
As this. Look how the wood-walks hither tend,
As to a centre: some in vistas green,
Pillared and overarched, as the long aisles
Of an old proud cathedral; others wandering
In lovelier mazes through a various scene
Holley or copse-wood; scarce the eye can trace
Their coy meanders, but all meeting here
Beneath this monarch oak, through whose thick boughs
The sun comes flickering. How the indented leaves
Of brightest green cut clearly the blue sky
And the small clouds! And how this tiny spring
Bubbles and sparkles round the moss-grown roots,
Winding its silver thread along the short
Elastic turf, so thickly set with flowers,
And mixed with fragrant herbs, till it is lost
Amongst the bowery thickets! Not a spot
In all the forest can compare with this,
Nature's own temple!"————p. 31.

The character of Bertha, who is under the control of a severe guardian, Count Lindorf, is also happily delineated:

'She is all made up
Of sweet serene content; a buoyant spirit
That is its own pure happiness. If e'er

Count Lindorf chide her—and, in sooth, even he
Can scarcely find a fault to blame in Bertha—
But should he chide her, she will meekly bend
For one short moment, then rise smiling up,
As the elastic moss when trampled on
By some rude peasant's foot. Never was heart
Stronger than her's in peaceful innocence.'—p. 48.

'The Wedding Ring,' founded on the old ballad of "The Berkshire Lady", is among the feeblest of these Sketches. As Miss Mitford has been so careful in acknowledging most of the authorities to which she is indebted, she might also have owned that a legend mentioned by Mr. Russell, and which Miss Landon has also used, furnished the ground work of 'Emily.' The story is, indeed, a common one enough—that of a young lady of high birth eloping with a youth who had little to recommend him, save a manly figure, and manners which fascinated her heart. Married for seven years, they still continue lovers; though separated from her family, Emily still hopes to be reconciled to them. Her only son meets his noble grandsire accidentally, and the incident leads to the consummation of her wishes—her restoration to the affection of her parent. The jocund mirth with which she bears up against her darker fortunes, is prettily depicted in a song which opens this sketch.

'The sun is careering in glory and might
'Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter and play——
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through;
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree;
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee.
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay—
And why should not I be as merry as they?'—pp. 85, 86.

Most people who have been married for seven years, will perhaps decide that Miss Mitford has drawn not a little on her imagination, for the compliments which this husband and wife pay each other. But the emotion with which the mother speaks of her child, is the very voice of nature.

'*Amelia.* —————— this dearest child
Of love and sorrow! Till this boy was born
Wretchedly poor were we; sick, heartsick, desolate,
Desponding; but he came, a living sunbeam!
And light and warmth seemed darting through my breast,
With his first smile. Then hope and comfort came,
And poverty, with her inventive arts,

A friend, and love, pure, firm enduring love;
And ever since we have been poor and happy:
Poor! no, we have been rich! my precious child!'—pp. 10(

We pass over 'The Painter's Daughter,' (for which Miss ford obtained the groundwork, in Mr. Mills' "Travels of The Ducas,") in order to make room for a charming narrative, sketch called 'Fair Rosamond.' It is the tale of her love.

'*Rosamond.* 'Twill soon be even. Did I never tell thee
The story of his wooing? Listen, girl,
Sit here and listen. 'Twas a glorious day,
A glorious autumn day, as bright and clear
As this, the small white clouds now softly sailing
Along the deep blue sky, now fixed and still,
As the light western breeze, arose or sank
By fits—A glorious day! I and my maids
Sat by the lakelet in my father's park
Working as we do now; right merrily,
For young and innocent maids are in their nature
Gay as the larks above their heads. The scene
Was pleasant as the season; not a spot
Of the Lord Clifford's wide demesne could vie
With this in beauty. Woods on every side
Ash, oak, and beech, sloped downward to the clear
And quiet waters, overhung by tufts
Of fern and hazel and long wreaths of briars,
Only one little turfy bank was free
From that rich underwood—there we sate bending
Over a tapestry loom, until we heard
A horn sound right above us, and espied
A hunter threading the rude path which wound
To our sequestered bower. Oh what a sight
It was! the managed steed, white as the foam
Of some huge torrent, fiery, hot, and wild,
Yet reined into a tameness by his bold
And graceful rider, winning with slow steps
His way mid those huge trees; now seen, now lost,
Now in bright sunshine, now in deepest shade;
The red autumnal tints of those old woods
Contrasting well the huntsman's snow-white steed
And garb of Lincoln green. No sign bore he
Of prince or king, save in the sovran grace
Of his majestic port, his noble brow,
His keen commanding eye. My maidens fled
Soon as they saw the stranger.
Mabel. And thou lady?
Rosamond. Why I too thought to fly, but loitered on
Collecting the bright silks and threads of gold,
Careful excuse that to myself I made
For lingering there, till he approached; and then
When I in earnest turned to go, he stayed me
With such a smile and such a grace, and craved
My aid so piteously, for he had lost

Comrades and hounds and quarry and himself
In that morn's chase, that I was fain to proffer
Guidance to our old castle.
Mabel. He went with thee?
Rosamond. No. At Lord Clifford's name he started.—Mabel,
Shun thou the lover that shall start to hear
Thy father's name.—With slight excuse he rode
To seek his partners of the chase. But oft
From that day forth we met beside the lake;—
And often when November storms came fast,
Driving against the casement, I have wept
Drop for drop with the sky, if my dear father
In his fond care forbad his Rosamond
To brave the raging tempest; all my heart
Was in that bare damp wood and on the bank
Of that dark water, where my lover stood
To wait my coming, patiently as sits
The nightingale beside his brooding mate.
How could I chuse but love him?'- pp. 144—147.

Of all these scenes, perhaps 'The Siege,' has the greatest portion of spirit, though, certainly, as little of dramatic spirit as those which we have already noticed. We were particularly interested for the deaf and dumb boy, who figures in it; every line that relates to him, is touched with graceful feeling.

The sonnets and other poems which fill up the latter part of the volume, are, as compositions, generally unworthy of Miss Mitford's pen, however indicative they may be of the number of her friends, and of the sincere affection which she appears to entertain for them. We have in vain explored them with the view of extracting a specimen, which might afford the fairest proof of her talents for sonnetteering. One, however, we shall present to the reader, as we are confident that whatever may be thought of the poetry, the filial tenderness which it displays will be sufficient to induce those who have not the original, to transfer it from these pages to the choicest section of their scrap-books.

TO MY MOTHER SLEEPING.

'Sleep on, my mother! sweet and innocent dreams
Attend thee, best and dearest! Dreams that gild
Life's clouds like setting suns, with pleasure filled
And saintly joy, such as thy mind beseems,—
Thy mind where never stormy passion gleams,
Where their soft nest the dove-like virtues build
And calmest thoughts, like violets distilled,
Their fragrance mingle with bright wisdom's beams.
Sleep on, my mother! not the lily's bell
So sweet; not the enamoured west-wind's sighs
That shake the dew-drop from her snowy cell
So gentle; not that dew-drop ere it flies
So pure. E'en slumber loves with thee to dwell
Oh model most beloved of good and wise!'—p. 299.

ART. VII. *The Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford, in the Month of July, 1826.* Written at the desire of the Party, by the Chaplain to the Mayoralty. 8vo. London: Longman & Co. 1826.

THE example of the Spartan lawgiver who erected a temple to the Deity of Laughter, has been recently followed by the Lycurgus of Guildhall. There would seem at first sight to be as little analogy between the habits of Spartans and Aldermen, as between turtle soup and Lacedæmonian black broth: but the publication of the ridiculous volume before us, will prove to the great satisfaction of all those who had hitherto conceived such persons and things to be antipodes to each other, that lord mayors can sometimes act like the legislators of Lacedæmon.

The narrative of the famous journey of our illustrious magistrate of the Mansion house, was undertaken expressly at the desire of the Lord Mayor, by Mr. Dillon, the chaplain, who appears to have been the only person of the party who was qualified to put together words and sentences according to the usages of the English tongue. The worthy chaplain 'felt the communication of a *wish*, to be a *command* on the part of the distinguished individual to whom he owed the honour of the appointment,' and accordingly he indited the splendid performance of which we have now to give some account. We cannot help thinking, however, that the Lord Mayor, in laying his 'commands,' upon the reverend author, intended that he should pay for the venison, turtle, and Roman punch, which he consumed, in the way recommended by Cyrano de Bergerac, in his account of the kingdoms in the Moon. That ingenious author tells us, that Homer and Virgil there pay their bills in epics, which represent large bank notes,—Petrarch and Filicaja in sonnets,—Clement Marot in epigrams and chansons; and that the small coin in these distant regions consists of couplets. It would be a very pleasant thing, if Authors *here* could be permitted to adopt the mode of "cash payments" in use among their lunatic brethren—and we shall sincerely rejoice if the Lord Mayor set such a delightful example. To be sure, Mr. Dillon's book is only in prose—and in very ordinary prose too:—but we cannot expect Mansion-house chaplains to write like Homer and Virgil: and if Mr. Dillon has got so much "solid pudding" for his "empty prose," surely Scott, Rogers, Moore, and Crabbe, may expect in exchange for their poetry, delicate risolles and béchamels, pine-apples, hot-house grapes, and early peaches *au poids d'or*.

The book thus commences:

'ALTHOUGH the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor of London, as Conservator of the river Thames, has extended, time immemorial, from Yantlet, about 50 miles below London Bridge, on the east, to the London Mark'stone, about thirty-six miles on the west: it has yet but rarely happened that the *Court of Aldermen* have thought proper, by any formality of proceeding,

publicly to renew their claim to this jurisdiction over those districts of the river lying west of Richmond.'—p. 1.

It is quite alarming to find that 'of *late* years,' a claim of so important a nature, involving such a large consumption of turtle, and such a deglutition of *punch à la Romaine,* should have only been made in the mayoralty of Sir Watkin Lewes, in 1781, and again in 1812, until the year 1826, when Lord Venables was pleased, in his wisdom, at once to assert his right to his own waters, and the wines of the Mayor of Oxford.

The momentous subject was occasionally discussed from the beginning of 1826, till Midsummer-day in the same memorable year; on which day, 'the Lord Mayor had retired with the Aldermen, to allow the livery of London the (not only *free* but *unbiassed*) exercise of one of their *undoubted* rights.' From this it must be inferred that the presence of the said mayor and aldermen, would have interfered with the 'undoubted rights' of the liverymen—a charge, which, whether true or false, it certainly was not becoming in the divine who had so often *graced* the Lord Mayor's board, to disseminate.

On Midsummer-day, after, of course, a very warm deliberation, 'the last week in July was ultimately and unanimously fixed upon for the excursion to Oxford,' and as 'it was *foreseen,* (admirable prophets!),' that this visit would fall in the long vacation, it was intended 'to invite the heads of houses, the mayor and magistrates, to honour his lordship and friends with their company at dinner on the 26th of July.'

This resolution was no sooner taken in London, than it was known at Oxford—and, says Mr. Dillon, 'if it were not *notorious* how soon the rumour of any measure is propagated, even before it is fully matured, it would be incredible,'—a remark, in which, not only we, but all the rest of the reading public, must completely agree with him. Accordingly, the Mayor of Oxford who determined to put the Lord Mayor of London into that sort of *embarras,* which a certain quadruped is said to feel when placed between two bundles of hay, dispatched a missive to the Mansion house, inviting 'his lordship and suite' to dine at Oxford with him, on that very important 26th which Lord Venables had fixed for receiving the mayor, town-clerk, and other personages of equal rank and dignity, composing the learned corporation of Oxford.

'A letter, written with all the kindness that the most polite hospitality could dictate, was, in a few days, received from the Mayor and Magistrates of Oxford. It was in the hand-writing of the Town-Clerk of Oxford; was addressed to the Lord Mayor; and read as follows:

'*Oxford, July* 13, 1826.

'My Lord,

'The Mayor and Magistrates of this City, having learned that it is the intention of your Lordship *to visit* Oxford on the 26th instant, have desired

me to request the honour of seeing your Lordship and suite at dinner, in their Council Chamber on that day, at the hour of six.

'I have the honour to be,

'My Lord,

'Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

'THO. ROBERTSON,

'*Town Clerk.*

'*To the Right Honourable*
the Lord Mayor, &c. &c. &c.'

'This letter, at once so unexpected and so welcome, gave occasion to a very pleasing sort of embarrassment, on the part of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London. They felt it would be unkind, if not improper, to decline the invitation so handsomely given by the Mayor and Magistrates of that ancient and most loyal city; and yet, as they had not intended to prolong their stay in Oxford beyond a single day, and had, moreover, fixed to entertain at dinner the chief members of the University and the City, they knew not how they could accept it.'

From this fearful dilemma 'they were happily released by the question—'could not your Lordship go a day sooner to Oxford? It was *immediately seen* that this slight alteration of the plan first intended would obviate every difficulty.' We regret that the chaplain should not have conferred immortality upon the illustrious individual, to whom the party owed this profound and original suggestion, which seems to have operated with such force of conviction, upon the vigorous understandings of 'his lordship and suite.'

The invitation of the Mayor of Oxford, after being changed to the 25th, was accordingly duly accepted, and the party set out. 'Mr. Alderman Atkins, accompanied by his two daughters, Miss Atkins, and Miss Sarah Jane, *left his seat* for Oxford, on Monday, the 24th of July. On the same day, Mr. Alderman and Mrs. Lucas, with their daughters, Miss Charlotte and Miss Catherine, left their house at Lea, in Kent, and *went by land* as far as Boulter's Lock, near Maidenhead, *where they embarked.*'

The rest of the party, consisting of a number of ladies and gentlemen, rejoicing in the names of Smith, Brown, Johnson, and Thompson, accompanied the Lord Mayor in the city state barge, 'under the direction of Mr. Saunders, the water-bailiff;' and the Mansion-house, with its mighty concerns, was left to the care of Sir James Shaw—'a gentleman to whose mature judgment and discretion might be safely left the consideration of even weightier matters, than those to which the attention of the chief magistrate of London is every day called'—if more momentous matters could ever occur.

The adventures of Tuesday must be told in Mr. Dillon's own words.

'On the morning of the 25th, the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, and attended by the Chaplain, left the Mansion-House *soon after eight o'clock.*

The private state-carriage, drawn by four beautiful bays, had driven to the door at half-past seven. The coachman's countenance was reserved and thoughtful; indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried, in having the undivided charge of four high-spirited and stately horses,—a circumstance somewhat unusual; for, in the Lord Mayor's carriage, a postillion usually guides the first pair of horses. These fine animals were in admirable condition for the journey. Having been allowed a previous day of unbroken rest, they were quite impatient of delay; and chafed and champed exceedingly on the bits by which their impetuosity was restrained.

The murmur of expectation, which had lasted for more than half an hour, amongst the crowd who had gathered around the carriage, was at length hushed by the opening of the hall-door. The Lord Mayor had been filling up this interval with instructions to the *femme de ménage*, and other household officers, who were to be left in residence, to attend, with their wonted fidelity and diligence, to their respective departments of service during his absence, and now appeared at the door. His Lordship was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, and followed by the Chaplain.

'As soon as the female attendant of the Lady Mayoress had taken her seat, dressed with becoming neatness, at the side of the well-looking coachman, the carriage drove away; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity, which rather astounds than gratifies the beholders; but at that steady and majestic pace, which is always an indication of real greatness.

'Passing along Cheapside and Fleet-Street,—those arteries, as Dr. Johnson somewhere styles them, through which pours the full tide of London population,—and then along the Strand and Piccadilly, the carriage took the Henley road to Oxford.

'The weather was delightful: the sun, as though it had been refreshed by the copious and seasonable showers that had fallen very recently, seemed to rise more bright and clear than usual, and streamed in full glory all around. The dust of almost a whole summer had been laid by the rain; the roads were, of consequence, in excellent order; and the whole face of creation gleamed with joy.'—pp. 11—13.

As the carriage approached Hounslow, a phœnomenon was discovered, which led to many conjectures in the philosophic minds of the party.

'There was seen at some distance a huge volume of dark smoke, floating high in the clear blue atmosphere. It was thought, at first sight, to be a cloud of unusual form; and yet the unbroken clearness of the surrounding sky made it difficult to account for this solitary and singular appearance of a cloud.

'Conjecture was at length set at rest by the arrival of the carriage at Cranford Bridge, about three miles beyond Hounslow. This columnar smoke was then found, on inquiry, to have been the effect of an explosion, loud and tremendous, of a powder-mill on Hounslow Heath, about three quarters of a mile to the south of the road leading to Staines. Seven barrels of gunpowder are said to have been in the mill at the time. Of the two men who were at work when the accident happened,—and, happily, there were only two,—one, a widower, has left five children: the other has left a widow and three children. Their bodies were blown three

hundred yards from the mill, and were dreadfully mutilated and scorched. An arm, belonging to one of the sufferers, was afterwards found in a field of oats, at a considerable distance from the fatal spot. The noise is reported to have been appalling, and accompanied with a perceptible vibratory motion of the earth.

'As every proper precaution was known to be exercised by the proprietor of the mill, in having the machinery kept perfectly clean and free from grit, and always with the precaution of affixing pieces of brass to the soles of the shoes, into which no iron nails were ever allowed to be driven; and, as the only persons on the spot were the two sufferers, there is no way whatever of accounting for this dreadful accident.'—pp. 13—15.

It seems never to have occurred to the chaplain, that the spontaneous combustion of the powder-mill might have taken place in honour of the Lord Mayor's approach: we think this conjecture has at least the merit of probability.

We pass over the rest of the journey, which, however, was happily accomplished—as well as the mutual introduction of the two mayors 'and suite:' who 'congratulated themselves that only another hour lay between them and dinner.' There was a great want of gallantry we think, in excluding the *ladies* from the banquet: especially as this seems always to have been done on most occasions throughout the excursion.

'It must here be mentioned, that the lady mayoress and the other ladies of the party, to the number of eight, ordered dinner at the Star, *and spent the evening in their own society*'—p. 19.

The party 'at a quarter before seven' (for it is right to be exact in matters of such importance), 'sat down in a room lighted by a chandelier burning with gas of a *peculiar* brilliancy, to a banquet of such a grand and costly nature as seemed to indicate that *the whole neighbouring county* had been put in requisition' to furnish a dinner for twenty-five people!

The speeches and toasts we shall not here record: but we may mention *en passant*, that 'the town-clerk of Oxford,' *being drunk*, (the only excuse for his absurd speech), 'said, that if it ever *fell to his province to write a history of Oxford*, he should record (what?) *the occurrence of this day as an epoch in its annals*' (pp. 27, 28).

'The conversation at this banquet, in the intervals of the several toasts, though naturally of a desultory and general nature, was yet such as to shew that good taste, good feeling, and good sense, are by no means limited to the citizens of the metropolis.

'The clock had nearly sounded within an hour of midnight, when the Lord Mayor rose from table, and was followed by the rest of the company. Coffee was handed round in the withdrawing room. The party soon afterwards retired; and the Lord Mayor, accompanied by his friends, returned to the inn, where they separated to their respective apartments of repose.

'There was something particularly gratifying in every part of the elegant entertainment with which the Lord Mayor and his friends had this day been honoured. It reminded one of what is told of the good olden

times of England, to see the Chief Magistrate of Oxford receiving, in the Council Chamber of the classic city, the Chief Magistrate of London, not only in a style of such extreme generosity, as could scarcely have been exceeded, if Majesty itself had been invited to the banquet; but with all that easy politeness, which, in an instant, supersedes the preliminaries of previous acquaintance, and seems scarcely to require intercourse to strengthen, or time to improve it.'—pp. 28, 29

Wednesday is eminently a day of eating and drinking. The female party having been reinforced by the addition of Miss M'Murdo, and another lady of equally elegant name, 'a magnificent breakfast,' consisting of 'every delicacy with which the morning meal, when sumptuously provided, is usually furnished,' was devoured. This, *however*, 'made the party by no means incapable of doing honour to *a copious luncheon*, which *at two o'clock* was presented at the Star.'

Previous to the 'luncheon,' however, the mayor and aldermen visited Christ Church: and the first part of the college to which their steps are directed, is naturally 'the kitchen.'

'In the kitchen, to which some of the party were drawn by curiosity, nothing was observed particularly worthy of notice, except a large old curious *gridiron*, apparently about four feet square, *supported by four wheels, used in former times for dressing whole joints before ranges and spits were invented.*'—p. 35.

The ingenuity of this conjecture, which supposes that a huge iron machine running on four wheels, should have been invented before *spits*, (which in the early ages were simply wooden stakes), must be allowed to be unrivalled.

Dr. Kidd, Regius Professor of Anatomy, had the honour of exhibiting the wonders of Christ Church to the civic party; and, very properly judging that more curiosity would be felt about 'preparations of turtle,' than any thing else, Dr. Kidd displays before them 'a portion of the alimentary canal of A TURTLE, shewing the arteries and veins artificially filled with wax, and the absorbent vessels with quicksilver:' and some other anatomical preparations, which according to Mr. Dillon, 'are all so elegantly constructed, as in no degree to offend the delicacy of the most refined female mind!' (p. 35).

Like the *bourgeois gentilhomme*, who had been talking prose all his life without knowing it,—the 'Lord Mayor and suite,' had been all their lives using their teeth without knowing anything about them. They are, therefore, most agreeably surprised to learn, that 'they are hard and firm substances,' that there are grinders 'near the *centre of motion*, because chewing requires considerable force.' There is one point, however, on which the learned professor must have wilfully misled his intelligent auditors: the teeth *do not*, as he is made to assert, 'grow in length during a man's whole life,' *otherwise they* would become rather formidable

instruments: nor is there any 'circumstance designed to repair the waste made by attrition'—a fact of which Mr. Dillon may satisfy himself by looking into the mouth of Sir William Curtis, or any other carnivorous alderman.

The *eye* is next spoken of: and here the worthy chaplain takes occasion to make some very ingenious and original speculations. 'If it had been *square*,' says he, 'or of any other multangular form, some of its parts would lie too far off." But the inconvenience would surely have been compensated by the elegance of its shape: and what heart could have resisted a glance from an eye in the form of an acute angle, or have braved the full glare of dodecagon? 'Nor less worthy of admiration is the *situation* of the eye: *in the hand*, indeed, it might have been *more ready* for service; but to how many dangers would it have been exposed! Verily, the chaplain speaketh most wisely: for might its extinction not be every moment hazarded, by a splash of turtle soup, or an effusion of Roman punch?

'The Lord Mayor's visit to the Radcliffe *library* was *brief*,' and 'after a *somewhat hasty* inspection of the busts and books,' the citizens retired to the 'two o'clock luncheon' before mentioned, in order to satisfy what Homer calls "the holy ardour of eating." After some time had been thus intellectually spent,

'The party returned to the Star, to make those alterations in their dress for which the near approach of the dinner-hour had not allowed more than sufficient time.

'The hour of six had scarcely arrived, when the company, invited by the Lord Mayor to dine with him at the Star, began to assemble.'—p. 58.

On this occasion the ladies were admitted to the table: and the dinner is thus described:

'Amidst much elegance and beauty, the Lady Mayoress attracted particular observation. Her ladyship was arrayed in the most splendid manner, wore a towering plume of ostrich feathers, and blazed with jewels.

'When the chaplain, by craving a blessing on the feast, had set the guests at liberty to address themselves to the dainties before them; and the room was illuminated throughout by a profusion of delicate wax candles which cast a light as of broad day over the apartment; it would not have been easy for any eye, however accustomed to look on splendour, not to have been delighted, in no common manner, with the elegance of the classic and civic scene now exhibited in the dining-parlour of the first inn in Oxford.

'The accompaniments, indeed, fell short of that splendour which they would have had in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House in London; but still the general effect was peculiarly striking; and, *when the rank of the company* is considered, may with truth be called *brilliant*.

The conversation naturally assumed that tone best qualified for the discovery of those talents and learning, of which the evening had drawn together so select and bright a constellation.

'The ladies, who, to the great gratification of the company, had sat

longer than is usual at most tables, at length obeyed the signal of the Lady Mayoress, and retired to the drawing-room—

"With grace,
Which won who saw, to wish their stay."

The conversation was, however, in no degree changed in their absence. The Lady Mayoress and her fair friends had taken their share in it with much good sense and delicacy; and their departure, so far from being succeeded by that obstreperous and vulgar merriment, or any thing like that gross profligacy of conversation, which indicates rejoicing at being emancipated from the restraint of female presence, only gave occasion to the Magistrates of Oxford to express their wish, that, in the invitations to their corporation dinners, arrangements could be made, that would include the ladies.'—pp. 62—65.

We fear that in the latter sentence there is an insinuation of 'gross profligacy of conversation' against the magistrates of Oxford.

On Thursday the 'Lord Mayor and suite' left Oxford in the state barge, attended by 'a shallop,' which was pursuing the civic triumph, and partaking the gales flowing from the 'large boat half covered with an awning, containing the *provisions* for the Lord Mayor's party, *together with the cook*, who was at the time of embarkation busily engaged in preparing fire in a grate. (p. 70). The reverend author in his description of this voyage, rises almost into epic sublimity: and in his commemoration of the distinguished persons on board, rivals Homer's catalogue of ships, and Milton's of devils—though the names are not quite so euphonious.

The State Barge,—on the sides of which the ten splendid scarlet silk banners were brightened, as they waved gently in the rising sun,—was attended by the shallop of the Thames Navigation Committee of the City of London; on board of which were Messrs. Stevenson, Austin, Bennett, Carter, Daw, Dowler, Green, Hunt, Ingall, Ledger, Lister, Mathie, Saunders, and *Mr. Stephen Leach, Clerk of the Works of the Thames Navigation, in the Jurisdiction of the City of London, westward of London Bridge.*

'About seven o'clock, signals of the approach of His Lordship's party were descried and heard. The populace, thickly stationed on the road through which the carriages were to pass, caught up the acclamation; and announced to all who thronged the margin of the river, that the Lord Mayor was coming. His Lordship and the Lady Mayoress alighted from the carriage at the bridge, and walked through the respectful crowd, which divided to give them passage; and were at once conveyed to the State Barge, in the Water Bailiff's boat.

'The whole party now quickly followed; and, in a quarter after seven, amidst shouts of reiterated applause from the surrounding multitudes, the City Barge, manned by the city watermen, in scarlet liveries, and all the other boats in attendance on his Lordship, were simultaneously launched on the broad bosom of the princely Thames.

'The immense tide of population which had rolled forth from the city, flowed along with the boats a considerable distance, on both sides of the river; and extreme delight was visible in every countenance. The

weather, indeed, was of itself sufficient to give rise to joyous and happy feelings. The rays of a bright sun, streaming through an unclouded sky, poured their enlivening influence all around. It was quite one of those genial mornings, when we seem to draw in delight with the very air we breathe; and feel happy, we can scarcely tell why.'—pp. 69—71.

The beauties of the river and its shores were destined to be eclipsed by the sight of breakfast:

'It is to be regretted, however, that at this period of the pleasure-voyage,—for it was now about nine in the morning,—the party were all so unitedly engaged in the elegant cabin of the State Barge, in doing honour to the delicacies of the Lord Mayor's breakfast table, that the beauties of Nuneham were not seen to the best advantage.'—p. 73.

'At half-past three the party were summoned down to dinner:' and shortly afterwards they approached Reading. Two equestrians, bestriding a couple of broken down ponies, gaunt and rusty, *who* had *possibly* seen better days, were among the spectators at Caversham.

'And so mightily pleased was the Lord Mayor with their uncouth and ludicrous appearance, that he hailed one of them, and asked him to be the bearer of a message to Reading, touching his Lordship's carriage. The fellow seemed to feel as he never felt before. An honour was about to be conferred upon him alone,—to be the *avant courier* of the Lord Mayor of London,—above and beyond all the other riders, drivers, and walkers, of whatever quality and degree, who had thronged to view the civic party.'—p. 81.

'A few minutes before ten,' the party arrived at Reading, 'where, after partaking *of a sumptuous supper*, they separated, and betook themselves to the silence and retirement of their chambers.

On Friday, the 'party *took breakfast* at nine o'clock,' and proceeded onward: the classical Mr. Alderman Birch quoting, "Tho' deep, yet clear," &c., from a newly discovered poet, Sir *Thomas* Denham (p. 90).

'Reports now began to circulate through the neighbourhood, that the Lord Mayor would *dine* at Cliefden,' which accordingly he did, 'at a quarter before five,' in company with I. Pocock, Esq., Broom Witts, Esq., the mayors of Reading, Windsor, and Maidenhead, Mrs. Fromow, the amiable mother of the Lady Mayoress, and her son, P. I. Fromow, Esq.,' &c. &c. 'The children shouted and threw up their hats, the air echoed and re-echoed with the *guns and music**, and rejoicings. The day was serenely fine and beautiful: and the Thames *seemed to awe itself into stillness, as if to listen more attentively to the high applause with which the arrival of its chief conservator was welcomed*' (pp. 98, 99).

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* The idea of this concord of sweet sounds is evidently borrowed from Tom Thumb: ——"His Highness sleeps,
Lulled to repose by loud-applauding drums
And sweet rebound of twice five hundred cannon."

Cliefden, it seems, had the honour of giving birth to Lord Venables; and thereupon the chaplain thus moralizeth:

'It was something more than a mere idle feeling of curiosity that prompted this anxiety in the honest peasantry to see the Lord Mayor of London. The home-bred charities of the heart were in it. His Lordship was now in the immediate neighbourhood of his own paternal fields. With his early life they had been many of them familiar; and they now grouped around him, to recognize his claim to their affectionate and true esteem: for they said,—"He was born in our village."

Such instances of unaffected kindness and attachment are beyond measure pleasing. No other testimonies, indeed, are half so valuable to a man, as those which are borne spontaneously by those who know him intimately; no love, no applause, half so sweet and gratifying, as that which springs up in his native place. And whatever approbation may be awarded to the individual who gives occasion to these remarks, elsewhere; however high and wide the renown may be, which, from early boyhood to the robe of dignity, he has sought in a doubtful world; and in quest of which many a long life-time has been wasted; however full may be the harvest of applause which he may have reaped; yet, when the bustle of public life is over, and the weary heart and the failing head shall indicate that the hour of his departure from this transitory scene will not be much longer delayed; it may be, that he will then cast back a look of filial fondness upon his paternal home; and will seek to sleep in his father's sepulchre, and to mingle his dust with that of his kindred and his early friends.'—pp. 100—102.

We pass over the long and tiresome eulogy on George the Third, who 'never engaged in a *just and necessary war* without reluctance'—to get to the arrival of the party at Windsor, where, 'as soon as they had done ample honours to the delicacies of the well spread breakfast table, they proceeded to view the interior of the castle.' Here the Lord Mayor and suite appear in the new light of critics of painting and sculpture. The following remarks on, the Last Supper by West, are peculiarly ingenious and sensible.

'Some of the party, however, conceived that the countenance of Judas is so plainly indicative of every thing that is treacherous, dark, and deadly, that, if his features had really been so strongly marked as the artist has depicted them, no one at the table of the Last Supper could have doubted, for an instant, *who it was that should betray* our blessed Lord.'—p. 119.

On Mr. Wyatt's monument to the Princess Charlotte, the opinions of these exquisite judges of art, seemed to have been rather divided. The praise at the end is rather of the damnatory description: and its faintness is only to be accounted for by the objections to the "drapery," upon which Mr. Waithman, who was of the party, would of course be consulted.

'Of the merits of this singular piece of modern sculpture, as a whole, there were differences of opinion. Some of the party thought that the lamented cause of her death would be told more simply to after ages, if the princess had herself carried her babe. Others inquired, why—as she is supposed to have thrown aside the incumbrance of the body,—is her

figure so much larger than the angels who are attending her? Some thought there should have been only *one* figure of the princess: others conceived that there is an inelegance in the drapery in the front of the figure representing the soul. Some, moreover, were of opinion that the light which finds its way upon the monument, imitating the colour of sunset, increases its effect: others, again, thought that it lessened it. It was generally agreed, however, notwithstanding these minor shades of difference in opinion, that it is a very ingenious work for a young man who was not originally educated as a sculptor.—pp. 122, 123.

On arriving at the city stone, from which Mr. Dillon insists that the name of the town of Staines comes, though it is about two miles off*, the city banner was waved over it, some wine drank, and other pieces of foolery performed; all which being happily accomplished, the Lord Mayor, accompanied by some 'nice little boys, of the ages of nine, twelve, and fourteen,' for whom alone this civic mummery was fit, 'sat down in the cabin of the state barge *to a cold collation* at three o'clock.' After this 'cold collation' came *dinner*: and 'when the party rose from the dinner table,' they found themselves somewhere near Oatlands. Onward they went, and at length reached Richmond, regretting only that what had been so delightful, was *to be* also so short. *Every one's countenance was deeply embrowned by long exposure* to the sun and air,' during this dangerous and eventful voyage. 'The horses were put at full speed, and at a few minutes before ten, the Lord Mayor arrived at the Mansion House'—and his inquiry of, "stands Guildhall where it did ?" being to his great satisfaction answered in the affirmative, he retired to enjoy that repose which his chaplain's book is destined to inflict upon all its readers.

ART. VIII. *Original Letters, illustrative of English History; including numerous Royal Letters: from Autographs in the British Museum, and one or two other Collections. With Notes and Illustrations.* By Henry Ellis, F.R.S., Secretary S. A., Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum. Second Series. 4 vols. 8vo., 2*l.* 8*s.* London: Harding and Lepard. 1827.

BY the publication of his first series of Original Letters, from the British Museum and other stores, Mr. Ellis deservedly earned for himself the praise of having done more than any other living individual (with the exception of Dr. Lingard), for the illustration of our English history. We rejoice that he has been encouraged by the public favour to prosecute his useful labours; and it is apparent, from the undiminished interest and value of the second collection, which he has here been enabled to lay before the world, that his first researches had in no degree exhausted the immense

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* 'The Saxon word *Stana* signifies a stone,' quoth Mr. D. There is no such word in the Saxon language: the real word is *Stan*.

accumulation of materials in his custody. It is exceedingly fortunate for the cause of historical inquiry, that the charge of our national treasures, in this department, has been committed to a gentleman of so much learning, acuteness, and industry; and Mr. Ellis may feel a justifiable pride in the reflection, that he has abundantly proved his worthiness and ability for the official station which he holds among the guardians of our literary archives.

That he is, indeed, under the influence of some historical prejudices, and has a very decided political bias, is evident enough, in the tenor of many of his illustrative notes; but from the very nature of his undertaking, the peculiarity of his mere personal opinions, is luckily, a matter of very little consequence. His chief business has been the copying of authentic and hitherto unpublished documents; and having, with the aid of such collateral information as he could adduce, opened these fairly and honestly to public inspection, he has sufficiently discharged his duty. It is then left free to every competent inquirer, to examine for himself the real bearing of these authorities; and the partialities of an editor will, of course, have no more weight in the question than his arguments may happen to deserve. Not that we are by any means disposed either to impugn the candour of Mr. Ellis's intentions, or to under-rate the general worth of his explanatory notices. We only assert the fact, that he is—we dare say unconsciously to himself—under particular prepossessions: but these have not often been permitted to interfere with the liberality of his conclusions, or the freedom of his comments; and it would be any thing but just to regard him only as the plodding collector of a mass of historical fragments. He has not merely selected with judgment and care, but illustrated with learning and taste. If he be the mechanical labourer, who has dug out the pearls from the dross of the materials before him, he may also be likened to the skilful lapidary, who has set his jewels in right excellent and valuable workmanship.

On the historical utility of such collections of original letters as Mr. Ellis has printed, it seems almost needless to insist. But it should be observed, that the elucidation of our general history is, in fact, but a single part of the curious and profitable purposes, to which these chronological series of documents are applicable. They throw full as much desirable light upon the state of our national manners, in different centuries, as upon the vicissitudes of our political annals; and they are also most interesting in a literary point of view, as strikingly exhibiting the growth of the English language.

In illustration of the manners of our ancestors, the epistolary correspondence of their own times is unquestionably among the very best familiar evidence which has admitted of preservation. We need only adduce the example of the Paston Letters, to shew how much light has been shed upon the domestic life of the middle

ages, by the fortuitous discovery of a single such collection. From the present series a great many explanations of manners are certainly also to be gleaned; but in this regard we suspect that Mr. Ellis has yet done very little, compared with the means at his command. Political history has been rather too exclusively his object; and he seems in general to have discarded all other matter than that which bore, immediately, or at least indirectly, upon public affairs. Now, surely, among those innumerable piles of MS. letters in the British Museum, (from which Mr. Ellis's selections have almost wholly been made), there must be found a great variety occupied with the details of domestic business and private intercourse. Any such, however, if they have fallen in his way, our editor, in the restrictions imposed by his present plan, appears to have entirely rejected; while, on the other hand, he has printed a great many letters, utterly inconsequential in their contents, for no better reason than that the writers have chanced to be persons of political celebrity. We are half ashamed of gravely propounding the obvious truism, that the only value of any of these letters is in their matter, as illustrative of character and circumstances: but there are persons in the world, who have far more affection for petty antiquarian curiosities, than for sound historical knowledge; and hence the passion for collecting the mere autographs of famous men—the idlest among the idle pursuits of laborious triflers and half-learned virtuosi. We have little doubt that, of letters of miscellaneous interest, though from writers obscure in themselves, and occupied not with political subjects, materials to fill several volumes are still to be found in the British Museum; and Mr. Ellis will be increasing the measure of public obligation, if he should be induced to occupy himself in editing such a collection. Nothing will form a better sequel to his labours than a third series of original letters, illustrative specially of manners, and of other collateral circumstances, in the domestic condition of our forefathers during the several ages of English history.

But, in the other respect to which we have alluded—as exhibiting the growth of our language—this series of letters has already left us scarcely anything farther to desire. Mr. Ellis is quite borne out in asserting, that the contents of his volumes afford 'a more complete succession of specimens of the English language, during the reigns to which the letters relate, than will be found in any other work.' The earliest pieces which they present are as ancient as the last year of the fourteenth century, the very year to which the life of old Chaucer extended; and if we prefix the colloquial tales of that vivacious painter of manners to this epistolary series, we acquire a complete set of examples, of all the progressive changes which the familiar diction of our tongue has undergone, from the reign of Edward III., to our own times.

With relation to one circumstance in the history of our language, the earliest of these letters are really curious. The reader is aware

that for some centuries after the Norman conquest, the English language struggled with difficulty against the ascendancy of the French, which, owing to the continental descent of the royal line, of all the great baronial families, and of the large portion of the inferior gentry, was the ordinary dialect of

"——Court and castle, hall and bower."—

By slow degrees, however, as the nobles learnt to pride themselves upon the name of Englishmen, the vernacular and national speech of the people prevailed over its foreign rival; and the famous statute which enacted that all the pleas of the law courts should be conducted in English, at length, in the middle of the fourteenth century, secured the triumph of our homebred tongue. All these are familiar facts: but the precise era of the general substitution of English for French in the conversation, and therefore in the epistolary correspondence, of the higher orders, has been a much disputed point among our literary antiquaries. Tyrwhitt and Ritson have seemed to speak as if the desuetude of French, as the colloquial dialect of the superior ranks, should be dated about the close of the thirteenth century; and few writers have contended for its much longer prevalence. But there is abundant evidence in some of the letters before us, that the French maintained its usage full a hundred years later. At least half the correspondence published by Mr. Ellis, of the reign of Henry IV., is in that language: the letters of the Prince of Wales, touching the Welsh rebellion, and even an address of the same date from Sir Edmund Mortimer, to his tenantry, are in French; and there is one other document, upon the curiosity of which, in relation to this branch of inquiry, we are surprised that Mr. Ellis should have omitted to comment. It is a letter from Richard Kyngeston, archdeacon of Hereford, to the king; composed in grievous affright at the progress of Owen Glyndowr's rebellion, and written *partly in French and partly in English.* The formal portion of this dispatch is indited in French: but the postscript, as if the increasing haste and terror of the reverend writer had got the better of the punctilios of ceremony and fine writing, is concluded in plain English. But this mingling of the two languages in the epistle of a churchman, whose name proclaims him of the genuine old English or Saxon stock, is altogether remarkable as proving, that, even at the commencement of the fifteenth century, French was still the more fashionable dialect of courtly and political intercourse. This medley epistle is, perhaps, among the latest monuments of the long struggle in our island between the two forms of speech.

But proceeding to notice the main subject-matter of these volumes:—we may observe, that Mr. Ellis has here considerably improved upon the general plan of his former series. To the value of his own historical and critical dissertations upon the original letters, we have already borne testimony; and it is not estimating

his learning too highly to affirm, that we know very few historians of the present age, who may be preferred to him for minute research, exact knowledge, or ingenious deduction. In illustrating the original matter now printed, he has followed the same chronological method as before; and each piece is prefaced by a notice of the collection from which it has been taken—the persons by whom it was written, and to whom it was addressed—the occasion and the subject which produced it—with conjectural readings, glossaries, and translations where requisite. The increased experience of the editor has enabled him to perform all these important parts of his undertaking, in a manner more entirely satisfactory than in his earlier attempts. In very many cases the letters themselves would be, but for these explanatory notices, almost unintelligible to the general reader; and it has therefore much enhanced the attraction of these volumes over their precursors, that Mr. Ellis has more diffusely extended the length and increased the number of his comments. Another improvement is, that at periods, in which he found a scarcity of letters, he has introduced a few contemporary memoirs to repair the deficiency, and illuminate the page of general history. Documents of this nature, either previously inedited or obscurely known, must, as he justly considers, be highly valued by the historian; and they of course add very considerably to the amount of information, for which reference may be made to his volumes.

This series of correspondence, too, commences a reign earlier, and is brought down two reigns lower, than the former collection. It opens with several highly interesting documents of the age of Henry IV., and concludes at so late an epoch as to contain two or three letters of Edmund Burke. The first series began only with Henry V. and ended with George I. The portions of history here elucidated 'differ entirely,' as Mr. Ellis is careful to remark, 'except in one or two particular cases, from those which received explanation in the former volumes.' But we cannot find that he is quite warranted in adding, that here 'new events are introduced, and new secrets of state unravelled.' We have, in truth, been somewhat disappointed in the expectations which he had raised by this promise; nor have we recognised the discoveries to which he would thus appear to lay claim. The charm of these letters is rather in their curiosity, as remains of past ages, than in their record of any events, which had previously been unknown to the historian: they certainly *illustrate* the circumstances of our history, but they neither establish any new facts of importance, nor invalidate any opinions that had previously been current. They amuse and delight us, by carrying us back to a more intimate acquaintance with the past ages of our history, and by introducing us to many of the most memorable actors of English story, in the familiar converse of their own language and expressions. But very few of the letters either instruct us more deeply than before in the characters of those personages, or increase the general sum of our historical facts.

The earliest letters in this collection, are those of the reign of Henry IV., of which we have already spoken, as relating to the rebellion of Owen Glyndowr. These, all on the same subject, are fourteen in number, and are curious as throwing light upon some circumstances of that civil warfare, and upon the condition of the Welsh Marshes at the opening of the fifteenth century. There is an amusing confirmation in one of them of the superstitious credence in divination and magic prophecy, which Holinshed, and after him, Shakspeare, his implicit copier, have ascribed to the character of Glyndowr. In the 'ton of Kairm'—then, says this letter from the mayor and burgesses of Cairleon, 'Owen sende after Hopkin ap Thomas of Gower, to come and speke with hym upon trewes, and when Hopkin come to Owen, he piede (prayed) hym in as meche as he huld him maister of Brut (i. e. skilled in the prophecies of Merlin, whose vaticinations form a part of the Brut of Geoffrey of Monmouth), that he schuld do hym to understonde how and what maner it schold be falle of hym; and he told hym wittliche that he schold be take with inne a bref tyme; and the takyng schold be under a black baner; knowelichyd that this blake baner schold dessese hym, and nozt that he schold be take undir hym.'

Upon this passage Mr. Ellis remarks, that 'the sequel of Glyndowr's history shews that Hopkin ap Thomas of Gower, was not infallible as a seer.' We confess that we do not so undertand the passage, as if the said Hopkin had given the prediction in good faith. He filled Glyndowr with the comfortable assurance that he should soon be made prisoner: he told him this *wittliche*, that is shrewdly. He specified that the taking should be under a black banner, knowing, adds the writers of the letter, that this 'black baner scholde dessese hym, and nozt that he shold be take undir hym;'—that is, that by the apprehension of this black banner the imagination of the chieftain should be disturbed (dessese, from the old French desaiser to disturb, disease), and not that he should really be taken. This reading, the only sense in which the close of the paragraph is at all intelligible, places the whole passage in a very different light from that in which Mr. Ellis has viewed it; and it accordingly exhibits master Hopkin to have been, if not an infallible seer, at least the author of a very ingenious and malicious device for retaliating upon the supertitious fears of

"That great magician, damned Glendower,"

who himself, half dupe, half impostor, was the mysterious terror of his English enemies.

Of the reign of Henry V., there is one letter which is extremely interesting in its connection with the character of that great monarch, as the first founder of the royal navy of England. This letter is from one John Alceter to Henry, detailing the progress in the building of a ship for him at Bayonne, one hundred and eighty-six feet in length. Before his reign, the kings of England had

occasionally assembled large fleets, but these had consisted of vessels belonging to merchants, either pressed for the occasion, with their crews, from the different English ports, or hired in foreign countries. Henry was certainly the first of our sovereigns who established a permanent navy; and Mr. Ellis has adduced good evidence of the number of the ships, and even the names of some of them—the *Grace de Dieu*, the *Trinitee*, the *Holy Ghost*, &c.—which he caused to be built. In the proceedings of his council, preserved in the Cottonian collection, the force and enumeration of this royal navy are distinguished from the merchant, and other hired vessels, in the king's temporary service. The royal navy,—a mighty force,—is described to have consisted of three great ships, as many carracks, eight barges, and ten *balingers*, or smaller barges!! In attempting to explain the meaning of the term *dromons*, which appears in a rhyming chronicle of this age to have been applied to these same three 'great ships,' Mr. Ellis has committed a singular little error, for so exact an antiquary. Observing that the term *dromons* is of a date much earlier than the fifteenth century, he adds, that 'it seems to have been *borrowed from the Saracens*, and meant ships of the largest size and strongest construction.' And he quotes Matthew Paris's account of the great ship of Saladin, captured by our Richard I., "navis quædam permaxima, quam DROMUNDAM appellant." But the term was of much older date than this, and was borrowed by the Saracens, like the Greek fire with which Saladin's vessel was armed, from the practice of the Byzantine navy. Mr. Ellis must scarcely need to be reminded that the original *dromones* were the war gallies of the lower empire.

There is a letter, praying for alms, from a disabled soldier, who had fought at Agincourt, which it is impossible to peruse without identifying ourselves for a moment with the spirit of the age in which it was written, and feeling touched by its simple petition. It is such little pieces as this, which transport us back in lively imagination through whole centuries, and place us at once in familiar contact with the men, and the actions of the bye-gone time. The letter is addressed to the council of the infant Henry VI.

'To the Kyng oure Soverain Lord,

'Besechith mekely youre poure liegeman and humble horatour Thomas Hostell, that in consideration of his service doon to your noble progenitours of ful blessed memory Kyng Henrj the iiijth. and Kyng Henri the fift, whoos soules God assoille; being at the Siege of Harflewe, there smyten with a springolt* through the hede, lesing his oon ye†, and his cheke boon broken; also at the Bataille of Agingcourt, and after at the takyng of the Carrakes on the See, there with a gadde of yren his plates smyten in

* The springolt was a dart, thrown from the Espringal, and had brass plates, instead of feathers, to make its flight steady.

† Eye.

sondre, and sore hurt, maymed, and wounded; by meane whereof he being sore febeled and debrused, now falle to great age and poverty; gretly endetted; and may not helpe himself; havyng not wherewith to be susteyned ne releved but of menes* gracious almesse; and being for his said service never yit recompensed ne rewarded, it plese your high and excellent Grace, the premises tenderly considered, of your benigne pitee and grace, to releve and refresh your said poure Oratour, as it shal plese you, with your most gratious Almesse at the reverence of God and in werk of charitee; and he shall devoutly pray for the soules of your said noble Progenitours, and for your moost noble and high estate.'—vol. i., pp. 95, 96.

The letters which occur in this series, from the reign of Henry VI. to that of Richard III. inclusive, are not very important in their bearings. The whole period, though among the most eventful, is one of the most troubled, obscure, and sanguinary, in our annals; and all its contemporaneous records, as if infected by the gloomy distractions of the times, are confused, disjointed, and mutilated. Mr. Ellis endeavours, but we think not successfully, to deduce some traits of the character of Richard III. from his few letters; and he maintains, that even in these, there is a darkness and a mystery inconsistent with good faith. 'The impression which they make,' he declares, 'is bad; and leads to the suspicion that future discoveries, whatever else they may develope, will do little to retrieve the character of Richard from the odium so concurrently passed upon it by those who lived in his time.' We cannot ourselves see, in these letters, the dark traits which our editor imagines; and 'the smooth and cringing expressions' which he remarks, appear to us to betray little more than the disquiet and apprehension which naturally oppressed Richard in the last year of his reign, when he was surrounded with enemies, and conscious of his unpopularity. These are evidences of weakness, but not necessarily of guilt. Walpole's attempt to offer a favourable view of his character, though ingenious as a mere hypothesis, was certainly altogether overstrained, and unsupported by facts: but considering how strongly it was the interest of the triumphant enemies of Richard to blacken his fame—how completely his death extinguished his cause, and how easily the jealous arts of so wily a politician as Henry VII. may have practised against his memory, it really appears very probable that his crimes have been grossly exaggerated in number, if not in enormity.

Appertaining to the reign of Henry VIII., of which so great a mass of diplomatic correspondence is preserved in various depositories, we have here, of course, a large selection of letters and documents. Wolsey, More, Pace, Thomas Cromwell, and almost all the conspicuous personages of the time, are presented to us in these epistles, and sometimes with pointed illustrations of their characters. 'Among the fragments of the Cottonian Library,

* Men's.

resoued from the fire of 1731,' says Mr. Ellis, 'are many of Wolsey's letters, which, as imperfect, have been neglected by his biographers.' Several of them, written after his fall, to Cromwell, are full of that unmanly dejection of spirit which he is known to have exhibited. The following, imploring Cromwell to come to him, and inquiring whether Anne Boleyn's displeasure against him was assuaged, is a fair specimen of the rest:

'The ferteryng* and puttyng ovyr of your commyng hyther hath so increasyd my sorowe and put me in such anxyete of mynd, that thys nygth my breth and wynde by sythyng was so short that I was by the space of thre owers as one that shuld have dyd. Wherfor, yf ye love my lyf, breke awey thys e'nyng and come hyther, to the' yntent I may open my mynde unto yow and instruct yow of the same, wych I cannot commyt to wryttyng; but yt ys necessary that the same be done by mutual conferens with yow by mowth, and that I may have your Cownsell opon the same. Yf thys tyme be put ovyr yt shall not lye in your poore to provyde the remedye. Yf I mygth I wold nat fayle. Rather then thys my spekyng with yow shulbe put ovyr and delayd I wold com on my fote to yow. At the reverens of God take summe payne now for me, and forsake me nat in thys myn extreme nede; and wher as I can nat, God shall rewarde yow. Now ys the tyme to shewe whether ye love me or not. Wherfore in any wyse take . . thys purpose summe lytyl tyme. Ye shal not tarry here long . . whych your comyng I shal showe yow myne in all suche thyngs as ye have wrytten to me afore. I am now in no . . poynt to wrytt at the leynth any thyng, nor shal be abyll . . . any yf I continue in thys cas *nam dies mei f . entur* . . . . . with Mr. Nores affor your comyng of whom ye may . . sum specialnes yf the desspleasure of my lady Anne be sumwhat assuagyd, as I pray God the same may be, then yt shuld . . that by summe convenyent meane she be further . . . ys the onely helpe and remedy all possyble means . . atteynying of hyr favor. I have God knowyth . . . to . nowe to showe cheryte, pety, ... your wyl . . . . . vol. ii., pp. 27, 28.

Mr. Ellis, in his preface, has taken some credit to himself for developing truth in the character of Thomas Cromwell, who, he observes, 'was, in reality, neither an honest man, nor the grateful friend of Wolsey.' We quite agree with him in his conclusion, though we cannot admit the boast of its novelty. The violent share taken by Cromwell in the suppression of the monasteries, has obtained him some favour with a particular class of historians: but we do not understand how he ever can have been mistaken for an honest man. Though he did not immediately and wholly

* Furthering.

abandon his master Wolsey in his disgrace, he certainly shewed no reluctance to rise upon his ruin; and, subsequently as a minister himself, he readily became among the most corrupt and wicked instruments of tyranny. In one of his characteristic letters before us, he is eager to declare to the king his intention of going on the morrow to the tower, to see a suspected traitor 'set in the bracks (a horrid species of rack), and by torment compelled to confesse the truth.' The iniquitous proceedure of attainting persons already in prison by parliament, *without bringing them to trial*, was his own invention; and he richly deserved his fate,

—— neque enim lex æquior ulla
Quàm necis artifices arte perire suâ,

when he was himself made a victim of his own legislative proscription. In moral retribution, he merited a violent death: but not from the hands of Henry VIII., nor upon the absurd and utterly unfounded pretence of treason; and our small sympathy in his fate is mingled with more execration of the capricious and implacable tyrant, who took his blood in revenge for his innocent share in promoting the disgustful marriage with Anne of Cleves.

Of the character of Henry himself, there is abundant illustration in these letters. In one place, his agent in Spain proposes to him an act of perfidy, which, as Mr. Ellis justly observes, 'shewed how little scrupulous the king was believed to be, by those who served him, in attaining any purpose.'

'Her,' says the letter, 'be ij. bretheryn that dwelt in Lymeryk; they be the Emperors servaunts. They mys use themselfs agaynst your Highnes, as I am yn formyd. Yf I can, I wull make them a banket a bord on of Shipys Brystow, (the Bristol ships) and, yf they cam ther, the shall land no more yn Spayn.'

There are a great many letters which illustrate the cruelty of the tyrant to the family of the Poles, and especially to the venerable Countess of Salisbury: but the following epistle betrays more hypocritical disguise of his hatred to that house, than has usually been attributed to him.

'After my most herty commendacons, getting knowledge of this Postes departure but ever nowe and the same going in suche hast that I could not have any lenger tyme to write but as he stode by me, I must be shorte against my will, and shall by thise onely advertyse you that on Monday in the evenyng, which was the iiijth of this moneth, the Marques of Excestre and the Lorde Montague were commytted to the Towre of London; being the Kinges Majestie soo grevously touched by them, that, albeit, His Grace hath uppon his special favor borne towards them, passed over many accusations made against the same of late by their own domestiques, thinking assuredly with his clemencye to conquerre their cancerdnes, as Cesar at the last wanne and overcame Cynna. Yet His Grace was constrayned for avoyding of such malice as was prepensed bothe against his personne royal and the surety of my Lorde Prince, our only Juel after his Majesty, to use the remedy of committing them to ward, that all incon-

venience may thereby be ensued. Th' accusacions made against them be of great importaunce and duely proved by substancial wytnes. And yet the Kings Majestie loveth them so well, and of his great goodnes is soo lothe to procede against them that though their oune families in maner abhorr their facts it ys doubted what his Highnes woll doo towards them.'—vol. ii., p. 109.

He loved them so well, that he was loth to proceed against them:—and *within ten days* they were beheaded!

The next paper which we shall transcribe, is a very remarkable document: the letter written by the Princess Elizabeth to her sister Queen Mary, on her committal to the tower at the time of Wyat's rebellion.

'To the Queen.

'If any ever did try this olde saynge, that a Kinge's word was more than another man's othe, I most humbly beseche your Majesty to verefie it in me, and to remember your last promis and my last demande, that I be not condemned without answer and due profe; wiche it seems that now I am, for that without cause provid I am by your Counsel frome you commanded to go unto the Tower; a place more wonted for a false traitor, than a tru subject. Wiche thogth I know I deserve it not, yet in the face of al this realme aperes that it is provid; wiche I pray God, I may dy the shamefullist dethe that ever any died, afore I may mene any suche thinge: and to this present hower I protest afor God (who shal juge my trueth, whatsover malice shal devis) that I never practised, consiled, nor consentid to any thinge that might be prejudicial to your parson any way, or daungerous to the State by any mene. And therfor I humbly beseche your Majestie to let me answer afore your selfe, and not suffer me to trust to your Counselors; yea and that afore I go to the Tower, if it be possible; if not, afore I be further condemned. Howbeit, I trust assuredly, your Highnes wyl give me leve to do it afor I go; for that thus shamfully I may not be cried out on, as now I shal be; yea and without cause. Let consciens move your Hithnes to take some bettar way with me, than to make me be condemned in al mens sigth, afor my desert knowen. Also I most humbly beseche your Higthness to pardon this my boldnes, wiche innocency procures me to do, togither with hope of your natural kindnes; wiche I trust wyl not se me cast away without desert: wiche what it is, I would desier no more of God, but that you truly knewe. Wiche thinge I thinke and beleve you shal never by report knowe, unless by yourself you hire. I have harde in my time of many cast away, for want of comminge to the presence of ther Prince: and in late days I harde my Lorde of Sommerset say, that if his brother had bine sufferd to speke with him, he had never sufferd: but the perswasions wer made to him so gret, that he was brogth in belefe that he coulde not live safely if the Admiral lived; and that made him give his consent to his dethe. Thogth thes parsons ar not to be compared to your Majestie, yet I pray God, as ivel perswations perswade not one sistar again the other; and al for that the have harde false report, and not harkene to the trueth knowin. Therfor ons again, kniling with humblenes of my hart, bicause I am not sufferd to bow the knees of my body, I humbly crave to speke with your Higthnes: which I wolde *not* be so bold to desier, if I knewe not my selfe most clere, as I knowe

my selfe most true. And as for the traitor Wiat, he migth peraventur writ me a lettor; but, on my faithe, I never receved any from him. And as for the copie of my lettar sent to the French Kinge, I pray God confound me eternally, if ever I sent him word, message, token, or lettar by any menes; and to this my truith I will stand in to my dethe.

'Your Highness most faithful subject
that hath bine from the beginninge,
and wylbe to my ende,
ELIZABETH.'

'I humbly crave but only one
worde of answer from your selfe.'—vol. ii., 255—7.

This letter Mr. Ellis has appropriately introduced with a narrative of Elizabeth's committal to the tower, of which we take only the last passage.

'The landing at the Traitor's Gate she at first refused: but one of the lords stepped back into the barge to urge her coming out; "and because it did then rain," says Holinshed, "he offered to her his cloak, which she (putting it back with her hand with a good dash) refused." Then coming out, with one foot upon the stair, she said, "Here landeth as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs: and before thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friends but thee alone."'

'To her prison-chamber, it is stated, she was brought with great reluctance; and the locking and bolting of the doors upon her caused dismay. She was, moreover, for some time denied even the liberty of exercise. Early in the following May, the Lord Chandos, who was then the constable of the Tower, was discharged of his office, and Sir Henry Bedingfield appointed in his room. "He brought with him," says the historian, "an hundred souldiers, in blue coats, wherewith the princess was marvellously discomfited, and demanded of such as were about her, whether the Lady Jane's scaffold were taken away or no, fearing, by reason of their coming, least she should have played her part." Warton says, she asked this question "with her usual liveliness;" but there was probably less in it of vivacity than he supposed. Sixty years before, upon the same spot, Sir James Tirell had been suddenly substituted for Sir Robert Brakenbury, preparatory to the disappearance of the princes of the house of York. Happily for Elizabeth, her fears were groundless; Sir Henry Bedingfield accompanied her to a less gloomy prison in the palace of Woodstock.'—p. 258.

Adversity and affliction are usually said to be the searching correctors of the human heart: but royal hearts would seem to be formed of more impenetrable materials than are taken into the account in this ordinary estimate of our nature. A far more bitter measure of suffering did Elizabeth afterwards inexorably inflict upon Mary Stuart—her kinswoman and a queen,—than her sister had meted out to her. Elizabeth sprang from a bad stock: her character displayed habitually the arbitrary spirit of the Tudors; and in sternness and obduracy of purpose, she could, upon occasions, betray all her father's implacable cruelty, though she ordinarily, with more prudence than he had possessed, set a better curb

upon the violence of an imperious temper. In her execution of the Queen of Scots, reasons of state might be pleaded as some extenuation, however unsatisfactory, of the act: but another transaction, rather less celebrated, and of a more private nature, to which several of these letters relate, places the stern vindictive character of Elizabeth in the most odious and inexcusable point of view. The circumstances of this story are as well told in the words of Mr. Ellis, as in any other.

'The reader has been already made aware, that after the exclusion given by the will of Henry the Eighth to the posterity of Margaret of Scotland, after the acts of parliament which he left unrepealed, and the publication of Edward the Sixth's will, the right of the Crown of England was very generally considered to have devolved upon the House of Suffolk, of which the Lady Catherine, the sister of Lady Jane Gray, was the heir.

'This lady had been married to Lord Herbert, the son of the Earl of Pembroke, whose father apprehending danger from an intermarriage with royal blood, obtained an immediate divorce. The Lady Catherine then entered into a secret contract with the Earl of Hertford, whose sister, the Lady Jane Seymour, resided with her in the court; both, seemingly, as maids of honour to the queen.

'The queen went one morning to Eltham to hunt, when Lady Jane and Lady Catherine, according to previous concert, leaving the palace at Westminster by the stairs at the orchard, went along by the sands to the earl's house in Chanon Row; Lady Jane then went for a priest, and the parties were married. The earl accompanied them back to the water-stairs of his house, put them into a boat, and they returned to the Court time enough for dinner in master comptroller's chamber. Having consummated his marriage, Lord Hertford travelled into France. The pregnancy of Lady Catherine became apparent, and was soon whispered through the court. She first confessed it privately to Mrs. Sentlowe, and afterwards sought Lord Robert Dudley's chamber, to break out to him that she was married, in the hope of softening the anger of the queen; but Elizabeth committed her to the Tower, where she was afterwards delivered of a son. Lord Hertford was summoned home to answer for his misdemeanour; when, confessing the marriage, he also was committed to the Tower.

'A commission of inquiry was next issued, at the head of which were Archbishop Parker, Bishop Grindal, and Sir William Petre; when the parties being unable, within a time prescribed, to produce witnesses of the marriage, a definitive sentence was pronounced against them; and their imprisonment ordered to be continued during the queen's pleasure. By bribing their keepers, however, they found means to have further intercourse; the fruit of which was another child. The queen's vexation was now increased, and Lord Hertford was fined fifteen thousand pounds in the Star Chamber for a triple crime: five thousand for deflowering a virgin of the blood-royal in the queen's house; five thousand for breaking his prison; and five thousand for repeating his vicious act.'—pp. 272, 273.

The persecutions which the young Countess of Hertford continued after this to endure at the queen's hands, a prisoner sometimes in the tower, sometimes in the private custody of her relatives, but always separated from her captive husband, brought her life to

a premature close; and worn out with suffering and anguish, she breathed her last only seven years after her fatal marriage. The following touching account 'of the manner of her departing,' has been copied by Mr. Ellis from a Harleian MS.

'All the night she continued in prayer, saying of psalms and hearing them read of others, sometimes saying them after others, and as soon as one psalm was done, she would call for another to be said; divers times she would rehearse the prayers appointed for the Visitation of the Sick, and five or six times the same night she said the prayers appointed to be said at the hours of death, and when she was comforted by those about her, saying, "Madam be of good comfort, with God's help you shall live and do well many years," she would answer, "No, no, no life in this worlde, but in the world to come I hope to live for ever; for here is nothing but care and misery, and there is life everlasting:" and then seeing herself faint, she said, "Lord be merciful unto me, for now I begin to faint," and all the time of her fainting, when any about her would chafe or rub her, to comfort her, she would lift up her hands and eyes unto heaven, and say, "Father of heaven, for thy Son Christ's sake, have mercy upon me." Then said the Lady Hopton unto her, "Madam be of good comfort; for with God his favour you shall live and escape this; for Mrs. Cousen saith you have escaped many dangers, when you were as like to die as you be nowe." "No, no my ladie, my time is come, and it is not God's will that I should live any longer, and his will be done, and not mine;" then, looking upon those that were about her, "As I am, so shall you be, behold the picture of yourselves." And about vi. or vij. of the clocke in the morning, she desired those that were about her to cause Sir Owen Hoptone to come unto her; and when he came, he said unto her, "Good Madam, how do you," and she said, "Even now going to God, Sir Owen, even as fast as I can; and I pray you, and the rest that be about me, to bear witness with me, that I die a true Christian, and that I believe to be saved by the death of Christ, and that I am one that he hath shed his most precious blood for; and I ask God and all the world forgiveness, and I forgive all the world." Then she said unto Sir Owen Hoptone, "I beseech you, promise me one thing, that you yourself, with your own mouth, will make this request unto the queen's majesty, which shall be the last suit and request that ever I shall make unto her highness, even from the mouth of a dead woman; that she would forgive her displeasure towards me, as my hope is she hath done; I must needs confess I have greatly offended her, in that I made my choice without her knowledge, otherwise I take God to witness I had never the heart to think any evil against her majesty; and that she would be good unto my children, and not to impute my fault unto them, whom I give wholly unto her majesty: for in my life they have had few friends, and fewer shall they have when I am dead, except her majesty be gracious unto them; and I desire her highness to be good unto my lord, for I know this my death will be heavy news unto him, that her grace will be so good as to send liberty to glad his sorrowful heart withall." Then she said unto Sir Owen, "I shall further desire you to deliver from me certain commendations and tokens unto my lord," and calling unto her woman, she said, "Give me the box wherein my wedding ring is," and when she had it, she opened it, and took out a ring, with a pointed diamond in it, and said, "Here Sir Owen,

deliver this unto my lord, this is the ring that I received of him when I gave myself unto him, and gave him my faith." "What say you, Madam," said Sir Owen, "was this your wedding ring?" "No, Sir Owen," she said, "this was the ring of my assurance unto my lord, and there is my wedding ring," taking another ring all of gold out of the box, saying, "Deliver this also unto my lord,* and pray him even as I have been to him, as I take God to witness I have been, a true and faithful wife, that he would be a loving and a natural father unto my children, unto whom I give the same blessing that God gave unto Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." And then took she out another ring, with a death's head, and said, "This shall be the last token unto my lord that ever I shall send him; it is the picture of myself." The words about the death's head were these, "*While I lyve yours*," and so, looking down upon her hands, and perceiving the nails to look purple, she said, "Lo! here he is come," and then, as it were, with a joyful countenance she said, "welcome death," and embracing hersel fwith her arms, and lifting up her eyes and hands unto heaven, knocking her hands upon her breast, she brake forth and said, "O Lord! for thy manifold mercies, blot out of thy book all mine offenses!" Whereby Sir Owen perceiving her to draw towards her end, said to Mr. Bockeham, "were it not best to send to the church that the bell† may be rung," and she herself hearing him, "Good Sir Owen let it be so." Then immediately perceiving her end to be near, she entered into prayer, and said, "O Lord! into thy hands I commend my soul, Lord Jesus receive my spirit:" and so putting down her eyes with her own hands, she yielded unto God her meek spirit at nine of the clock in the morning the 27th of January, 1567.'—pp. 288—290.

It only remains to be added, as the climax to the implacable hardness of Elizabeth's heart, that, notwithstanding the dying appeal of the poor Countess to her compassion for Lord Hertford, she detained that nobleman in the tower for *nine years afterwards!*

As we descend into the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the matter of the letters before us becomes more interesting in some respects, because infinitely more various in its nature. One from Charles I. to Bishop Juxon, putting to him what his majesty, and Mr. Ellis after him, is pleased to call 'a case of conscience,' is of a very singular tenor. The king was at the time a prisoner with the Scots' army, and had received their demand for the abolition of episcopacy, as the price of his restoration to freedom and his throne.

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* 'This ring had been exhibited by Lady Catherine to the commission of inquiry. It consisted of five links, the four inner ones containing the following posie of the Earl's making:

"As circles five by art compact shewe but one ring in sight,
So trust uniteth faithfull mindes with knott of secret might;
Whose force to breake but greedie death noe wight possesseth power,
As time and sequels well shall prove. My ringe can say no more.'"

† 'The *Passing Bell*. It was rung at the passing from life to death, with the intention that those who heard it should pray for the person dying.'

"My Lord, *Newcastle, 30th Sept.* 1646.

"My knowledge of your worth and learning, and particularly in resolving cases of conscience, makes me at this time (I confess) put to you a hard and bold task, nor would I do it, but that I am confident you know not what fear is in a good cause. Yet I hope you believe that I shall be loath to expose you to a needless danger, assuring you that I will yield to none of your friends in my care of your preservation. I need not tell you the many persuasions and threatenings that hath been used to me for making me change episcopal into presbiterial government, which absolutely to do, is so directly against my conscience, that, by the grace of God no misery shall ever make me: but I hold myself obliged by all honest means to eschew the mischief of this too visible storm, and I think some kind of compliance with the iniquity of the times may be fit, as my case is, which at another time were unlawful. These are the grounds that have made me think of this inclosed proposition, the which as one way it looks handsome to us, so in another I am fearful least I cannot make it with a safe conscience; of which I command you to give me your opinion upon your allegiance. Conjuring you, that you will deal plainly and freely with me, as you will answer it at the dreadful day of judgement.

'I conceive the question to be, whether I may with a safe conscience give way to this proposed *temporary compliance, with a resolution to recover and maintain that doctrine and discipline wherein I have been bred.* The duty of my oath is herein chiefly to be considered; I flattering myself that this way I better comply with it, than being constant to a flat denial, considering how unable I am by force to obtain that which this way there wants not probability to recover, if accepted, (otherwise there is no harm done), for my royal authority once settled, I make no question of recovering episcopal government, and God is my witness my chiefest end in regaining my power, is, to do the church service. So expecting your reasons to strengthen your opinion, whatever it be, I rest

Your most assured, reall, faithful,
Constant Friend,

Charles R.'——vol. iii., pp. 325—7.

Upon this letter, Mr. Ellis, whose political feelings seem all enlisted with the royal cause in 'the great rebellion,' as he is sometimes pleased to call it, observes that, to use Clarendon's words, Charles was too conscientious to buy his peace at so profane and sacrilegious a price, as the suppression of episcopacy. It is strange that our worthy editor has not seen that, conscientious as he is declared to have been, the king here begs the question, whether he may not be guilty of the duplicity of a temporary compliance, with the secret resolution to maintain and recover the episcopal doctrine and discipline; and that his 'case of conscience' sought only the consolation of authority from his ghostly counsellor, for practising a breach of faith for which he was already prepared. The whole letter is very remarkable, and quite characteristic. It expresses all the irresolution in which Charles was so often lost; and it declares unequivocally, his inclination to pursue that insincere and faithless course of policy which, more than any other circumstance,

gave a fatal termination to his affairs, and has left the deepest reproach upon his memory.

Of the era of the revolution of 1688, there are a number of highly interesting letters, elucidating the course of public feeling, and the daily course of public events. We have also a good deal of correspondence at the close of Queen Anne's reign, of Lord Oxford and other ministers and noblemen, with the Hanover family. It adds still more proof to that already on record, of the unprincipled court which the public men of that day paid alternately to the Elector and Pretender. As we approach our own age, by far the most valuable matter which Mr. Ellis has collected, is from the "Mitchell Papers:"—the correspondence of Mr., afterwards Sir Andrew, Mitchell, who was British ambassador to the court of Prussia from 1756 to 1771. Of these letters Mr. Ellis has printed a great many; and being occupied much less with the affairs of the embassy, than with the details communicated by official friends of political intrigues in England, they form a highly interesting, and almost uninterrupted narrative of the state of parties in administration during all this period. One circumstance they rather unpleasantly develope: a strain of adulation from the first Pitt towards Frederic the Great, scarcely worthy the dignity of that illustrious minister. Of this servile homage, two short passages from Mr. Pitt's letters to Mr. Mitchell, will suffice for a specimen.

'The approbation the king of Prussia is pleased to express to you of the measures pursued, and of the fair and honest proceedings of the king's servants, fills me with the deepest satisfaction and sincerest joy for the public; at the same time that the distinguished protection and infinite condescension of that heroic monarch towards the least amongst them, have indeed left me under impressions beyond the power of words; and, in addition to all the warmest sentiments which my heart has long devoted to the greatest of kings, and pride of human nature, gratitude, that can only cease with my life, has completed the ties of inviolable attachment.'

* * * * * *

'What I sat down only to do, is to acknowledge the favour of your very obliging private letter of the 20th past; and to give some expressions, in a short word, to the deep and lively sentiments of most respectful gratitude and veneration which such a testimony, from such a monarch, must engrave for ever in a heart already filled with admiration and devotion.

'Truly dear as his Prussian majesty's interests are to me, it is my happiness to be able to say, that if any servant of the king could forget (a thing, I trust, is impossible), what is due by every tie to such an ally, I am persuaded his majesty would soon bring any of us to our memory again. In this confidence I rest secure whenever peace shall be judged proper to come under consideration, *no* PEACE *of* UTRECHT will again stain the annals of England.'– vol. iv., pp. 409—411.

One rather curious fact appears in the course of these letters to Sir Andrew Mitchell from his political friends. It will, perhaps, be in the memory of some of our readers, from the perusal of the

Bishop of Winchester's life of the last Pitt, that in 1783, George III. privately declared his intention of retiring to his electoral dominions, if the ejected coalition should prevail against his youthful minister: it appears from these letters, that the king openly made the same threat to his cabinet twenty years earlier. In a letter from Mr. Erskine to Mr. Mitchell, written in September 1763, it is declared, "that the king called the ministers together, acquainted them with what had passed between him and Mr. Pitt, and, in a spirited speech, let them know that he expected they would labour assiduously in discharge of the duties of their respective departments, so that no blame might be thrown upon his government; that he should always be willing to take their advice in council, and hoped, with their assistance, he should be able to govern in a manner wholly unexceptionable, and for the good of his people; but that he was determined, for the future, never to be guided by the councils of any individual; and that he would suffer any extremities, and even retire to Hanover, rather than suffer himself to be enslaved by the ambition of any of his subjects." It is not a little singular, that the two occasions on which the king was provoked to have recourse to this threat of retiring to Hanover, related oppositely to Chatham and his son. In the one case, the petulant menace was produced by the royal determination to exclude the elder Pitt from power: in the second instance, it was prompted by his anxiety to maintain the younger Pitt in office. This "Mitchell correspondence," is the last part of Mr. Ellis's selections, which possesses any great attraction. The few letters from Burke which close the volumes, contain nothing remarkable: they were written soon after the death of his beloved son, and breathe only a tone of dejection and political despondency at the successes of the French revolutionists, which was deepened, perhaps, by the melancholy state of his personal feelings.

Art. IX. 1. *Poësies de Mde. Aimable Tastu*, 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 344. Paris: Dupon. 1826. London: Treüttel and Wurtz.

2. *Œuvres Poëtiques de Mde. Dufresnoy*. 2 vols. 18mo. Paris: Montardier. 1827. London: Treüttel and Wurtz.

La Harpe, in his *Lycée*, has traced the history of French literature from its origin, to the close of the eighteenth century; and by means of this important work—the offspring of superior talent and laborious research—foreigners have been enabled to form a correct idea of the literary wealth of France in the times of Moliere and of Voltaire. From that epoch, however, all is obscurity; the work which La Harpe commenced, and which M. I. Chénier undertook to continue, has unfortunately stopped short in the hands of the latter, and we know little of contemporary French poets at this side of the channel, except the names so variously celebrated, of

Chateaubriand and Béranger, Lamartine, and the Viscount D'Arlincourt.

The seventeenth century had come to a close, and Louis XIV. had carried to the grave with him the maledictions of a people whom he had crushed under the weight of his magnificence, his vanity, and his fatal and unsatiable ambition. With him, authority lost it consequence, and a portion of its power; religion ceased to be a universal restraint; and literature and the arts, which this pompous and voluptuous monarch had protected at the expense of his subjects, were rapidly declining. Poetry, so noble and chaste, in the writings of Malherbe, Racine, and Boileau, was, in the eighteenth century, almost exclusively devoted to the celebration of debauchery. In vain did the amiable and truly religious J. B. Rousseau endeavour by his beautiful odes, so full of spirit, imagery, and harmony, to preserve to the lyric muse the splendour, sublimity, and purity of olden times. Encouraged by the principal nobility, and the ministers of state, licentiousness pervaded every species of writing, and both the court and the town were inundated with the infamous productions of the Prior of Chaulieu, the immoral works of the Canon Grecour, the libertine songs of L'Abbé Lattaignant, and the obscene verses of the Chevalier de Boufflers and the Cardinal de Bernis.

The French revolution, which opened a new era in public liberty, opened also a new field for poetry. Le Brun, previously renowned for his eloquent odes to Buffon, his ode to Voltaire, and his verses on the earthquake at Lisbon, warmly espoused the cause of freedom, as did also Rouget de Lisle, La Harpe, Legouvé, and the two brothers Chénier*.

The odes of Le Brun, though they may be justly accused of manifesting too great a tendency to far fetched and ambitious expressions, and too little correctness in their metaphors, yet possess in an eminent degree, all the qualities indicative of a great poet—sublimity, warmth of imagination, harmony, and, above all, force of expression. The heroism of the crew of the French vessel Le Vengeur, who, rather than surrender, chose to perish by blowing up the ship themselves, inspired him with a sublime ode, which, together with the War Song of the Marseillaise, by Rouget de Lisle, and the Départ, by M. I. Chénier, may be reckoned the most sublime effusions of the republican muse, during the whole continuance of the revolution.

M. I. Chénier, La Harpe, and Legouvé, are however more celebrated as tragic writers, than as lyric or elegiac poets. Le Mérite des Femmes, Les Souvenirs, and La Melancolie, light and agreeable productions, fixed the reputation of Legouvé. La Harpe, a jacobin at the commencement of the revolution, and a royalist at the close of his life, and who was incessantly invoked by the enemies of

* We omit the tainted name of Parny.—Ed.

liberty, because he had calumniated the philosophers, and abused the republicans, never raised himself above mediocrity. He wrote some inflammatory pieces, which he afterwards disavowed, and an infamous ode against the queen Marie Antoinette, who had loaded him with benefits. It was very different with Chénier; he really loved liberty, and served its cause throughout his whole life. Among the most admirable of the fugitive pieces he has left, are 'A Discourse (in verse) on Calumny;' a pathetic 'Elegy on the Death of General Hoche;' and 'An Epistle to Voltaire,' one of the finest poetic productions of the nineteenth century, in which the author, comparing the evanescent power of kings with the immortal glory attendant on genius, terminates with the following admirable lines:

"Trois mille ans ont passé sur la cendre d'Homère
Et depuis trois mille ans Homère respecté,
Est jeune encore de gloire et d'immortalité."

In another piece, entitled 'La Promenade,' we have a faithful portrait of the author's political sentiments, of his unchanging patriotism, and his horror of imperial despotism.

Cut off in the spring of life by the revolutionary axe, André Chénier, brother of M. I. Chénier, has left no long poem: his works consist of bucolics, elegies, epistles and lyrical stanzas; amongst which are to be found some exquisitely finished pictures, and a still greater number of light sketches, and confused and imperfect fragments, in which visible blemishes are intermingled with beauties still more apparent. Nothing can be more perfect, or more original, than that beautiful eclogue, entitled 'La Liberté,' in which his muse represents, under the allegorical personages of a shepherd and a goat-herd, the irreconcileable hatred which must for ever separate the man who is master of himself and of a patrimony, and him who is the property of another. What can be more affecting than the pastoral drama of 'Le Malade,' a piece originating purely in feeling, and uniting in itself, delicacy, sublimity, and pathos! 'L'Elégie sur la Mort de la Jeune Tarentine,' is a piece breathing the most tender melancholy; his stanzas, styled 'La Jeune Captive,' which he composed in prison, are even still more affecting; and yet these are perhaps surpassed by the unfinished verses which he was preluding on his lyre at the very moment when the executioner came to conduct him to the scaffold.

"Comme un dernier rayon, comme un dernier zephire
Anime la fin d'un beau jour:
Au pied de l'échafaud, j'essaie encore ma lyre,
Peut-être est-ce bientôt mon tour;
Peut-être, avant quel'heure en cercle promenée
Ait posé sur l'émail brillant
Dans les soixante pas ou sa route est bornée,
Son pied sonore et vigilant,
Le sommeil du tombeau pressera ma paupière."

Amongst other poets who flourished during the revolution, and in the beginning of the imperial government, and who are now numbered with the dead, we must not forget Millevoie, Fontanes, and even Vigée. Millevoie, the disciple of De Lille, pursued with great glory, his too short career, in which, like André Chénier, and Legouvé, he was arrested at the very moment when the muses appeared to be showering on him their choicest favours. His poem of 'L'Amour Maternel,' abounds in lines full of grace, sweetness, and truth. The one entitled 'Belzunce,' or 'The Plague of Marseilles,' is perhaps deficient in conception and variety of imagery; but it possesses solidity, elegance, strong thought, harmony, and pathos. The line, alluding to the galley-slaves of Marseilles, who preferred their chains to liberty, which would expose them to the ravages of the plague,

"Leur vie est un tourment mais c'est encor la vie,"

contains a profound reflection, most happily expressed. His elegies please by the delicate turn of the sentiments, by the mild tint of melancholy which penetrates the heart, and by the harmony and purity of the versification. Among the best of them are, 'Le bois Détruit,' 'Le Souvenir,' 'Le Poéte Mourant,' in which the author compares the last moments of life to a lamp which is nearly extinct, and thus introduces the following lines, which are so perfect both in rhyme and sentiment:

"Le' poëte chantait, quand sa lyre fidele
S'échappe tout à coup de sa débile main;
Sa lampe mourut, et comme elle
Il s'éteignit le lendemain."

Above all, we prefer 'La Chûte des Feuilles,' in which a young pastor bids farewell to life in the most affecting strains.

Like that of the Abbé de Lille, De Saintange, Aignan, Boisjolin, Daru, Pongerville, Mollevant, Baour-Lormian*, and others, the fame of Monsieur de Fontanes rests much more upon his translations than on his original pieces. His chief d'œuvre in the elegiac style, Le Jour des Morts, is an imitation of Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard; and this piece inspired him also with the little poem of La Chartreuse. Here we trace the same religious aspirations, the same melancholy but sublime sentiments, the same purity of diction and sweet harmony, which delight us in Le Jour des Morts, and which are again to be met with, in a slighter

* L'abbe de Lille translated Virgil and Milton; de Saintange, Ovid's Metamorphoses; Aignan, Homer's Iliad; Boisjolin, Pope's Windsor Forest; Daru, Montémont, Halevy, the Poems of Horace. Montémont has also translated Campbell's Pleasures of Hope, Roger's Pleasures of Memory, and Alexander's Feast, by Dryden. Pongerville has translated the Poems of Lucretius; Mollevant, the Poetry of Tibullus, and the *Æneid of Virgil*; Baour-Lormian, the Poems of Ossian, and Jerusalem Delivered, and Fontanes, Pope's Essay on Man.

degree, in the poem of the Luxembourg, the stanzas to Chateaubriand, and more particularly in the poem of l'Astronomie. Always pure in his style, and guarded in his compositions, M. de Fontanes contributed powerfully towards preserving French literature from the innovations of bad taste, attempted to be introduced by the coxcomical and conceited Vigée, and the insipid and trivial Demoustier: both of them disciples of Dorat, and admirers of a style abounding in point, hyperbole, affectation, and foppery, which Molière so justly ridicules in his Femmes Savantes, and Les Precieuses Ridicules, as well as in the Misanthrope, where he says,

> "Ce n'est que jeux de mots qu'affectation pure,
> Et ce n'est pas ainsi que parle la nature."

But as the Revolution purged poetry of that licentiousness so common in the writings of authors of the eighteenth century, so during the time of the empire, did that affectation and exaggeration which Vigée and Demoustier wish to introduce, gradually subside. If the living poets, whose writings we are now about to examine, have not yet regained all the naïveté of expression which forms the charms of the simple poetry of the Troubadours, and of the Provençal Trouvéres; if it be in the remembrance of antiquity rather than in pictures from nature and the sentiments of the heart, that they seek their inspirations; if rhyme, measure, the rules of Aristotle, and the precepts of Boileau, still fetter the soarings of their genius: yet, we can at least foresee the time when, freed from these trammels, they will cause their national songs to be heard—songs drawn from their own annals, or inspired by pictures of their manners, or impressions of their habitual life. The first samples of this description of poetry, we have in the greater part of Béranger's songs, and in the Mort de Jeanne d'Arc, and the Messéniennes of Casimir Delavigne.

Of the political opinions of these two writers, we say nothing; but it would be uncandid not to admit, that in the assertion of those opinions, exaggerated and erroneous as we deem some of them to be, these poets have displayed talents that would do honour to any cause. Beranger's songs are not altogether unknown in this country; Casimir Delavigne's productions have not been equally fortunate. His first Messénienne, in which the disasters of the battle of Waterloo are powerfully traced, breathes the profoundest sorrow united to the highest eloquence.—Some time afterwards, 'Naples free,' and 'Napoleon dying,' inspired his muse, and obtained him much applause. His Messéniennes, in general, are characterised by a rich, elevated, and harmonious versification, often intermingled with sublime traits: but none of his pieces are so perfect as the three we have just mentioned. In both his attempts relative to Greece, Delavigne has manifested merely the classical exaltation of a student of the university. When desirous

of describing Rome, he has only mingled the ancient names of Brutus, Cicero, and Numa, with those of Michael Angelo, Tasso, and Byron. He is never wanting in perspicuity, never violates rhyme or measure, as Beranger sometimes does, but he is far from being so original, or from displaying in all his pieces the same degree of genius. His last Messéniennes, not even excepting that on Les Funérailles du Général Foy, are feeble and vague, compared with his former works. The chorusses in the tragedy of the Paria are lyrical chief d'œuvres, surpassed only by the chorusses in Esther and Athalie. The elegy on the death of Jeanne d'Arc is quite in the ancient style; it unites the purest and most simple poetry with the truest feeling of sorrow.

* * * *

'Du Christ avec ardeur jeanne baisait l'image,
Ses longs cheveux épars flottoient au gré des vents:
Au pied de l'échafaud, sans changer de visage,
Elle avancait a pas lents.
Tranquille elle y'monta; quand debout sur le faite,
Elle vit ce bucher qui l'allait dévorer
Les bourreaux en suspens, la flamme dêjà préte,
Sentant son coeur faillir, elle baissa la tête,
Et se prit à pleurer. . . . . .

Beranger, and Casimir Delavigne, have had numerous imitators; but in spite of beauties of the first order, the songs of Paul Emile Debraux, and of Pradier, are no more equal to the odes of the national poet, than the occasionally sublime strains of Bignan and of Bérand, are to the Messéniennes. If a third poet can be allowed to partake of the fame so justly obtained by Beranger and Delavigne, it must be Viennet—a fruitful writer, whose epistles in favour of liberty, aroused the autocrat of Russia, and the tyrant of Spain. His interesting poem on Parga, although disfigured by some violent declamations against England, is remarkable for energetic ideas, profound reflections, and brilliant and graceful imagery.

If France, vanquished and humiliated, could have its poets, of course, emigration, proud and triumphant, must have some also. A few such as Desaugiers and Baour Lormian, political cameleons, hirelings of every government, parasites of all in power, celebrated the return of the Bourbons, with as much facility as they had sung of the grandeur of Buonaparte. Some others, as Alphonse Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and Soumet, young and enthusiastic spirits, ardently attached to the chivalrous and monarchical ages, constituted themselves the champions of legitimacy and religion. Lamartine's poetry is that of lovers of pensive imagination, and of religious and contemplative minds. Less correct than Delavigne, less popular than Beranger, he is, perhaps, superior to either in his poetic and creative genius. From his first entry on that career which has obtained him an imperishable name, the

palm of imaginative, tender, melancholy and impassioned poetry, was unanimously decreed to him. He is the poet of mysticism. One idea governs him—that of the immensity and eternity of nature; one feeling pervades his soul—that of the beauties and wonders of the universe. His muse delights to dwell upon the charms of meditation, the sorrows of love, the disgusts of life, and confused notions of invisible things, and of an eternal futurity. Inequality is the most striking defect of his compositions; beauties of the highest order are intermingled with the grossest imperfections; thus the commencement of his epistle to Lord Byron is a chief d'œuvre, and the conclusion contemptible. This is not, however, the case with his stanzas to Autumn; his ode to an Exiled Poet, or his seventeenth meditation, entitled, 'Le Golfe de Baya.' These pieces are perfect, and so is his epistle to Mr. A. Pastorel. In this latter, after the manner of Beranger, Lamartine has concentrated in one admirable strophe all the instruments of war; he has not, like other poets of his country, imagined it necessary, when painting a field of battle in the nineteenth century, to employ vague paraphrases and two useless verses, to describe cannons and bombs. In short, the piece which we shall give, whilst it breathes a love of repose and solitude, is heightened by the contrasting strains of the heroic muse.

'Du poëte de Stényclare
Si notre âge assoupi retrouvait les accords,
J'irais, je chanterais sur le luth de Pindare
Ou l'hymne du triomphe ou la gloire des morts.

'Qu'il est beau de voler dans la noble carrière
Sur la trace de nos soldats!
De suspendre sa lyre au bronze des combats,
Et, dans des tourbillons de flamme et de poussière,
D'exciter leur vertu guerrière,
Ou de chanter la gloire en face du trépas!

'La Muse aime à planer sur les champs du carnage,
A fouler sous ses pieds des lambeaux d'étendards,
Les membres des héros sur la poussière épars,
Et les tronçons brisés des glaives que leur rage
Semble encor défier de ses derniers regards.

'Quel accompagnement sublime
Pour les chants inspirés du barde audacieux,
Que le bruit du canon roulant de cime en cime,
Ou le cri du coursier que la trompette anime,
Ou le fracas du pont qui gronde et qui s'abime
Sous la bombe tombant des cieux!

'Fier alors du péril le poëte partage
La sainte gloire du guerrier,
Et cueille transporté de joie et de courage
Quelques rameaux sanglants de son *même* laurier.

'Mais mon génie obscur est loin de tant d'audace ;
Fuyant la scène des combats,
J'aime mieux, sur les pas de Virgile ou d'Horace,
Dans quelqu'humble Tibur, comme eux cachant ma trace,
Egarer mollement mes pas.

'J'aime mieux du penchant des collines prochaines
Entendre au loin monter le doux chant des pasteurs,
Ou bourdonner l'abeille autour du tronc des chênes,
Ou de mes limpides fontaines
Les flots assoupissants murmurer sous les fleurs.

'J'aime mieux, dans ces bois où l'oiseau seul m'écoute,
Cherchant dès le matin le silence et le frais,
D'un pas inattentif perdre et chercher ma route,
Et, soupirant mes vers dans leurs antres secrets,
Entendre mes pas seuls résonner sous leurs voûte,
Ou les pleurs de la nuit distiller goutte à goutte
Du dôme tremblant des forêts.'

Victor Hugo, the friend of Lamartine, and to whom the latter dedicated one of his most beautiful epistles, endeavoured to share his glory by taking him for his model. His poetry is religious, his love Platonic, and his principles completely royalist. He has, nevertheless, written several fantastic and imaginative pieces, in which he united a considerable degree of whimsicality with energy and grace. 'La Chauve-souris' and 'Le Cauchemar' manifest, indeed, some unpardonable flights of imagination, and form a strong contrast with the delicacy observable in 'Le Sylphe' and 'La Grand'-mère.' But it is impossible not to admire the melodious simplicity of those stanzas to a Jeune Fille, in which the poet exhorts her to enjoy her youth, without envying a more advanced and less peaceful period of life. We almost imagine that we are listening to the very words in which a mother, who has greatly suffered, replies to the caresses of her daughter,

To this catalogue of living French poets, we must add the name of M. Andrieux, a most agreeable tale-writer, endowed with an exquisite urbanity and a sweet sensibility, which can unite itself to gaiety without detracting from it, and knows how to smile without ceasing to be affecting. 'La promenade de Fénélon,' 'Le procès du sénat de Capoue,' and 'Le Meunier sans souci,' would be sufficient to establish the fame of this pure and elegant writer, did it not already rest on even still more imposing grounds, on chef d'œuvres which have obtained for him the appellation of the French Terence. We must next mention M. Arnault, a favourite of Melpomene, and well known by his ingenious apologues, amongst which we may notice 'La Feuille de Chêne,' a piece replete with philosophy and elegance, and the beautiful fable 'Du Chêne et des Buissons,' which, according to Chénier, is the best work of the kind that has appeared since La Fontaine. We may also mention Le Comte Segur, whose light poems please by the well sustained elegance of

their style, and by that mild philosophy which characterises all the works of this author. We might add some other names, less distinguished than the preceding, but we must pass to the female writers of the day, who have acquired a just celebrity.

Endowed with supple and fertile imaginations, and an extreme delicacy in their manner of feeling, women seem born to describe the tender sentiments, the troubles of the heart, the pleasures or agonies of love—of that chaste and timid love which, veiled by modesty, awed by religion and restrained by morality, loses a portion of its purity when described by the pen of man. Women have in all countries excelled in this species of composition. Yielding to the inspirations of their feelings, and walking in the traces of Madame Deshoulières, Madame Fanny Beauharnais and Madame de Bourdic made themselves conspicuous in the beginning of this century; Mesdames Babois and Verdier surpassed them—the latter by the publication of a charming idyll, on 'La Fontaine de Vaucluse,' and the former by six elegies on the death of her daughter; in which, says Chénier, "all the ideas are tender recollections, and all the verses are made up of tears."

"Son âme s'y nourrit du charme des douleurs."

Next followed Madame Desbordes-Valmore, Madame Constance de Salm, and Mademoiselle Gay. The talents of the first originated entirely in her feelings: it is her heart that complains of the inconstancy of her lover, that deplores the perfidy of the god of love; that intermingles with her most mournful lamentations a mild resignation to the will of Providence; and that affects and subdues us till we forget, whilst listening to it, the mind which serves as its interpreter. Madame Valmore has none of the reasoning and elevation of thought of Madame de Salm; but at the same time she shews no traces of that pretension to learning which disfigures the otherwise excellent discourse, 'Sur les divisions de gens de Lettres;' no vestige of that eagerness for praise, sometimes discernible in the poetry of Mademoiselle Gay; nothing of that thirst of glory, so remarkable in Madame Dufresnoy. We may say of her, as of Madame Babois:

"Sa muse sait aimer, c'est toute sa science."

Madame Dufresnoy, who has been so extravagantly praised in the public journals, does not merit the celebrity she has obtained. The academic laurels conferred on her poem, 'Sur la Mort de Bayard,' (a heroic subject, foreign to her style, and which she treated with that elevation of sentiment, force of thought, and purity of taste, now so seldom united), were encouraging to her fine talents, but they could not bestow on her that creative genius which nature had denied her. In vain did Madame Dufresnoy aim at originality, by endeavouring to mark the delicate shades of love in the two sexes—the passion of the man, the tenderness of the woman; this design, which might have struck out a fresh path in

elegy, she but seldom comes at all near to, and never but once accomplished, namely, in her poem entitled, 'La Douleur.'

Madame Tastu pays a delicate homage to friendship, by calling herself the pupil of Madame Dufresnoy; but there is a vast distinction between the tender and pious accents of the former, and the elegies of the latter. Next to the writings of Delavigne and Lamartine, those of Madame Tastu are certainly the most perfect and brilliant that have appeared in our days. We are never weary of admiring the vigour of thought, the generous ideas, and patriotic sentiments which burst from the bosom of a timid woman, a modest mother of a family! Madame Tastu may be compared to our Mrs. Hemans. They have each sung of love, and of glory; each has celebrated public worth and private virtue; each unites in her poetry the attributes of either sex, force and pathos.

Madame Tastu is the first French woman who has attempted the dramatic style; and she has proved herself equal to the task. In her translation of the scene of Brutus, in Shakspeare's tragedy of Julius Cæsar, she has preserved all the simplicity, with a portion of the dramatic energy of the original; when she depicts the madness of king Lear, the scene is quite harrowing; and to prove how superior she is to Ducis, in the adieus of Romeo and Juliet, we are tempted to extract them:

Juliette.

'Quoi sitôt! quoi déjà! dejà tu veux partir?
De l'approche du jour rien n'a pu t'avestir
C'était le rossignol, et non pas l'alouette,
Dont le chant a frappé ton oreille inquiète;
Crois en, mon Roméo, ce grenadier en fleurs
Qui l'entend chaque nuit raconter ses douleurs;
C'était le rossignol . . .

Roméo.

'Vois-tu ma bien aimée,
S'étendre à l'horison cette ligne enflammée?
* * * * *
Il faut partir et vivre, ou rester et mourir.

Juliette.

'Non ce n'est pas le jour! où donc veux tu courir?
Le jour est encore loin. C'est quelque météore
Qui pour guider ta fuite a devancé l'aurore
Oh! ne pars point!

Roméo.

'Eh bien! qu'on me suprenne ici,
Juliette le veut, et je le veux aussi.
Non, ce n'est pas le jour! La lune au front d'albatre
Répand sur nos coteaux cette lueur grisatre.
Non ce n'est pas le jour; ce ramage joyeux
Qui des longtemps resonne au plus haut point des cieux
Ce n'est pas l'alouette à la voix matinale
L'erreur, si c'en est une, à moi seule est fatale

Et qu'importe la mort? qu'en dis-tu mon amour?
Restons, restons encor: non, ce n'est pas le jour!

Juliette.

C'est le jour, c'est le jour! va-t-en, hate te fuite,
Tu ne saurais, helas! t'éloigner assez vite,
Ces sous étourdissans, cette importune voix,
C'était bien l'alouette: oh! mieux vaudrait cent fois
Entendre du hibou le cri rauque et bizarre
Que ce héraut du jour dont le chant nous sépare.'

dame Tastu has displayed equal superiority in her original
gs; if some of her pieces are occasionally feeble, far the
r number, such as, 'L'E'cho de la harpe,' 'Le Serment
ois Suisses,' 'La Veille de Noël,' 'L'Enfant de Canaris,' 'La
' 'La Poesie,' 'L'Ange Gardien,' are chef d'œuvres of con-
n, and of composition; the sentiments are true and profound,
nagery correct and lively: whilst perusing them, we feel as-
that the writer has experienced, in imagination at least, all
he describes. Hers is true poetry — the poetry of the
enth century; not founded on the recollections of antiquity,
ringing from the inspirations of the soul. All her sketches
awn from pure morality and from real life, and are not like
of the poets of Louis XIVth's time, indebted for their fame
ecies of conventional literature.

re we required to sum up our opinion of French poetry, in a
ords, we should say, that though not so well adapted as the
h, for depicting the more violent passions, yet it is admirably
to the expression of all the tender sentiments; that the
h poets may be compared to Homer and Pindar, and the
n ones to Virgil and Anacreon; and, finally, that the epic
and Pindaric ode are not so well suited to the genius of the
h language, as the elegiac stanza, and the familiar epistle.

X. *Travels of the Russian Mission through Mongolia to China, Residence in Peking, in the years* 1820, 1821. By George Timski; with Corrections and Notes by Julius von Klaproth. 2 vols. 1*l.* 10*s.* London: Longman and Co. 1827.

unfortunate results that attended the only two missions
have yet been sent from England to China—that of Lord
rtney, in 1793, and of Lord Amherst in 1816—have hitherto
l, not only to embarrass our slender and precarious relations
hat empire, but almost to shut us out from any sort of further
ourse with it, which might extend our acquaintance with its
ial history, literature, manners, and institutions. To the
gent gentlemen who have left us their different accounts of
missions; particularly to Sir George Staunton, Messrs.
s Anderson, Clarke Abel, Barrow, and Ellis, we are indebted
great portion of the authentic information we possess con-

cerning China. To Sir George Thomas Staunton, the worthy successor of his celebrated father, the

Patre docto filius doctior,

if we may be excused the parody, we owe still greater obligations in this respect. His work on the "Laws of China," his "Translation of the Narrative of the Chinese Embassy to the Khan of the Tourgout Tartars," and his Treatise on the Literature and Trade of that jealous and mysterious Empire, have contributed to extend our knowledge of it far beyond what, under the circumstances, we had any probable reason to expect.

But still we remain almost wholly ignorant of the face and condition, population and manners, of the interior provinces of China. The members of the two missions had few opportunities, and those very brief and unsatisfactory, of seeing the country between the eastern coast and Peking; their acquaintance with that capital was still more restricted, as they passed through, or resided in it as prisoners; and if they have transmitted to us somewhat more copious and more interesting descriptions of the territory, situated between Peking and Canton, these only serve to deepen our regret that writers so highly accomplished, and so successful in turning to the best use all the materials that came in their way, should have been prevented by a miserable policy, from pursuing their inquiries over the whole empire.

That the time is approaching when the experiment of a third mission may be made, with greater prospects of good fortune, we have little hesitation in believing. Our Indian dominions have recently made such considerable strides towards the "celestial empire," and the enemies of our power in that quarter have been so signally humbled, that it is but reasonable to suppose, that, under these new circumstances, his Chinese Majesty would feel inclined rather to court than to deprecate our alliance. Besides, we imagine, that we can trace in the recent accounts from China, scanty as they are, some symptoms of incipient improvement among the native authorities; some little heretical backslidings from the orthodox gravity and reserve of former ages. We have fancied even, that we could discern in the Chinese horizon some flickering beams—the avant couriers—of that light, which within the last ten years has increased so prodigiously in Europe. It was therefore with no ordinary feeling of curiosity that we opened the long promised volumes now before us, as we hoped that, even if indifferently executed, they would enable us to make a favourable comparison between the China of 1793, and that of 1820.

Nor have we been altogether disappointed. We must indeed regret that the task of writing the account of the Russian mission to Peking, had not fallen into abler hands than those of Mr. Timkowski. We do not expect to find in every country, particularly not, as yet at least, in Russia, a Staunton or a Barrow; but

we should hope that the public service of that empire boasts of many officers of greater intelligence, abilities and knowledge, than the gentleman who performed the double duties of inspector and author on the present occasion. In the lowest departments of our revenue establishment, individuals might be found much more competent than he appears to be, to the various exigencies of the station which he fulfilled. His descriptions of the country which he traversed between Siberia and Peking, are remarkably jejune and monotonous. Novel objects seem to make but a slight impression on his mind, and hence he speaks of them with as much indifference as if they had been familiar to him all his life. He is credulous in the extreme. He sets down on loose hearsay statements of the most extravagant kind, without taking the least trouble to ascertain whether they were true or false. He evinces not only a want of judgment in the compilation of his materials, but occasionally the grossest ignorance in the use that he makes of them. So indolent, or so diffident is he, in seeing and observing with his own eyes, and noting with his own pen, that he prefers to depend on the labours of other writers who preceded him, and from whom he copies scores of pages, sometimes even without acknowledgment.

Many of these redundant extracts, his commentator, the learned and judicious Klaproth, has properly omitted. Several of his most material errors have been also corrected by the same hand. But much still remains to fatigue the reader, who is accustomed to the luminous and animated narratives of our own travellers. Too large a portion has also been translated, of matter that is not only antiquated but apocryphal, the publication of which might, for aught we know, be sufficiently suitable to the present state of literary taste in Russia, but is with us extremely objectionable for its prolixity and nonsense.

Under all these disadvantages, however, we consider Mr. Timkowski's work as deserving of attention, not only on account of the details with which it furnishes us respecting those parts of Mongolia and China which he visited, but inasmuch as his volumes are among the very few useful contributions to literature which Russia has yet produced. It is, besides, an indication of the enlightened domestic policy which was acted upon by the late Emperor Alexander, that, although the Russian government has had a regularly established religious and scientific mission at Peking, for about a century, which has been usually renewed every ten years, the present journal is the first that has been published under the imperial sanction and patronage. Indeed, with the exception of Lawrence Lange, who was attached to the mission in 1727, none of its members appear to have drawn up, or at least to have preserved, any account of its proceedings. His work was published in the *Nordische Beiträge* of the celebrated Pallas, but has never appeared in any other than the German language. It is, therefore, natural enough *that Mr. Lloyd (who* has re-translated Timkowski's volumes

from the French version, which was made under the revision of Klaproth), should inquire 'what advantages literature and science have derived from the Russians having thus possessed, for a hundred years, an opportunity which, if allowed to natives of England, France, or Germany, would most probably have long since made us fully acquainted with every thing relative to the history, the institutions, the government, &c., of this great empire, and its extensive dependencies?' To this question, as far as we know, he is correct in saying, that 'no satisfactory answer can be given.'

The treaty of peace, to which the Russian mission owes its establishment at Peking, was concluded on the 14th of June, 1728. It is composed of six ecclesiastical and four lay members. The avowed object of the former is to perform the spiritual duties for such Russians as are permitted to reside at Peking; for which purpose they are allowed to have two houses of worship. The lay members of the mission are young men, 'who are obliged to study the Mantchoo and Chinese languages, and to acquire an accurate knowledge of China,' under the pretext, that such knowledge is necessary for the officers who are employed in the Russian custom-houses on the frontiers. All the members of the mission reside in a vast building, called the Kouan.

The mission to which Timkowski was attached as inspector, left Petersburg in 1819, in order to relieve the one which had been at Peking since the commencement of 1808. It arrived on the 1st of July, 1820, at Kiakhta, the frontier town of Siberia; and left that place on the 31st of August, for Peking. Its course was through Mongolia, and the desert of Gobi—an arid and excessively uninteresting country, which Timkowski has rendered, if possible, still more so, by the prosaic dullness of his descriptions. We shall therefore suffer him to pursue his journey undisturbed, until we find him passing under an arched gate through the "Great Wall," which has been now in existence upwards of sixteen centuries.

'This wall, observes our author, is properly composed of two thin walls, the top of which is crenated; the interval is filled up with earth and gravel. The foundations consist of large unhewn stones; the rest of the wall is of brick; its height is twenty-six feet, and its breadth at the top, fourteen. Towers, in which there are many cast-iron cannon, are placed at about an hundred paces from each other; the great tower is decayed from age; the gate is much damaged, as well as the adjacent wall. No care is now taken to keep it in repair.'—vol. i., pp. 309, 310.

On the second day after passing the wall, the mission reached the suburbs of Peking: 'the noise, the bustle, and the crowd announced the vicinity of the most populous city in the world,' which they entered in procession on the 2d of December. The narratives of the British missions to China are particularly defective on the subject of private houses. The following information respecting them will therefore be the more acceptable.

m able to give some general information respecting the Chinese , because the hotel of the Legation, as well as the Russian convent ing, is built in the manner of the country. All the dwellings, from t of the artisan, to the palace of the rich man, are of one story, and brick, and stand in a court-yard which is always surrounded with a one wall, so that from the street nothing is to be seen but the roof. joining to the houses are an exception. Large windows, with paper of glass, occupy almost the whole of the front, which is always towards the south, as far as the situation will allow. The windows convent have Muscovy glass, which is a kind of mica; the rooms erably high, and hung with white or coloured paper. In most in all the shops, and even in the palace of the Emperor, remark- ntences of celebrated philosophers and poets, are written on these gs, as well as on white, red, or other coloured paper: these inscrip- e called *touitsu*. In the houses of the rich, the doors and parti- e of costly woods, such as camphor and cypress, and adorned with work. Besides being agreeable to the eye, they diffuse a pleasing e in the apartment. The tables and chairs, made of the finest are highly varnished and polished. Large houses have a whole f rooms which have no communication with each other, but all to a covered gallery supported on pillars, which runs in front of

re are no (open) stoves in the rooms, which are heated by coals placed er vessels made for the purpose, or in hollows contrived under large enches; these benches are placed under the windows or along the e wall, and serve as seats during the day, and as beds by night. m of the roofs of the Chinese houses is well known in Europe: not flat, as in the hot countries of the east; but high and concave e top to the edges, which project beyond the walls of the houses, curved a little upwards, something like the summer houses in our an gardens. Some travellers have remarked that these roofs e the form of the dwellings of the primitive inhabitants, that ay, the tents of the Nomade tribes*. All the buildings are with tiles, which are sometimes glazed with a green, red or yel- rnish. Here, however, there are rules for every thing, and ac- to these, only the imperial buildings and the temples may be with yellow tiles; those of princes and great men, with green: for ouses grey tiles are used. In other respects the style of the houses nly in such particulars as the locality, and the circumstances of prietors, naturally cause. Thus the houses in the southern pro- liffer from those of Peking.'—vol. i., pp. 322—324.

ves us great pleasure to learn from Timkowski, that Father ath, who was a member of the former mission, has 'trans- from the Chinese into Russian, a history of China, and a te geographical description of all the countries subject to pire.' We trust that this work will not be secreted among chives of the Russian government, but that it will be pub-

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. Buckingham adduces a striking instance of this resemblance, in els through *Mesopotamia*.—*Rev.*

lished without delay. Illustrated by Klaproth, and transferred to our language by the judicious translator of the volumes before us, it would form a most desirable accession to our literature. The same learned Father has also composed a Chinese dictionary, according to the Russian alphabet, which, if it were published with the addition of an explanation in Latin or French, would greatly facilitate the acquisition of the Chinese in every part of Europe.

Our author is careful to remark the vicissitudes of the weather, which took place during his stay at Peking. Thus, under the date of the 15th of December, he observes :—

'The weather had been very fine since our arrival at Peking; on this day the sky became gloomy, and snow fell.'

'December 16.—The wind during the night was very violent, and in the morning the thermometer was ten degrees below Zero.'

With a carelessless, not at all unusual with him, our author a few pages after says :—

'December 19.—During the night we had, for the *first time*, a fall of snow; the weather throughout the day was misty and cold.'

Upon the whole, we collect that during the six months which our author spent at Peking, the weather he experienced there did not differ very materially from that which he might have encountered in the same season, in England; with this exception, that Peking is liable to violent storms, which sweep over the Yellow Sea, and in their progress collect from the coast clouds of sand, which are sometimes so dense, that they cause an extraordinary degree of darkness.

Upon the subject of clothing, we meet with the following remarks :—

'Clothing in general, and especially for the men, is very expensive. The Mantchoos and Chinese of all ranks must have a particular dress for every season of the year, and persons in office put on three at once, not to mention those for court and holidays. This extravagance involves the Mantchoo officers in considerable expense, and obliges even the most distinguished men to have recourse to the pawnbrokers; they pledge the clothes which they do not want, and redeem those which they had previously pawned, and which they require for the season.

'On account of the heat of the climate (in summer) the Chinese wear very wide garments. The principal one is a long robe lined, which much resembles the Russian dress, only that the officers have them open both before and behind. Over this robe they wear one with wide sleeves, which in its shape is like that of the Russian clergy. The poor people make their dresses of calico or nankeen; those of the rich are of flowered silk, and sometimes of cloth or kerseymere. The favourite colour is blue, next violet and black. Green, pink, and particularly rose-coloured, are mostly adopted by the women.

'In winter the robe is lined with a wadding of cotton, but rich people use for this purpose squirrel and sheep skin of superior quality, arctic fox *and sable*. Persons of fashion wear in winter the upper robe of sable, or

of black cat's skin, tipped with white, which is highly esteemed; the fur is worn outside to shew its beauty. These upper robes are sometimes no longer than our spencers; as they are very light and convenient, they are worn when riding on horseback. The girdle is silk, but more frequently of worsted or tape, with a handsome buckle in front: the sword hangs on the left side, and also a knife in an elegantly varnished, or tortoise-shell sheath, together with little ivory sticks, which serve instead of forks. On the right side hangs an embroidered silk purse, containing a snuff-box, and in summer also a fan, which the men use as well as the women. For the sake of symmetry, to which great attention is paid by the Chinese on all occasions, they wear on the left side a similar bag filled with spices, which they eat at dinner to season their food. Below this robe is one very light, of silk or linen, which answers to the chemise; but this is not in general use, and is but rarely washed. This want of cleanliness, which we meet with even among persons of rank, is the more disagreeable, as the Chinese, unlike all the other nations of the east, are either unacquainted with the bath, or but seldom wash their bodies; they even consider it unhealthy to bathe in summer. They use neither pocket-handkerchiefs, nor napkins at table; a piece of paper answers the purpose. Their trowsers are either of nankeen or silk; the greater part of the Chinese have their boots made of these materials, but the rich have theirs of black satin. Shoes are also worn, the soles of which, as well as of the boots, are very stiff and inconvenient, being made of papier mâché an inch thick. Persons of distinction wear oval caps of cherry-coloured satin, with a black border and red tassel. The border as well as the dress varies according to the seasons; in summer it is made of velvet, and in winter, of sheep-skin or sable.

'The caps or hats worn in summer, are in the form of a cone or funnel. They are of bamboo, so finely platted, and with so much taste, that if they were of a different shape they might be adopted by European ladies. The caps of public functionaries are surmounted with a button, the colour of which announces their rank. Persons of the lower class generally wear a nankeen jacket, and little felt caps like those of the Lithuanians, which are exchanged in summer for those made of straw. The men shave their hair on the forehead and temples, and braid the remainder in a tail, which hangs down the back. A long braid is considered as a great ornament; it is frequently an arsheen and a half in length, and false hair is frequently resorted to, to supply the deficiency of nature.

'The dress of the women differs but little from that of the men. They comb and arrange their hair with much taste and elegance, and seldom cover their heads. Artificial flowers, rich pins of gold or precious stones, and beautiful butterflies, form an agreeable contrast with their black hair.'—vol. i., pp. 352—355.

The translator speaks in his preface of the Russian mission at Peking, as the only one from any Christian nation permitted to be established there. How is this assertion to be reconciled with the fact, that a Portuguese mission resides at this moment at Peking, and has been fixed there from a period we believe long before that of Russia? Timkowski mentions this mission in terms that savour not a little of religious and national jealousy. He says, that 'the Portuguese reside at Peking, in the capacity of members of the

astronomical and mathematical academy,' and leaves it to be inferred that they would not be suffered to continue there, if the Chinese government did not stand in need of their assistance for 'compiling the Almanack.'

We suspect also that our Russian has been biassed by sectarian and national prejudices, in his account of the persecutions to which the Roman Catholics were subjected some years ago.

We were told that the Catholic Missionaries had incurred the displeasure of the Chinese government, by their too ardent zeal in making proselytes, by the law-suits concerning their revenues, and by the continual disputes between the different European priests residing in China. In 1805 the persecution was very violent; it was chiefly directed against the Chinese, and still more the Mantchoos, who had embraced the Christian religion. The following was the origin of it:

'The Italian, French, and Spanish Jesuits had, by common consent, sent letters to their brethren in Europe, and reports to Rome of the number and situation of their flocks, and of their success in propagating the Gospel. A Roman Jesuit, named Paul, had even sent to the Pope a Chinese, seventeen years of age, of promising talents, and chosen, as had been done previously, from among the poorer class. But the devout zeal of the fathers for the head of the Romish church went still farther; one of them, called Adeodatus, who followed the business of clock-maker to the court at Youang-ming Youan, and was at the same time a skilful topographer, drew a map of a Chinese province, on which he noted a great village, the inhabitants of which had embraced the Christian religion; the places and several particularities were written in Chinese characters, with the Latin pronunciation. I was assured that this map had been sent to the Pope by the Jesuits of the French and Italian convents at Peking, accompanied by bitter complaints against the Portuguese ecclesiastics, and detailed accounts of the revenues and landed property of which the latter had taken possession. All these papers, as well as the young Chinese, were sent direct to Canton to be embarked on board the first ship for Europe; but the messenger of the Jesuits was stopped on the way, probably by the machinations of the Portuguese, and conducted to Peking. The papers were laid before the Emperor Kia King, who was of a pusillanimous and suspicious character; the map immediately filled him with violent suspicions, for he thought that the Pope could not pretend to extend his authority over a part of the celestial empire, which is separated from the whole world by the ocean, by lofty mountains, and desolate steppes. All the European priests of the Catholic religion were summoned to the palace of Youang-ming Youan, where they were shewn the letters and map.

'As the authors of the letters confessed having written them, the others received permission to return to their convents. The person who had drawn the map was sent to the common prison, and at the end of a hundred days was transferred to Jeho, his convent demolished, and the Jesuits received from the treasury an indemnification of 3,400 silver rubles. These events occurred towards the end of July, in 1805.

'In consequence of this occurrence, a fresh persecution was commenced against the Christians. They wanted to oblige them to trample upon the *cross, and to* abjure their errors; those who refused, were threatened with

death. At Peking many thousand persons were discovered who had embraced the Christian religion, even among the members of the imperial family and mandarins. The enraged monarch commanded that the common people should remain unmolested, and directed all his vengeance against the members of his family. He appointed a special commission composed of the director-general of the police at Peking (Ti-tou), of a prince of the blood, and the president of the department of criminal affairs, and ordered all those who obstinately refused to abjure Christianity to be imprisoned and tortured in the most cruel manner, after having been deprived of their rank and fortune; to be beaten on the cheeks and thighs, to have incisions made in the soles of their feet, and the wound filled with horse hair, finely cut, then closed with a plaster and sealed up. It is affirmed that such tortures had never before been practised in China.

'Several of these miserable beings, chiefly Chinese soldiers, lost their courage during these tortures, but the majority remained faithful to their religion. In the sequel, the president of the criminal tribunal having learnt that in his own house nearly all his relations and servants were Christians, was less rigorous in his examinations, and more indulgent towards the Christians. An order was issued for seizing, in the four Catholic convents in Peking, all works relating to the Christian religion, written in Chinese or Mantchoo, as well as the blocks which served for printing them, but the priests succeeded in saving the greater part.

'Thus the distrustful character of the Chinese, and the indiscreet zeal of the Jesuits, in sending the map and the young Chinese to the Pope, were the principal causes of the persecution against the Roman Catholic Christians; for otherwise the Chinese government is in many respects distinguished for its great toleration.'—vol. i., pp. 363—367.

We add the following paragraphs, which appear to furnish a key to the author's national wishes on this subject. It is not all improbable that the Russian missionaries were, at bottom, the real instigators of the persecutions, which our author has not even the decency to deplore.

'Father Hyacinth told us that a short time before the arrival of the new Mission, one of the lawyers or procurators general of the empire, had represented to Kia-king the necessity of passing a law concerning the Roman Catholics living at Peking.

'Several members of the tribunal of foreign affairs insinuated that it would be better to fill the places of astronomers with the Russian ecclesiastics or students at Peking instead of the Roman Catholic Missionaries. The Chinese have long been desirous of driving away the latter, who maintain their ground only by virtue of an ordinance of the Emperor Kanghi.'—vol. i., p. 367.

Our author has interwoven with his narrative, descriptions of Eastern Turkestan, or Little Bucharia, of the country of the Sungarians, and of Tibet, which we shall take leave to pass over, as besides leading us away from the main subject, they are borrowed for the most part from sources upon which little dependence can be placed.

The Russian mission is certainly treated in a very different manner *at Peking, from either* of the missions which the British

Government sent to that capital. During the stay of our officers in China, they were watched as if they had been so many spies, and kept close in quarters as if they had been a company of mutineers. The Russians on the contrary appear to have free access to all parts of Peking, and to lounge and loiter about wherever they like. We can easily imagine the feelings of Lord Amherst, or Mr. Ellis, on reading the following passage:—

'January 3d.—We visited to-day the shops of the merchants, situated, for the most part, in the Chinese suburb of Vai-lo-tching.

'At the commencement of the street of Lieou-li-tchang, which is very narrow and dirty, there are several booksellers' shops. They sell Chinese and Mantchoo books, which they keep ready bound, and in good order; but when we come to examine them, we soon discover that many of them are imperfect. The Chinese booksellers, like many of ours, will ask five times as much as a book is worth: they try to put off copies which want some leaves, or are composed of the sheets of three or four different works. You must be very much on your guard to avoid being imposed upon: the same mistrust, indeed, is necessary in the purchase of other articles. The best books, and chiefly historical ones, are printed at the imperial press, where the booksellers of Peking and other towns buy them at prices fixed by the government. This press, likewise, publishes every two days, a gazette containing the extraordinary events which occur in the empire, ordinances, and especially a list of the promotions and favours granted by the emperor, such as yellow robes and peacocks' feathers, which are equivalent to orders of knighthood in Europe; the punishment of Mandarins who have been guilty of misconduct, &c.

'Printers and even booksellers have copper and wooden plates engraved for works of minor interest; as many copies are printed off as are required, and which are sold at arbitrary prices. Very neat and legible characters, printed on fine paper, enhance the price of the work. Moveable types cannot be used for the Chinese language: their best paper is made of cotton.

'Further on, in the same street, are the jewellers' shops, where they sell pictures, articles sculptured in jasper, ivory, and fine wood for ornamenting apartments, the workmanship of which is very good. We also see glass wares, varnished porcelain, &c.; every thing of the best quality. There are even things which come from the imperial palace, and which the eunuchs contrive to carry off, and sell at a low price to the shopkeepers; likewise English goods imported into Canton.

'Near each gate of the town, between the southern wall and the canal, we meet with saddled asses for the use of the public. The Chinese mount these animals to go from one gate to another, for which they pay ten tchokhi, or about four copecks in copper: they are likewise used to carry light burdens. In winter, the canals being frozen over, they are crossed in a kind of sledge which contains several persons, and is drawn by one man. We were told that people often travel from Peking to the southern provinces in little carts drawn by men—a melancholy consequence of the too numerous population, which is destitute of means to obtain a better livelihood. The extent of China is disproportionate to the number of the inhabitants, and the ground is exhausted by incessant cultivation.

'Near the wall of the town are caverns, which serve as habitations for the poor. It is impossible to form an idea of the deplorable spectacle presented by these unhappy people. Almost destitute of clothing, and covered with fragments of mat, they haunt the shops of the mercantile quarters, and when they have received a few tchokhi, return and hide themselves in their caves.'—vol. ii., pp. 12—14.

Our author was unable to learn whether there existed at Peking, any hospital or other charitable institution for the poor. During the four months of winter, however, boiled rice is distributed among them, from the magazines which are established to receive part of the imposts in kind. In one of the suburbs there is a public school, which was founded and liberally endowed in 1662, by a member of the present dynasty. The land force, composed from the four nations of the empire—the Mantchoos, the Mongols, the Oudjentchookhas (partly Mantchoos and partly Chinese), and the native Chinese—is stated by our author to amount to the number of 740,000 men, besides the irregular light Mongol cavalry, which, in their organization and the nature of their service, resemble the Cossacks of the Don. The Chinese soldiers, both foot and cavalry, are exercised chiefly in the use of the bow, the matchlock and artillery. According to our author, who appears to have inquired into the subject with more than his usual industry, the "celestial army" is not a very formidable one. The soldiers acquire little dexterity in any of their exercises. Naturally of weak constitutions, and accustomed to an indolent life, few of them have strength to draw the bow. It appears that they are obliged to furnish their own muskets, and that they are generally so poor, as to be compelled to borrow one from a neighbour when summoned out on duty. 'The musket besides has no ramrod, the powder is weak, and, consequently, the shot wants force and accuracy. Lastly, they hold the piece elevated for fear the ball should fall out. Their artillery is in a miserable condition.' If this be a correct representation of the military resources of the Chinese, it is manifest that the principal cause of the suspicion and jealousy exercised against the British missions, arose from the apprehension that they might perceive too clearly "the nakedness of the land"—"the rottenness of the state of Denmark." We are further told, though the information is not new, that the naval force of China is still more insignificant than the army. Her ships of war are few, ill-built, and miserably equipped.

We have not room to enter into any of the religious ceremonies which our author witnessed at Peking. But as there are some countries in the west of Europe—the first too, as they deem themselves, in the march of civilization—which think it necessary that there should be only one state religion, and that this religion should domineer over all the rest, we shall take leave to submit to their attention the evidence of Mr. Timkowski, as to the policy of the Chinese government on this subject.

'March 20.—The Chinese Christian, Pierre Bourjoie, told me that the

procurator-general of one of the southern provinces had sent a report to the emperor respecting several Chinese, who had been condemned for having embraced the Christian religion. The emperor asked in what their crime consisted. The mandarin replied that they had abandoned the faith of their ancestors, to follow foreign doctrine. The emperor finding nothing in this action which could disturb the tranquillity of the empire, ordered them to be sent home at the expense of government.'—vol. ii., p. 86.

So much for the short sightedness of the Chinese sovereign, who did not foresee that this Christian was guilty of "a divided allegiance," that it was his object to pull down "the church" and "throne," and to murder all who differed from him in opinion, in their warm beds! But what will the enlightened Viscount Mandeville, what will the sagacious Earl of Winchilsea, what will the wise Lord Kenyon say, when they hear that—'All religions are tolerated in China!'—that 'the policy of the Mantchoo court has adopted the maxim of leaving every man to believe what he pleases!' "We do not credit it, cry the noble bigots, for if such a policy were adopted, the dynasty would not hold its seat a single hour." Here again we answer in the words of our author. '*This tolerance*,' he says, '*consolidates the power of the emperor over the different nations which live under his sceptre.*' 'The Mantchoo,' he adds, 'who blindly believes in the priests of Fo; the Chinese, who follows the laws of Confucius and Laotsu; the Mongol, a zealous follower of Boudha; the Turkestan, the disciple of Mahomet, enjoy equally the protection of the laws, and (direful consequence!) *live upon friendly terms with each other.* The priority of origin and of power, and the different degrees of civilization, are the *only characteristics* which distinguish these nations.' Thus we see, that England, refined in arts and predominant in arms, has still a useful lesson to receive in the science of policy and justice, from the "barbarous," "ignorant," "superstitious," "besotted" Chinese!

A few characteristic features of Peking remain to be noticed, which, as marking a capital so rarely described, deserve attention. The principal class of its inhabitants, is composed of the Mantchoo troops; the second class, of merchants and artizans. The population of the capital has been variously stated. We believe it may be safely considered, as exceeding two millions, of whom, it is said, there are at least fifty thousand persons, who, being without employment, have recourse for their subsistence to robbery and cheating. If so, they must be eminently dexterous in their vocation, or the police must be peculiarly on the alert, as our author says, that during the six months of his residence there, he did not hear 'of one single robbery of importance!' Hear this ye genii of the Mansion-house and Bow-street.

Fires are of rare occurrence in Peking, owing, perhaps, to the general use of close stoves, in which coals are burnt. The Chinese are distingushed for their precautions against such accidents. They have fire-engines, though of a construction inferior to those *of Europe.*

Anderson, who accompanied Lord Macartney, says, in his description of Peking, that "there are no carriages standing in the streets for the convenience of the inhabitants, like our hackney coaches in London." If he was correct, things appear to have mended since his time, as Timkowski informs us, that 'wherever two streets meet, and at every bridge, there are two-wheeled carriages, answering the same purposes as hackney coaches in Europe. They are lined with satin and velvet, and drawn by mules or horses.' Nay, he adds, the great people, and especially the ladies, use sedan chairs. In the time of Lord Macartney, and even more lately, in that of Lord Amherst, the private carriages of the ambassadors and suite were objects of endless curiosity. But now, it seems, 'there are many officers in Peking who have their own carriages and horses.' These are decided symptoms of improvement. We subjoin a few other traits of this vast metropolis.

'The internal commerce for the supply of the capital is extremely active. The southern provinces, especially those situated beyond the river Kiang, may be considered as the centre of the inland trade. They produce tea, rice, cotton, and silk. There are manufactories of silk, especially at Hangtcheou and Sou-tcheou, which are considered as a terrestrial paradise; also manufactories of porcelain, ink, furniture, and lackered goods.

'Provisions are sold in all quarters of the city; almost at every step there are shops where they sell rice, flour, small loaves baked, or rather boiled in steam, meat, &c. The inhabitants of Peking, and the Chinese in general, prefer pork, which is here better flavoured, and more easy of digestion, than in Russia. The Mantchoos, Mongols, and Turkestans eat mutton, and the latter beef. Mutton and beef are not very good in China, because the cattle coming from Mongolia are too much exhausted, and are not properly attended to after they reach the capital. Butter, especially made of sheep's milk, comes from Mongolia. The Chinese prefer hog's lard, and cannot bear even the smell of butter made of cow's milk. The most common domestic fowl are geese, ducks, and chickens. The first are indispensable at grand entertainments. The physicians forbid patients to eat poultry, as indigestible and unwholesome. A species of duck called ya-tsu is a very favourite dish on grand occasions, and is dressed in more than thirty different ways. The ducks of Peking are very large, very fat, and juicy. In the winter, there are partridges, pheasants, and game of all kinds. But it is necessary to be very careful in purchasing provisions, for the Chinese dealers mix plaster or sand in the flour to increase the weight. Often they sell the flesh of animals that have died of some disorder, or of such as are not generally used for food; for instance, asses, mules, camels, &c. They improve the appearance of ducks and chickens by blowing the air between the skin and flesh, which makes them look very white and plump.

'Peking is supplied with fresh fish, especially carp, from the neighbouring rivers, and the sea coast. Smoked fish and lobsters are very common. In the winter the court receives large frozen fish, such as sturgeons, sea eagles (*Raia aquila*), carp, of a particular species, called in Russian sazans, &c. They are brought on camels, from the river Amour. The emperor distributes them among the princes of the first order, and by this means

a certain quantity finds its way into the markets. As for fruits and vegetables, they have them of all kinds as in Europe, such as very excellent cabbages, cucumbers, carrots, turnips, radishes, &c. All these vegetables, except the cabbages, are salted, and that to such a degree, that they are used at table instead of salt. Grapes, peaches, apples, and delicious pears, are extremely abundant; there are also oranges and lemons, but they are not well flavoured.

'The general and constant beverage is tea; but it is prepared very differently from that which comes to Europe. The Chinese gather for their own use the young leaves of the tea shrub, which are dried in the sun. This kind of tea has a most delicious fragrance and taste, and is very good for the stomach.

'The Chinese distil a very strong brandy from rice, which they drink warm in small cups. At table, they have a kind of sour brandy, called chao-tsieou (burnt wine), which is extracted by distillation from fermented rice.

* * * * * *

'The society of the Chinese and Mantchoos of high rank, and of a certain age, is very serious. Women are never admitted into it. In the company of well-bred persons every body conforms to the taste of the eldest, who takes the lead in the conversation, which turns upon subjects of morality, and serves as a kind of lesson to the younger members of the company. These meetings, though often very insipid, have always something solemn in them, even among country people; and the bounds of decorum are never violated.

'An assembly of literati, especially if it consists of gay and ingenious young men, frequently amuse themselves with composing little poems; one, for instance, proposes a riddle, and another replies by a stanza, which contains the solution.

'The Chinese, however, are not so fond of these meetings, which are often dull and uninteresting, as of more cheerful pleasures, good cheer, social mirth, and the game on the fingers called *houa thsionan*, something resembling the Italian mora. The loser is obliged to drink a glass of brandy. They also play at cards and chess, and amuse themselves with cock and quail fighting.

'Asiatic jealousy does not permit them to invite and entertain their friends at their own houses: the Chinese receive only visits of civility from their relations. For this reason, when any one wishes to shew his regard, or to perform the obligations which he has towards persons whose protection he seeks, he invites his friends, or those of whom he is in need, to a tavern, where he treats them as magnificently as his means allow him. These entertainments are generally accompanied with noisy diversions.

'The Chinese love numerous assemblages. The public walks are not frequented every day; but at certain seasons they are crowded by immense multitudes. Besides the festivals at the new year, and a few others, the Chinese have no weekly holidays: the people labour continually.

'In spring, the people frequent the promenades in the environs of Peking, to the south and west, which are for the most part very pleasant. The common people go on foot. The company drink tea, and amuse themselves with the feats of jugglers, rope dancers, &c. Persons of rank

and fortune shew themselves on the promenades in splendid carriages, drawn by fine mules, or riding on spirited horses. The spirit of vanity and luxury, common in all great cities, manifests itself in the same forms at Peking.'—vol. ii., pp. 189—198.

From a list of the prices of provisions which follows this description, we find that the principal necessaries of life might be had at Peking in 1821, at about the same rates as usually prevail in Paris.

After devoting about a hundred and fifty pages of his second volume to a historical essay on Mongolia, our author resumes his narrative, and relates his return to Russia. As we have been chiefly desirous of eliciting from him the most interesting points of such information as he had collected concerning China, we here take leave of him, with a very humble request, that when he next travels into that country, he will confine his account of it to such matters as passed under his own observation. Had he followed this course in the present work, instead of two tiresome volumes, we should have had one of a popular, instructive and amusing character. The extracts which we have given justifies us in saying as much; but we must add, that in order to get at them, we have been obliged to disencumber them of a vast weight of rubbish.

Art. XI. 1. *The Guards.* A Novel. 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* London: Clerc Smith. 1827.

2. *English Fashionables Abroad.* A Novel. 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* London: H. Colburn. 1827.

3. *Historiettes; or, Tales of Continental Life.* By the Author of "The English in Italy." 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* London: Saunders and Ottley. 1827.

4. *Falkland.* 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 264. 10*s.* 6*d.* London: H. Colburn. 1827.

5. *Richmond; or, Scenes in the Life of a Bow-Street Officer, drawn up from his private Memoranda.* 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* London: H. Colburn. 1827.

The English "reading public" has, within the last two or three years, discovered symptoms of a taste for personalities, and a voracious appetite for gossip, seasoned by private scandal, unequalled even by the Athenians in the days of Aristophanes. There might have been some excuse in the times of the old Greek comedy, for subjecting "oculis fidelibus" the persons, and exhibiting in action, and embodying in words the doings and sayings of rulers, rebels, sophists, poets, and philosophers; because in those days the dramatic poet was at once the periodical critic and public satirist—the newspaper editor, and the painter of manners. It was his business to submit all that was passing around him, through the eyes and ears, to the judgment of a *hearing* and *seeing* public; for as yet that grand impersonation, a "reading public," was not: and he was in some measure compelled to make every thing broad and

palpable, in order to enable those to distinguish and seize upon his meanings, who could never have comprehended a subtle allusion, or caught a fine and glittering trait of satire. Like the comic masks worn by his actors, every characteristic feature was to be extravagantly protruded or extended, in order that those who were at a distance, both from the theatre of passing events, and the stage on which those events were caricatured, might be able to recognise a sort of distorted resemblance to the persons, with whose names, at least, and the rumour of whose deeds, they were familiar.

The tendency of this was obvious: the liberty of the poet grew into license; and from being at first a whimsical and ludicrous composition, to which, however, consistency of character, of truth, and language, were essential, the Aristophanic comedy degenerated into outrageous personality and insane scandal; its dialogue lost all its grace, and became a violent and vulgar *diatribe* against all that was pure and lofty, as well as all that was powerful in the land—a vehicle for impiety to the gods, and ill will to men.

A similar revolution in taste seems now to be in course of fulfilment in our own country, while we have no such apology as the Greek poets to plead. The pretended fashionable novels, that have lately been manufactured—the auto-biographies of unheard-of persons—the memoirs of recently deceased, and even of living individuals—the private letters that have been printed—the conversations that have so improperly been "set in a note-book," and sold to a publisher—are all symptoms of the odious love of private scandal which characterises the reading public of the present day. Let us turn to the publications of the last six months, and we shall find that the evil of which we complain, calls loudly for correction.

To begin with *Biography*. What are the books in this class that attract the "reading public?" The lives of actors, written by themselves—of men who, from their profession, must mingle extensively with all classes of society, with those that are both above and below them; and possessing, as they generally do, the talent to amuse, they have found means to extract many private anecdotes, to catch many unobvious traits of character, and to see much of the natural disposition developed, in moments of conviviality and carelessness, when the feelings are permitted to flow unrestrained, and the undisguised heart laid open. It is the knowledge of this that has given popularity to the auto-biographies of so many players and playwrights; and but for the anecdotes of *others*, which they are thus enabled to tell, their lives would have been allowed to slumber, with the forgotten heroes they once enacted, or the abortive farces which they scribbled.

If we turn to the late *Novels*, we shall find that the mass of them rely for their attractions upon their personalities. It is impossible to take up a newspaper, without finding some paragraph which asserts that the story of this or that ingenious production is founded upon

real events; that all the characters are real, and moving in high life; and that the author belongs to the peculiar *set* he describes. Even proper names are hardly disguised; or, if they are, there is always something about them which fixes the character on the person intended; and "keys" are invented for meaner capacities, or the more vulgar lovers of scandal. Another very general practice, among the *fashionable* novel-writers of the present day, is to choose the name of some *côterie*, of which both the members and the enemies are sure to patronise the book which bears its name; the one party in the hope of being praised, the other in the persuasion that the *set* will be ridiculed or abused. The more private and *exclusive* the *côterie*, the more certain is the work of a sale: the vast monasteries called clubs, and the female cabals, called ball committees, are, in point of fact, merely severe inquisitions into family circumstances, and personal history; and people are naturally led to expect from such titles as "The Guards," "The Club Houses," "The Lancers," &c., an abundance of scandal, even if there should be a plentiful lack of sense and wit.

We have rarely seen three volumes of more dismal and vulgar trash, than those entitled 'The Guards.' As a novel, the work is exceedingly low, stupid, and common-place; and its author, while he has not even the talent for being abusive, evidently knows nothing of the distinguished corps which he has insulted, by giving its name to his publication. There is but one remedy to the evil of such impositions—we mean, the wise determination *not to buy them*: but this remedy the "reading public" seem to be resolved not to apply, till a few more such precious compositions as this shall compel them to adopt it. 'The Guards' is, indeed, powerfully calculated to hasten so desirable a consummation: and we could almost forgive the author the many risks we have run of dislocating our jaws by constant oscitation, during our forced perusal of his eight hundred mortal pages, if we were sure that the audacity and ignorance displayed in them, would put "fashionable" novels, and novel-writers, for ever out of fashion.

We next come to 'English Fashionables Abroad,' which appears to be another of the many unsuccessful attempts that have been made in this country, to describe Italian society and manners. It is styled a novel; but the plot is such a secondary object, so unconnected, and so little interesting, that we must consider the description of Italian life and society, including some well drawn English characters, brought in contact with these natives, to be the real object of the work. The scene is in Italy, from beginning to end; it shifts from Naples to Florence, and from Rome to Bologna, and in three volumes it would be wonderful if the writer could not have enlivened his readers with some amusing sketches of native manners. A few such sketches there are, but the choice in general, is not felicitous, and the impressions they leave on the mind of the reader, is apt to mislead him.

The following is meant as a humorous caricature sketch of what appears to English people as an irregularity in Italian life.

'At last Emily arrived at the Palazzo Altenise. There are no hall-doors to the palaces at Rome, and she was obliged to wait till her servant went to the top of the house and back again, to ascertain whether Lady Mary was "at home." Meantime she amused herself with noticing some of the peculiarities that distinguish the *Basse Cour*,* of which foreigners are so proud, as being particularly appropriated to the residence of their nobility. In the centre of the yard was a mutilated fountain, which was evidently intended for use, not ornament, as from it as from a common centre, were suspended ropes that were fastened to as many different windows as there were different families lodging in this magnificent palace, whether in the second story or the sixth. Each of these ropes was provided with a traveller, on which were slung various cans and other vessels, that, moved by hand-ropes and pullies, speedily supplied their various owners with water. Nor were these the only ærial traversers which this populous yard exhibited. The Palazzo Altenise is one of the many which, at Rome, affords no conveniences for domestic cookery; and in such cases there is but one remedy, namely, that trial of patience, a *trattoria*. One of these necessary evils was established at the Palazzo Altenise, and Emily recognised a basket of wild boar and ortolans, passing rapidly in its ascent to a window in the Mezzopiano (or intermediate floor), where her mantua-maker lived in a room about forty feet long, and scarcely high enough for a man to stand in.'—vol. i., p. 222.

Now all this appears very droll, and may prove amusing to the reader; but does it give him a correct idea of Italian life? We think not; for were we unacquainted with Italy, we should certainly have been led to suppose, that Italian princes and dukes have no such things as kitchens in their palaces, have not their dinner dressed at home, but get it hoisted to them from the *trattoria*, by means of one of those ropes and baskets; and that the lady duchess may be seen every day, at one o'clock, pulling up, or at least watching her servant maid hoisting, the basket containing the victuals for herself and her *caro sposo*. This, however, is a mere caricature. We confess we never heard of the Palazzo Altenise; but this we know, that many large houses are called *palazzi* in Italy, in which, however, no nobleman resides, and which even do not belong to any nobleman. Of those palaces which actually belong to, and are the residence of, some noble family, there is, at times, a part which is let, especially the *entresols* and upper floors; the piano nobile, or best floor, being reserved for the use of the family; but in these we have never seen the display of ropes and

* This is a most unlucky adaptation of a French appellation to an Italian object. Why not use the appropriate word *Cortile*, or the English "court," instead of *basse cour*, which means *poultry yard!* Italian palaces, and indeed all large houses, have a court in the centre, enclosed by the four sides of the building.

cans and baskets, which our author describes. The practice of a nobleman letting part of his own palace, was, we believe, unknown at Rome before the late French invasions; and even now, the higher order of the resident nobility are above it, and keep their palaces and their courts for their own use, and that of their attendants and dependants. Many of the Roman nobility have suffered during the late wars and political vicissitudes, others have forsaken their mansions, and gone to reside at Florence, Naples, Genoa, or Milan; some families, like the Colonna, have become extinct; yet the order is not fallen so low as a stranger might suppose, from the above and similar other sketches. Another thing must be observed by the English reader, and that is, that the size and the distribution of an Italian palace, are such as to do away with many of the inconveniences which accompany the letting of part of a house in England. The two cannot be compared together. The apartments of a family, in Italy, are disposed horizontally, instead of being vertically; and one floor there is equivalent to a whole house here.

The author intends the following as a moral sketch of Italy:—

'If the familiarity of foreign manners appears at first the most attractive, one advantage results from the reserve of English customs, which these can never attain; for whenever the dignity which may have repelled us is thrown aside, our self-love ascribes the change to our own individual merits, and our gratitude and vanity are alike excited by a better degree of courtesy than that which, offered indiscriminately to all, is received with as wide indifference. It is the peculiar characteristic of English ladies of rank so to maintain their state, that it is never held in abeyance even in the equalising intercourse of intimacy; it throws a glory round the head of her who wears it, that brightens every action, and gives an added value to the slightest condescension of one who is herself thus honoured. This is, or at least was, the privilege of British aristocracy; but on the Continent it is far otherwise. There titles are so multiplied, the line of nobility is stretched to such a length, that it has lost its strength and poise; and when you are amused with the vivacity, or attracted by the suavity of the pretty girl in the red shawl, who has made herself agreeable for the last half hour, to all those who have happened to sit on the same bench with her, you forget she is a *duchessina* in the involuntary comparisons she has led you into, between her address and that of the last good comedian or mantua-maker that has similarly entertained you.'—vol. iii., p. 24.

Now it is just possible that a foreigner may not find any difference between the language or manners of an Italian duchess, and of a mantua-maker; but he ought not to argue from this, that such a difference does not exist, because the former does not entrench herself within that fence of distant reserve that an English lady of rank is accustomed, by education and example, to keep round her person. Manners vary according to latitudes, and the quiet dignity of English manners, which is consonant to the present state of society, and the received ideas of this country, would be at variance with the greater vivacity and warmth of Italian intercourse, and would

be there considered affectation or dulness. Why then this continual striving to prove that English manners are the best possible? They may be so for England, but it does not follow that they should be so every where else. But we will appeal to "Philip himself, better informed." In vol. ii., p. 89, we find the following remark:

'The proper medium for the calculation of etiquette, like that of the longitude, has never been adapted to every country, nor is there any subject upon which caprice holds such a paramount sway. In Naples, for instance, it is considered highly indecorous for a lady to appear alone in her carriage: she may have her lover and her friend beside her with impunity, but to appear alone is inadmissible. Nor would an Italian *coquette*, who attended in the least to appearance, be seen to enter a shop unescorted, or to walk across a room unprotected, though she would run from one end to the other with conspicuous bashfulness.'

Such are the whims of fashion and ton, they vary in shades from Lisbon to Pekin, and from Petersburgh to Palermo; little or no serious inference, as to real character, can be drawn from them. In Italy itself, a well bred Roman lady accuses Neapolitan society of vulgarity; the Florentines consider the Milanese as being coarse in their manners, and *nuances* are to be found from one end of the Peninsula to the other.

With regard to the morals of the country, although no general sweping censure is passed upon them in this work, yet the characters selected and brought forward, such as La Terracina, and other ladies of a similar turn, and the frequent recurrence to the old tale of cicisbeism and serventism, afford by no means a fair criterion for judging of Italian females. It is well known, that *serventism* is on the decline; that this highly improper custom has been mostly confined to the upper ranks, and to the idle and the effeminate in the middling ones, that the industrious classes never suffered it, that the Italian villagers and peasantry abhor the very name of it, and consider it as a stigma on the inhabitants of the cities. The country people, who constitute of course the majority of the population, have been little noticed by travellers; but we will say, that among the Italian peasantry, there is as much virtue as among the peasantry of any country. We will make no invidious comparison, but let our author himself speak on the subject. At Castel Gandolfo, he says,

'They met the throng of villagers, who had just finished their early matins, and were now cheerfully preparing to fulfil the different avocations of the day. This is an Italian custom: the church door is always open, and there are few hours in which some one priest does not attend to invite his fellow mortals to prayers; nor are there many who enter on their daily business, be the time of its commencement late or early, who do not first accept his warning, and invoke a blessing on their task.'—vol. ii., p. 9.

And such, in fact, are the Italian peasantry, from the Alps to the furthest point of Calabria; such their habits, such their humble, *cheerful, contented* existence: very different, in every respect, from

the dregs of the idle populace that swarm in the cities, and besiege foreigners with their dishonest or vicious importunities. Such is the peasantry whom the French republicans decimated, whom foreigners stigmatise as superstitious and blood-thirsty, and which some kind speculative patriot would regenerate, *coute qui coute*, even by fire and sword. And let it be observed, that the peasantry above described is that of the Roman states, which is hastily supposed to be the worst in Italy; but the same simplicity and contentedness is found in the extensive provinces of the kingdom of Naples, in those bordering on the Adriatic, in the Riviera of Genoa, in the vallies of Piedmont, in most districts, in short, excepting always the Maremma, which cannot be said to be inhabited by a resident population.

We will extract our author's remarks on some whimsicalities of the English abroad:

'To be French, German, Russian, is an undeniable title to respect amongst the individuals of other nations; but, strange to say of the "proud English," it is not so with them abroad. "That must be an Englishman; I know it by his lounge." "Look at that Englishwoman's poke bonnet and tight little spencer! Where would you see a Parisian so vulgarly tidy?" "There was a row last night at the opera: of course it must have been *kicked up* by the English." These, and a hundred such remarks, which an Italian would not have the arrogance to make, nor the courage to repeat, are the common observations of the English upon each other abroad; they seem anxious to evade personal criticism, by sacrificing a holocaust to the fury of censure, and wish to purchase the suffrage of the Italians in their own favour, at the expense of the reputation of the best of their nation: but the base bribe is seldom accepted; and the fable of old is daily verified in the fate of those who are finally rejected by all classes, with still greater scorn than that with which they originally affected to treat their own.'—vol. i., pp. 142.

This fear of contamination, which many English exhibit towards one another, puzzles foreigners, who think that a man, far from his own land, ought to rejoice at meeting a countryman.

Open as this work is to severe criticism, it is by no means devoid of interest, as a description of Italian scenery and manners. The few strictures we have made upon it, and which we might vastly multiply, are applicable to most of the works which treat of that country. We are happy, however, to observe, that a more liberal spirit begins to prevail on this subject. We are confident that many tours and travels, which were read with curiosity some years ago, would be scouted now. It is high time it should be so. Providence has dispensed good all over the earth; every where there are compensations; Christianity produces beneficial effects on its votaries, of every denomination; and civil, if not political society, is brought every day, by the increase of instruction and the spread of intercourse, more upon a level, in the various countries *of Europe*. Let us not overlook present advantages,

the race after speculative ones: let us turn our eyes to the past, and we must gratefully acknowledge, that almost every nation in the civilised world has made greater progress towards wisdom and happiness, in the course of the last few years, than it had done before in as many centuries.

Several of the remarks which we have made on 'English Fashionables Abroad,' apply with still more force to the third work on our list, 'Historiettes.'

These volumes may be considered as a counterpart to "The English in Italy," under an altered title; a work upon whose merits we have taken occasion to express our opinion*. The difference between the two productions, such as it is, appears to us to be in favour of the junior publication; for we perceive, in the pages of the 'Historiettes,' that the decorations of foreign idioms, and of those other little peculiarities, which merit only the name of conceits and pedantries, have completely lost their hold on the imagination of this author. Neither does he any longer see the policy, so far as respects himself, nor the justice, as far as others are concerned, of ostentatiously telling the world, that his acquaintance with English travellers is limited to a profligate class of our countrymen, and confounding with them, absurdly enough, the high-minded and virtuous families, whom taste and intellectual curiosity have prompted to migrate to the Continent. The attempt at a resemblance to the popular work, entitled "Highways and Byeways," which struck us as having been characteristic of the "English in Italy," is likewise very visible in the "Historiettes;" and the approximation to the merits of Mr. Grattan's production, is in both instances pretty nearly the same.

The scenes of the two principal stories are laid in Switzerland, with the localities of which the author appears to be tolerably conversant, and the interest of the narratives is connected with some of those domestic revolutions which were effected, to an infinite extent, on the Continent, by one or other of the violent political convulsions of the last century. There is scarcely a tale, in the three volumes, which does not embrace elements of the strongest interest. The remark applies particularly to the 'Regicide's Family,' and the 'Fall of Berne.' If they fail, in a great measure, to produce a decisive and powerful impression, we must impute the failure to the circumstance, that the author brings too many characters on the scene; and that he gives them all an equal claim to the sympathy of his reader, who feels no more concern about any one individual than another of the personages before him.

The obvious course to success, in compositions like the present, is to introduce some particular object of attention, of such controlling eminence in the story, as that every thing else shall tend to, and

* Monthly Review, former series, vol. cviii., p. 184.

be ultimately engrossed by it. The neglect of this unity of design constitutes the leading defects of the volumes before us. Incidents and characters are so multiplied upon each other, that it is sometimes difficult to say which facts and personages are principal or subsidiary.

The story of the 'Regicide' is a remarkable instance of this want of skill and arrangement. Driven from his native country, France, upon the restoration of the Bourbons, and condemned to pass a life of exile on the Swiss border with his family; there shunned by society, compelled likewise to make his children sharers of his seclusion; he himself, his possible fortunes, his singular habits, his griefs, and not improbable consolations; all these sources of interest might have been rendered highly available instruments in fixing the sympathies of a reader. But his attention is drawn off to other persons; he loses sight of the Regicide, and, taken away from the natural current of the story, his mind is employed upon a succession of common-place accidents and events, the agents or sufferers in which, possess not the slightest claim to his consideration.

The 'Fall of Berne' is more closely interwoven than the tale we have just been considering, with the events of the French revolution. The story itself is apparently of no more importance to the author, than so far as it is a vehicle for some details respecting a few of the most celebrated incidents in the early stages of that extraordinary crisis, and an account of some partial struggles to which it gave rise, in one of the cantons of Switzerland immediately adjoining the French territory. The substantial matter of this tale would have received ample justice, if it had been abridged to about half the compass to which it is at present protracted. A considerable portion of what is related, has been either long familar to the public, or is inherently undeserving of the minuteness and labour bestowed upon it.

The 'Historiettes,' however, convince us, that this author is not destitute of imagination, and that he possesses a considerable ease and fluency of expression, occasionally rising into true spirit. Generally too, but we regret to say, not always, he manifests a desire to treat with candour and liberality, opinions not his own, and peculiarities, both national and individual, of which he cannot approve.

Of the tale of 'Falkland,' it is scarely possible for us to speak in measured terms. We cannot acquit the author of the consciousness, that he has purposely and wickedly enlarged the materials from which good men may reasonably apprehend great danger to the purity of manners.

The theme he has selected, necessarily leads him into the frequent description of scenes, in which a more or less degree of guilt is uniformly encountered. The best powers of fancy are taxed—the glowing language of passion is exhausted, in order to set off these passages. Our understandings and our consciences are sought to

be soothed into neutrality—and the interest which we are called upon to feel, in behalf of guilt, is but too apt to modify to our sense the deformity of the crime that constitutes it.

Lady Emily Mandeville, the wife of one whom she did not marry for love, but in whose society and that of her children she might have spent a useful and contented life, suddenly conceives a passion for a casual visitor, accidentally sojourning in her neighbourhood. She cherishes the unhallowed flame—and surrenders herself headlong to be consumed by it. Who is the female, that follows the gradations of unlawful affection, and traces it from its origin to its final triumph over sacred vows, and honour and reason—will not feel herself solicited by such a tale as this, to prefer one rapturous hour (as it is painted), of clandestine indulgence, to a whole age of steady paced tranquil virtue?

But what shall be said of the ethics, by which Falkland is enabled to second the successful appeals of passion to his mistress? May we not dread, that that philosophy shall appear not merely specious, but irrefutable to many, which, when resolved into its essential qualities, becomes only falsehood and ingenuity? When the sophistical suitor assures Lady Emily, that disgrace changes its nature when encountered for a beloved object—that the love which is nursed through shame and sorrow is of a deeper and holier nature than that which is reared in pride, and fostered in joy—that the adultery of the heart is no less criminal than that of the deed—and that there is something of pride and triumph to dare all things, even crime itself, for the one to whom all things are as nought—where, we ask, is the fact, the inference or suggestion, which belies or tends to disparage such abominable tenets? Or rather, is not the whole book an elaborate gloss on a code of inverted morality, where virtue is seen to compound with passion, and passion itself finds impunity in its inordinate excess?

But, if the summer-tide of indulgence were followed by a season of suffering and repentance—if the history of Falkland added another to the thousand recorded instances, which serve to shew how indissoluble is the connection which subsists between error and chastisement; then, indeed, the portraiture of the criminal pleasure might be endured for the sake of the moral. But the story before us is framed on a different model. No symptoms of remorse—no "compunctious visitings," distract the heart of Lady Emily Mandeville, from the communion which she maintains to the latest moment with her paramour. Her case is calculated to raise the impression, that happiness may still be enjoyed by the violator of every sacred and social obligation, and every decent form which she was wont to respect; and any disaster, any untoward incident, by which the lovers are afflicted or discommoded, is altogether distinct in its origin, from a sense of the guilt which they have incurred.

A few more productions like Falkland, and works of imagina-

tion will contract an evil repute, which may seal them from the eyes of thousands, by whom they are at present read with profit and delight. Genius, fancy, energy of sentiment and diction, are the undoubted characteristics of the author: the possession of them only aggravates his offences of bad taste, and mischievous argument. He disclaims an evil purpose—every page contradicts him. He affects to be not the open partisan of corruption of manners; but he puts on this hypocritical mantle, for the base and infamous purpose of stealing into the citadel, in order that he may the more effectually betray it.

We know not how 'Richmond' came to be classed with the tales we have just been reviewing. It is almost beneath contempt. It is a most lethargic and lifeless affair, differing from the common admixtures of milk and water only in the undue proportion of the latter commodity. Although the matter is very long and very various, it possesses as little of what is interesting, for its extent, as any surviving emanation of moderate talent with which we are acquainted. Indeed, there is not a passage in the three volumes, which might not have been, with the greatest facility, produced by any, the most careless amateur visitor of our police offices. Details of visits to race-courses—of inroads upon gipsy haunts—of the vicissitudes of a thief-hunt—of shop-lifting—of larcenies, great and small, all those little schemes, and ingenious as well as straight forward exercises, in which juvenile depredators are known to be brought up—these form the staple of 'Richmond.' Each little sorry violation of a statute, such an incident of every day occurrence as even the newspapers have long forborne to reiterate—is diluted into an ample narrative, until three swollen volumes, at length, rise from under the hand of our garrulous annalist. It would have been much more pleasant to us, to have been enabled to record a different opinion upon a work of this extent; but we very much doubt the capacity of the subject itself to be made attractive in any shape.

ART. XII. *The Shepherd's Calendar; with Village Stories, and other Poems.* By John Clare. 12mo. pp. 238. 6*s*. London: Taylor. 1827.

JOHN Clare first became known to the world as the author of a volume of "Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery," composed during the scanty intervals of leisure which the laborious occupation of a peasant afforded, and discovered only by an accidental circumstance. These attracted much notice, and, combined with the peculiar circumstances under which they were written, and which were related in a prefatory memoir, gained for him a considerable share of popularity and patronage. The subsequent appearance of his "Village Minstrel," established his reputation as a poet; and the work now before us is likely to increase his fame. To his friends *and admirers* it will, we think, be a gratifying proof,

not only of his rising genius, but of the good use he has made of that liberal and judicious encouragement which has fostered it, and which he feelingly acknowledges in a modest preface. The present volume is dedicated to his noble patron, the Marquis of Exeter, to whom, we believe, he is indebted for being raised above the necessity of labour, beyond what is consistent with the cultivation of his mental powers. In its perusal we have felt a warm interest for the author, mingling with the pleasure it afforded, and we doubt not but others who read it will share this feeling.

The poems of which the volume is composed, are characterised by an unpretending simplicity of style, and a uniform excellence of quality, which, though of an humble description, evince a lively fancy, and a mind acutely susceptible of impressions from the beauties of nature. To that numerous class of readers, the lovers of descriptive poetry, these productions cannot but prove highly attractive. In poetry of this kind we do not look for lofty conceptions, profound thought, or a very creative imagination; we are satisfied with truth of delineation and accuracy of expression; and in these requisites the author is by no means deficient. If, in reading these poems, we are continually reminded of Bloomfield, not only by the similarity of the subject, but by the manner in which it is treated, yet the comparison is not at all to Clare's disadvantage. His style is less ambitious, and his thoughts more unaffected, and a deeper poetical feeling breathes through his writings. His poems do not abound with incident; but depend chiefly for their effect upon the intrinsic value of the sentiment, and the fidelity of the colouring.

In both cases, however, much perhaps of the interest experienced by the reader arises from a knowledge of the habits and circumstances of the writers; and this leads us to that passage in his preface, where Clare says, 'I hope my low station in life will not be set-off as a foil against my verses; and I am sure I do not wish to bring it forward as an excuse for any imperfections that may be found in them.' Now, although his verses need not be viewed in relation to the *humble station* of the author, in order to be fairly appreciated, yet it would be a manifest injustice to view them apart from a consideration of his rustic character and self-informed mind: it would be unfair to judge them by too high a standard. We admire the spirit of the declaration in the latter part of the sentence, and shall avail ourselves of it to point out what appear to us to be blemishes. It is but justice to say, that, in reading Clare's poems, we have less frequent occasion to revert to the origin of the individual in estimating the powers of the poet, than in reading those of Bloomfield.

The first and principal portion of the volume before us consists of a series of poetical pictures of the months, entitled 'The Shepherd's Calendar,' which, as its name imports, is a description of *the various* appearances of nature, and the occupations, amuse-

ments, and customs of pastoral life, peculiar to the different seasons of the year. They are vivid and home-felt delineations, and lose none of their interest by our recollection of similar productions by other authors. The versification of the several months is judiciously varied; and the stanza, the octo-syllabic, and heroic couplets, are successively adopted, according as they suit the poet's train of thoughts. This arrangement gives a liveliness to the composition, while a happy selection of the characteristic features of each month, affords a contrast that prevents any appearance of sameness. The following extracts will enable the reader to form his own judgment of their merit.

JULY.

'July the month of summer's prime,
Again resumes his busy time;
Scythes tinkle in the grassy dell,
Where solitude was wont to dwell;
And meadows, they are mad with noise
Of laughing maids, and shouting boys,
Making up the withering hay,
With merry hearts as light as play.
The very insects on the ground
So nimbly bustle all around,
Among the grass, or dusty soil,
They seem partakers in the toil.
The landscape even reels with life,
While 'mid the busy stir and strife
Of industry, the shepherd still
Enjoys his summer dreams at will:
Bent o'er his hook, or listless laid
Beneath the pasture's willow shade,
Whose foliage shines so cool and gray,
Amid the sultry hues of day,
As if the morning's misty veil
Yet linger'd in its shadows pale;
Or lolling in a musing mood
On mounds where Saxon castles stood,
Upon whose deeply-buried walls
The ivy'd oak's dark shadow falls,
He oft picks up with wondering gaze
Some little thing of other days,
Saved from the wrecks of time—as beads,
Or broken pots among the weeds,
Of curious shapes—and many a stone,
From Roman pavements thickly strown,
Oft hoping, as he searches round,
That buried riches may be found,
Though, search as often as he will,
His hopes are disappointed still;
Or watching, on his mossy seat,
The *insect world* beneath his feet,

In busy motion here and there,
Like visitors to feast or fair.—pp. 60—62.

* * * *

Loud is the summer's busy song,
The smallest breeze can find a tongue,
While insects of each tiny size
Grow teazing with their melodies,
Till noon burns with its blistering breath
Around, and day dies still as death.
The busy noise of man and brute
Is on a sudden lost and mute;
Even the brook that leaps along
Seems weary of its bubbling song,
And, so soft its waters creep,
Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep.
The cricket on its banks is dumb,
The very flies forget to hum;
And, save the waggon rocking round,
The landscape sleeps without a sound.
The breeze is stopt, the lazy bough
Hath not a leaf that dances now;
The tottergrass upon the hill,
And spider's threads, are standing still;
The feathers dropt from moor-hen's wing,
Which to the water's surface cling,
Are steadfast, and as heavy seem
As stones beneath them in the stream;
Hawkweed and groundsel's fanning downs
Unruffled keep their seedy crowns;
And in the oven-heated air,
Not one light thing is floating there,
Save that to the earnest eye,
The restless heat seems twittering by.'—pp. 64, 65.

The evening of such a summer day is thus charmingly described

'Now to the pleasant pasture dells,
Where hay from closes sweetly smells,
Adown the pathway's narrow lane
The milking maiden hies again,
With scraps of ballads never dumb,
And rosy cheeks of happy bloom.
Tann'd brown by summer's rude embrace,
Which adds new beauties to her face,
And red lips never pale with sighs,
And flowing hair, and laughing eyes,
That o'er full many a heart prevail'd,
And swelling bosom loosely veil'd,
White as the love it harbours there,
Unsullied with the taunts of care!

'The mower now gives labour o'er,
And on his bench beside the door

Sits down to see his children play,
Smoking a leisure hour away:
While from her cage the blackbird sings,
That on the woodbine arbour hings;
And all with soothing joys receive
The quiet of a summer's eve!'—pp. 66, 67.

hese are very pleasing pictures, painted with an observant eye a practised hand, and containing numerous beauties. As a rast to the sultry repose of the last sketch, we must give the 's picture of 'November,' whose sombre beauties are finely de-ped.

'The landscape sleeps in mist from morn till noon;
And, if the sun looks through, 't is with a face
Beamless and pale, and round, as if the moon,
When done the journey of her nightly race,
Had found him sleeping, and supplied his place.
For days the shepherds in the fields may be,
Nor mark a patch of sky—blindfold they trace
The plains, that seem without a bush or tree,
Whistling aloud by guess, to flocks they cannot see.

'The timid hare seems half its fears to lose,
Crouching and sleeping 'neath its grassy lair,
And scarcely startles, though the shepherd goes
Close by its home, and dogs are barking there;
The wild colt only turns around to stare
At passer by, then knaps his hide again;
And moody crows beside the road, forbear
To fly, tho' pelted by the passing swain;
Thus day seems turn'd to night, and tries to wake in vain.

'The owlet leaves her hiding-place at noon,
And flaps her grey wings in the doubling light;
The hoarse jay screams to see her out so soon,
And small birds chirp and startle with affright;
Much doth it scare the superstitious wight,
Who dreams of sorry luck, and sore dismay;
While cow-boys think the day a dream of night,
And oft grow fearful on their lonely way,
Fancying that ghosts may wake, and leave their graves by day.

'Yet, but awhile the slumbering weather flings
Its murky prison round—then winds wake loud;
With sudden stir the startled forest sings
Winter's returning song—cloud races cloud,
And the horizon throws away its shroud,
Sweeping a stretching circle from the eye;
Storms upon storms in quick succession crowd,
And o'er the sameness of the purple sky
Heaven paints, with hurried hand, wild hues of every dye.

'Thus wears the month along, in checker'd moods,
Sunshine and shadows, tempests loud, and calms;
One hour dies silent o'er the sleepy woods,

The next wakes loud with unexpected storms;
A dreary nakedness the field deforms—
Yet many a rural sound, and rural sight,
Lives in the village still about the farms,
Where toil's rude uproar hums from morn till night,
Noises, in which the ears of industry delight.

'At length the stir of rural labour's still,
And industry her care awhile foregoes;
When winter comes in earnest to fulfil
His yearly task, at bleak November's close,
And stops the plough, and hides the field in snows;
When frost locks up the stream in chill delays,
And mellows on the hedge the jetty sloes
For little birds —then toil hath time for play,
And nought but thresher's flails awake the dreary day.'—pp. 88—92.

In 'December,' the poet thus feelingly laments the decline of old customs:

'Old customs! Oh! I love the sound,
However simple they may be:
Whate'er with time hath sanction found,
Is welcome, and is dear to me.

'Pride grows above simplicity,
And spurns them from her haughty mind,
And soon the poet's song will be
The only refuge they can find.'

If we were disposed to find fault, it would be with the too literal character of some of the descriptions, which are often minute upon unimportant points, and by consequence have an appearance of littleness, that savours more of matter of fact than poetry. Such passages as the following, enumerating common-place details, add nothing to the truth of the picture, while they detract from its spirit.

'The housewife, busy night and day,
Clears the supper things away;
The jumping cat starts from her seat;
And stretching up on weary feet,
The dog wakes at the welcome tones
That calls him up to pick the bones.'

And again,

'The sun-beams on the hedges lie,
The south wind murmurs summer soft;
The maids hang out white clothes to dry,
Around the elder-skirted croft.'

This is too much like *cataloguing*, and has led the author into another fault, namely, an occasional exemplification of "the art of *sinking* in poetry." We will explain our meaning by a quotation:

'Often, at early seasons, mild and fair,
March bids farewell, with garlands in her hair
Of hazel tassels, woodbine's bushy sprout,
And sloe and wild-plum blossoms peeping out
In thick-set knots of flowers, preparing gay,
For April's reign, a mockery of May.
The old dame then oft stills her humming wheel—
When the bright sun-beams through the windows steal
And gleam upon her face, and dancing fall
In diamond shadows on the pictur'd wall.'

This beautiful description is spoiled by the following conclusion:

'And while the passing clown remarks, with pride,
Days lengthen in their visits a "cock's stride,"
She cleans her candlesticks, and sets them by,
Glad of the make-shift light that eves supply.'

Can any thing be more annoying than these four words in italic? We reluctantly notice these trivial defects, for they are of infrequent occurrence: but if pointed out, they are easily obviated. A more frequent and positive fault, and to which we strongly object, is the use of vulgar epithets, or expressions; not provincialisms merely, but absolute specimens of *patois*, and whose *expressive* qualities by no means atone for their inelegance. Such phrases as 'dethering joys,' 'the tootling robin,' 'plopping gun,' 'quawking crows,' 'chimbled grass;' and such words as 'crimpling,' 'croodling,' 'crizzling,' 'pudgy,' 'poddle,' 'progg'd,' are hardly allowable in familiar prose, and not at all in poetry, even though there may be such in common use. We are not disposed to be fastidious, especially in local descriptions; but we must protest against the introduction of these obnoxious sounds in metrical compositions. They do not occur so constantly in this, as in the former works of the author; but they are the progeny of a vicious taste, that cannot be too sparingly indulged in, nor too soon abandoned altogether.

Of the 'Village Stories,' as stories, we cannot speak in terms of unqualified praise: in fact, there is scarcely any story in them, and they have all one common topic—love. In the conduct of the narrative, as well as the style of metre, we are occasionally reminded of Crabbe, whose fidelity of manner the author has adopted with success; whether unconsciously or by design, we do not know, but the similarity is evidently produced by an attentive perusal of that poet's works. They have not, however, either his discriminating skill in the selection of materials, or his nervous force of language, and are deficient in character; but there is a tender simplicity and delicacy of feeling about them, that gives a charm to their feebleness. Indeed, we fancy the author writes from his own personal experience, and that the feelings and thoughts portrayed, are such as he himself has been conversant with; though their interest is *diminished by* being put into the mouth of another; to do

which with effect, demands dramatic power, and a mind constructed very differently from Clare's. The subject, to be treated successfully, requires striking incidents and passionate language, and must have either power or novelty to recommend it. 'The Rivals' is an unsuccessful attempt to imitate the "pastoral;" a style of composition never very popular with us, and now justly neglected. There are, however, many pretty thoughts, like field-flowers, scattered up and down in this composition; take the following as a specimen:

'—— Oft the shepherd in his path will spy
The little daisy in the wet grass lie,
That to the peeping sun uncloses gay,
Like Labour smiling on a holiday.'

The minor poems likewise contain some touching stanzas, and are as unassuming as they are graceful. The following contains some happy ideas, embodied in pleasing verse:

LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

'A shadow, moving by one's side,
That would a substance seem,—
That is, yet is not,—though descried—
Like skies beneath the stream;
A tree that's ever in the bloom,
Whose fruit is never rife;
A wish for joys that never come,—
Such are the hopes of Life.

'A dark, inevitable night,
A blank that will remain;
A waiting for the morning light,
Where waiting is in vain;
A gulph, where pathway never led
To shew the depth beneath;
A thing we know not, yet we dread,—
That dreaded thing is Death.

'The vaulted void of purple sky
That everywhere extends,
That stretches from the dazzled eye,
In space that never ends;
A morning, whose uprisen sun
No setting e'er shall see;
A day that comes without a noon,—
Such is Eternity.'—pp. 219, 220.

'The Dream,' is a composition of a higher order, and more lofty in its style, than any in the volume. It abounds with original and fine ideas, clothed in poetic imagery; and displays a more powerful imagination than we had given Clare credit for. Still he seems rather to strive at reaching his subject, than either to exalt or be *elevated* by it; and we feel more real pleasure in making an ex-

cursion with his fancy into the fair scenes of nature, than in following his imagination into the region of obscurity.

We part from the peasant-poet, with a cordial expression of satisfaction at the gratification his muse has afforded and us, with a sincere wish that his success may be commensurate with his expectations, and we may add, with his merit. We should not omit to mention, that an engraving, by Finden, from a tasteful sketch, by Dewint, forms an appropriate frontispiece to the volume.

ART. XIII. *Reise durch England und die beiden Niederlande.* Von Joachim Heinrich Jäck. Königl. Bibliothekar zu Bamberg. Mit einer Charte der Umgebungen von London. 12mo. pp. 298. Weimar. 1826. London: Treüttel and Wurtz.

WHATEVER other qualities may be denied to him, it must be confessed that this Mr. Jäck is certainly a very amusing gentleman: amusing alike by reason of his blunders and his naïveté, his right observations and his wrong conclusions, his half-learning and his whole vulgarity. We cannot be supposed to notice his peregrinations through England, for the sake of any marvellously novel information which he can offer upon our own institutions and manners: neither should we be very profitably engaged in the serious correction of all the ridiculous misconceptions into which he has fallen, in the course of his brief residence among us. But it is a little curious to observe the light in which England and Englishmen have appeared to the astonished mind of a German burgher, whose total previous knowledge of the world and of letters, before his travels, had probably been limited to the polished society and the royal library of his Bavarian majesty's good city of Bamberg. We shall therefore just pass rapidly through his volume, to shew up a few of his impressions, for the benefit of our readers, without either caring to set him right in all his entertaining errors, or wasting words to explain the very evident origin of his whimsical opinions.

The motives of the visit with which Mr. Jäck was pleased to honour our country, are duly set forth in a preface. He declares that although he had carefully perused the "Picture of London," and Göde's incomparably beautiful description of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, in five volumes, he began, after the peace of Paris, to suspect that England itself contained more things worth notice, than were to be gained from those ample sources of information. And he professes that the steam-boats and great breweries of England (Dampfschiffe und grossen Bierbrauereien), as subjects of most interest—why, we know not—to his countrymen of southern Germany, were destined to engross his particular attention.

Thus bent on improving his deep knowledge of the "Picture of London," and fired with the generous ambition of scientific discovery, our royal *librarian of Bamberg* was safely landed at Dover. The

grave particularity with which he notices every incident that attended his arrival at that little-frequented seaport, is very edifying; and his observations upon the expectant crowd of waiters from various hotels, who greeted his debarkation, are truly Germanic and sentimental. 'Strangers,' he observes, 'would infallibly believe, that this assemblage of persons had congregated together to gratify some ardent longing after returning friends, whom they were anxious to *press to their hearts*.' But he soon learns that the object of this assemblage is of a far less affectionate nature; and that every one who lands is immediately stormed by dozens of mâitres-d'hotel and waiters from the town of Dover, who leave the stranger no peace until he makes his selection of a hotel, when he is instantly seized by one of the four or five waiters who accompany each landlord, and conducted, as if by a gend'arme, to the right house, lest by any chance he should stray into another.

Having reached the inn of his chance selection, the Hotel de France, our traveller finds immediate food for his wonderment and philosophy.

'From the door to the very roof of the house,' says he, 'a carpet covers the middle of the passages and stairs; and, what is more, the carpeting upon each step of the stairs is fastened and arranged with *gilt copper rods*. On the other hand, none of the doors of the bed-chambers for strangers are furnished with keys, nor is there such a thing as a chest of drawers or a closet for our clothes, a circumstance which naturally surprised us a good deal: but the fact is that, in England, entire reliance is placed upon the great public security which prevails. From this strange peculiarity, we reverted to the number of thefts that daily disgrace the English prints; a subject which afforded us much amusement during our evening repast.'

This meal, he is careful to inform his readers, consisted of 'roast beef and potatoes, fish, and heads of cabbage cut into four, *with good beer, called ale*.' The night closed upon his discoveries; but new objects of surprise and admiration roused him with the dawn.

'The sun was not yet risen on the following morning, when we heard coaches rolling past, drawn by four or six even-paced horses, and announced with blowing of horns. As this scene was constantly going on, we could restrain ourselves no longer; but thinking that a succession of great personages were about taking their departure, we leaped out of bed with the intention of seeing them pass by. But in ignorance of the construction of English windows, we toiled a long time before our united exertions could throw up the sash. At last we succeeded, and in our haste to look out, contrived to inflict sundry hard bruises upon our heads. The pain, however, was soon lost in the admiration excited by six splendid and tastefully harnessed horses, before a superb coach filled with men, both inside and out. The large assemblage of company, the leaping down and return of the *trumpeters*, induced us to suppose at last that we must have been beholding one of the famous English stage-coaches; in which supposition we were confirmed by the waiter at breakfast.'—pp. 5, 6.

Thus prepared to admire and exaggerate as he goes, our traveller hies him to London, and takes up his quarters, as he minutely specifies, at the domicile of John Wagner, tailor, No. 3, Richmond Buildings, Dean Street, Soho, where he lodges with numbers of his own countrymen. Being settled in his new residence, our royal librarian occupies himself, rationally, as well as characteristically enough, after his vocation, in visiting all the public libraries of London. First among them the British Museum of course excites his astonishment; and he really gives, with the happy aid of catalogues, a very tolerable outline description of the contents of that great national repository. He is not without a respectable knowledge of books; but he admires with all the air of a wonder-making German: and in his language, his tastes, and his opinions, he betrays all the coarseness and vulgarisms of a miserable *bourgeois*. He is pleased to affirm that, *owing to our mercantile spirit*, London contains fewer public libraries and other institutions of intellectual refinement, than Paris. He is ignorant of all the facilities for education which this country affords; because they are not held up to display, nor maintained under the public regulation of a police minister and a gens-d'armerie. Neither has he discovered how vast a part of the bibliographical stores of this country is contained in the innumerable collections of noblemen and private individuals; and yet he seems to have been permitted to visit Lord Spencer's magnificent library of old and curious books. Among other subjects of education, our traveller is not slow, upon his intimate acquaintance with our metropolis, to offer his opinion of the projected "London University."

'Nothing is more necessary for the scientific cultivation of all classes in London than a university. When we arrived, the general wish for the erection of such an institution, after the pattern of that of Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, was the common topic of conversation. The higher servants of the state have hitherto exerted all their aristocratical influence to place their younger relatives in the eight hundred and forty rich benefices of Fellows at Oxford and Cambridge; from whence they are advanced into the service of the state, according to the degree of interest which each may possess. And this takes place, although these young men during their academical residence may have only pursued a course of idleness, vice, and extravagance. In the opinion of those who are experienced in these matters, the project of a rich nobleman in Yorkshire, who proposed to establish a third university with an income, to begin with, of fifteen thousand guineas per annum, afforded no better prospect than those already established. The richer and poorer citizens of London, therefore, were very rarely able to thrust their sons into any vacancy at those colleges of the universities, which were not monopolised by the aristocracy; and even this was only possible under the previous distinct condition of being a candidate for holy orders. The wish for the establishment of an university must in this manner have become the more general, from the great expenses to which parents were subjected in giving their sons a scientific education necessary *for public life*; as they were obliged either to have *private masters, or to send them* on the Continent.'—pp. 32, 33.

Of our public establishments, for the promotion of science and letters, Mr. Jäck takes a survey very tolerably accurate. But he pronounces judgment upon our legal institutions with all the presumption of superficial ignorance; and among other mistakes, he imagines that our spiritual courts still exercise in practice all the despotic powers which they are permitted in theory to retain.

'The four ecclesiastical courts,' says he, 'extend their jurisdiction over all moral offences whatever, over wills and the disposal of property immediately arising out of them, over marriage dispensations, separations, &c., and over all cases purely clerical. Whoever examines the jurisdiction of this court, and compares it with the Spanish Inquisition, will find little difference between them. For, however great the political freedom of England may be, in every thing which regards religion the citizen is more trammelled and confined in this country than in any other.'

The remaining part of Mr. Jäck's volume, which relates to *sight-seeing* in the metropolis, we shall dismiss very briefly. He examines all the churches, and other public buildings, the docks, bridges, palaces, &c., with scrupulous regularity, and gives a tiresome circumstantial account of each. The docks and the shipping of the port of London, as the astonishing evidences of our commercial grandeur, are justly his admiration; and he warms into natural eulogies, on the immense variety, the splendid endowments, and the judicious regulation of the humane and benevolent institutions of our country. Here England stands unrivalled among the nations; and her public charities may well be numbered with honest pride among the brightest ornaments of her grandeur, while they extort the unqualified tribute of enthusiastic praise and respect from the lips of every foreign traveller.

After exhausting the catalogue of sights in the "Picture of London," Mr. Jäck, before his departure from the metropolis, is pleased to favour us with a few sketches of our national character, manners, and customs; from which we shall extract a specimen or two.

'The character of the Englishman is calm and settled; he is accustomed to precision and regularity, which is seen even in the uniformity of his dress. In London, the ranks of society are neither distinguished by the costliness nor shape of their clothes; and if we should collect in one group, the respectable tradesman, the artist, the man of letters, the merchant and his clerk, the servant of government from the highest to the lowest office, and the rich nobleman, it would be impossible to discover any distinction of rank, in the uniform appearance of the whole. The steady character of the men never permits any foreign style of dress to become the predominant fashion among them; but they have a journal of fashions of their own, the plates of which the tailors cut up into busts and legs, and then throw into a portfolio. When a customer comes, the tailor adjusts the breast and lower part of any two of these different figures, and by that means gives his employer some notion of what his future appearance is to be. On the other hand, however, the character of the English ladies is as changeable as that of all others on the Continent; they are

governed by the Journal de Paris (which seems to enjoy universal citizenship), and it is only occasionally in travelling, and in the country, for example, that by way of intermediate change, they imitate the style of dress of their lovers and husbands. Yet, when at home, the lady and her maid are to be seen dressed in white, without any difference; and whilst thus attired, if the hour, the place, and the society, did not distinguish the former from the latter, they would be seldom known from each other.

* * * * * *

'The division of the day is almost as uniform in all families as their dress. Although we were daily at the writing-desk, between five and six o'clock in the morning, we could not get the accustomed supply of tea, bread and butter, eggs, rolls, &c., before nine o'clock, because none of the members of the family leave their beds before seven or eight o'clock, and all are summoned to this common breakfast.'—pp. 144—146.

The following account of the worthy Mr. Jäck's mode of dining in London, records his unfavourable opinion, both of our style of cookery, and of the entertainment of our coffee-houses. We have not the pleasure of knowing the Harmony Hotel, situate in George Yard, Lombard Street, but we have no doubt that it is a place of excellent reputation; and, indeed, it is to be observed, from the whole tenor of his book, how the royal librarian of Bamberg seems to have been introduced to the best society, and the most fashionable resorts of our metropolis.

'As few of the dishes are prepared according to the German fashion, and the greater part consist of fish, we seldom, though exceedingly hungry, made so agreeable a meal as in France and Germany. We were in the habit of agreeing before-hand with our French and German friends, to dine at a particular coffee-house between the hours of five and six; and always, selected a table in the middle of the room, and outside the usual wooden partitions, in order that we might have a full view of all that was passing. We never visited the same English coffee-house more than once, for we could not find any that satisfied our palate and appetite; and frequently, moreover, the prices were extravagantly dear. The only exceptions were the Harmony Hotel, George Yard, Lombard Street, and the Newton Hotel, St. Martin Street, Leicester Square. At the former of these, we met with a very intelligent head-waiter, who had once resided in our neighbourhood, at Cobourg, and benefited by many of the French campaigns during the last war. At the hotel in St. Martin Street, the exiled Spaniards, Portuguese, and Italians, all in poor circumstances, were wont to assemble daily. Our host here, Dominic, gave us meat and drink, both good in quality and fair in price. It is remarkable that the host, his wife, the waiter, and the chamber maid, came severally from Naples, Portugal, Spain and Piedmont. We enjoyed occasionally a higher pleasure in the conversation of the exiles, who rejoiced to find persons asserting the same opinions respecting representative governments, which they themselves had openly professed, and for which they had endangered their lives. The best informed among them employed themselves in writing translations, and also in contributing to the Spanish periodical, which was published in London, and contained the clearest expositions of the secret causes that overthrew their constitution.'—*pp.* 147—149.

The manner in which our traveller was wont to dispose of the last part of the day, is then briefly related:

'After dinner,' says he, 'as it is called here, but in Germany, supper, we went to the theatres and other public places of exhibition, which are kept open to a late hour of the night, and passed the remainder of the evening without suffering from hunger or thirst. Our hour of return home was between ten and eleven, provided we had not been satisfying our curiosity at any great distance; and after a short conversation with the family, we retired to bed. In many English families it is the custom to drink tea and milk between the hours of seven and nine.'

The ordinary course of English life during six days of the week, Mr. Jäck seems to have found supportable enough; but the restraints of our Sunday observances, are evidently his abhorrence.

'In compliance with the prevailing sentiments of the English, to make a parade of religion on the Sunday, we had resigned our minds to the endurance of still life, although these days in Germany are devoted to public amusements and festivities. Yet our experience of the reality much surpassed our expectations. For, in the very outset, we found that no letters were delivered in the morning, that the religious observances of the day might meet with no distractions. All the shops are shut; whilst at Paris precisely on these very days, from two to three o'clock, the best bargains are made, and even the bricklayers, carpenters, &c. publicly work on until that hour. In London, only the absolute necessaries of life are allowed to be sold. Before ten, and from ten to eleven, the latter being the hour for divine service, we met with few persons in the streets, and even these were only messengers and hair-dressers. But at the hour of service the formal parties of citizens, themselves and their wives leading their families, proceed along, with prayer-books and hymn-books under their arms or in their hands, towards the neighbouring church. The English church service is commonly two hours long; the great duration of which, with its too lifeless simplicity, cannot possibly be agreeable to thinking men. After church, those who have attended take a ramble through the streets, or such walks as may be in the vicinity, provided the weather is favourable; after which the procession proceeds with the same regularity towards home, where dinner is generally served up between two and three. After digestion has been allowed some time to go on in quiet, the family set themselves again in motion between four and five o'clock to attend the evening service in another church, generally in some more distant part of the town, in order both to pass away the time and to have an opportunity of taking exercise. Between six and seven, the stiff and formal procession again returns, and drawls away the remainder of the evening in a most noiseless and motionless manner. For, theatrical representations and balls never take place on a Sunday: and sporting and gambling parties are not at all thought of by most of the citizens of London. If an inexperienced stranger should be bold enough to call upon his acquaintance on Sundays, he is either not admitted, or is received as an intruder, so coldly and repulsively, that he is glad to make his escape again. All this, however, can only be said of the *bourgeois:* the higher and more cultivated of both sexes, who have spent any time on the Continent, make parties of pleasure by land and by *water on Sundays,* which accounts for the streets from mid-day, being as

choked up with carriages of all kinds, as the canals and rivers are with pleasure-boats. He who is indisposed for a trip into the country, seeks amusement in the hotels, taverns, and numberless coffee-rooms; and thence it happens that the places of public resort, whenever the weather is not very unfavourable, are crammed full of joyous guests. Moreover we found that from eleven o'clock St. James's Park—where a few detachments of the guards at this hour perform their evolutions to music—is, like Hyde Park, until evening, crowded with people of all classes. From six to ten we saw many entire families pass up and down the long streets, the Strand, Cornhill, Oxford Street, and Holborn.—pp. 150—152.

The nature of the society into which our free-thinking librarian had the good fortune to fall during his residence in London, is here humorously betrayed. The cockney pursuit of the suburban festivities of Sunday, he has mistaken for a national taste; and he has confounded the manners of our most vulgar mechanics, with those of the higher and more cultivated of both sexes, to whom he ascribes the superior illumination of Continental habits. With polished English society he must have had scarcely any intercourse: nor has he apparently gained an introduction into the pure and quiet domestic life of our well-educated middle classes.

Quitting London, Mr. Jäck proceeds to Oxford, where he makes his perambulation of all the public libraries and colleges, and renders, for a foreigner, a pretty correct report of the objects which he has visited. The secret of his accurate knowledge, however, lies very near the surface: he has consulted, and palpably copied, local histories and guide books wherever he has gone; and the transcription of their matter into his journal is broken by very few original remarks of his own. At Oxford, he appears to have been well received; and there at least he caught a few glimpses of good society. He had introductions to many of the most respectable members of the university; and he mentions having been invited, with others of his countrymen, to the house of professor Nicholls. Here he is in great ecstasy at the refinements of an English gentleman's table, and breaks forth into particular raptures at the strange custom of changing the knife and fork after each dish! From Oxford, he journeys to Cambridge, passing through Bedfordshire, which he describes in glowing terms as offering the highest example of extraordinary culture and rural beauty. He states fairly what he has seen at Cambridge, and appreciates especially the architectural magnificence of king's college chapel. He confesses that none of the great Continental towns can boast of any relic of past ages so noble in itself, or preserved in such perfection and splendour. His general reflections upon our two universities, are curiosities in their way, and shall form our last extract from his volume.

'The many novelties that presented themselves to us, on our visit to the two English universities, left us hardly leisure to weigh the advantages of our own institutions with the disadvantages of these. It was not before we

reached London, that we could institute a parallel between them, and form a conclusion. That which chiefly disgusted us, was the glaring contradiction of the English, who, although the first to introduce into public life the practical idea of universal equality in the eyes of the law, do nevertheless legally implant and foster the spirit of aristocracy at both their universities. For, at Christ Church, Oxford, it is only possible for a talented and diligent youth, of poor and ignoble parentage, to gain admittance by a favourable introduction, and, by good conduct, to work his way to an ecclesiastical fellowship. Moreover, the regulation that obliges all students, whether of the law or physic, to devote a year of their course to theology, and undergo an examination in it, is both useless and illiberal. It is also very disadvantageous, that the students should not daily be tutored in the spirit of those sciences to which they are most attached, by means of four or five lectures; but be entirely left to their own diligence, even in those sciences best capable of being demonstrated. Whence they lose the animation which vivâ voce instruction imparts, and by which many of our students are awakened to nobler conceptions. For the most distinguished teachers may, during term time, limit the number of their public lectures; and should the private tutors not be so well qualified or zealous as they ought, it is very fortunate for a young man, if he possess sufficient internal energy, to impel him to study, and acquire knowledge, although encumbered with partialities and prejudices. But to this prejudiced and partial view of a subject, may be attributed at the same time the rudiments of knowledge which are discerned in many English. Lastly, the strict religious discipline, under which all students, even though they be hypocrites, pine away, can have no beneficial influence upon the English character, which is naturally too much given to thoughtfulness: so that many, at a later period of their lives, are obliged to seek, by a long residence on the Continent, to dispel this melancholy, and to regain some relish for the enjoyments of life. On the other hand, we admit, that the respect for the very letter of the laws, which is impressed upon the Englishman from his earliest youth, keeps him, in a great measure, free from those barbarous excesses of which our young students have too often been guilty. It is also very favourable for the formation of a peaceful and quiet character, that the course of studies in the universities is chiefly founded upon the master-pieces of classical antiquity. It cannot, moreover, be denied, that the unembarrassed circumstances of most of the English students, are favourable to the pursuit of learning; whilst many of our students can with the greatest difficulty support themselves at the university, and cannot consequently continue their exertions with spirit and effect, when they must depend upon the compassion of librarians, and professors, to supply them with the most necessary books. The English, in fine, are most certainly gainers in being compelled by their own efforts to arrive at the power of thinking; whilst our finest youths are tied down to mere listening, repeating, and copying, and from too many lectures upon a particular subject, find no time left for reflecting upon what they have heard, and written down, before they are at once called into active life.'—pp. 193—195.

Mr. Jäck's description of our universities closes the journal of his residence in England; and we have no inclination to follow *him in his subsequent* tour through the Low Countries, which he

visited, by his own confession, too rapidly for the collection of much interesting knowledge. There is a great deal of detail, and of that sort of information in his volume, which may always be gleaned from guide books and itineraries; but we find little elevation in his sentiments, and not much spirit and intelligence in his descriptions. In England, he mingled very seldom with gentlemen, as we understand the term; and whenever he has enjoyed an introduction to any individuals of that peculiar class, which is unknown in other countries, and forms the value and the pride of our English society, he always regards them as noblemen, and seems to have imagined them entitled to the distant and servile homage, which the German citizen is habituated to render to the high-born of his land. His common English associates were evidently of a far lower order; and in judging of our institutions, he has always viewed them under the impressions which he might doubtless receive from such companions. He certainly possesses, what is no uncommon acquirement in Germany, some considerable share of learning, and much useful information on trade, manufactures, and practical science in general. But his philanthropy is mere vulgularity and his philosophy only irreligion.

ART. XIV. *May Fair.* In Four Cantos. 8vo. pp. 194. 8*s*. London: Ainsworth. 1827.

THIS is a very pleasant little volume of good humoured satire, much in the style of "Crockford House;" with this difference, that the verse is more musical, and the subject more diversified. There is scarcely a name known to the "Court Circular," which does not figure here, under a character that may be easily recognised; scarcely a ridiculous usage, consecrated by modern fashion, which is not here exposed. The author is a laughing philosopher, who, with a keen sense of what is absurd, incongruous, and mean in our higher circles, has still the fortitude to resist his swelling indignation, and to pass it off in a well-tempered smile, as if he found the evils of which he complains too enormous for sober correction.

While we avow that, in perusing this production, we have laughed a good deal with the writer, we hope he will excuse us if we admit, that we have now and then laughed *at* him, as he has laughed at others. Inconsistently enough he sets himself up as the censor of all that is subject to reproach in the fashionable world, and yet in very many pages he goes out of his way, in order to convince us that he is himself a leading member of the class, against which he has discharged every shaft in his quiver. This is truly comic. It is in the very spirit of that folly, which he seems so anxious to eradicate.

Of his four cantos, perhaps, more than the half might have been easily written by the least gifted of that courteous and indefatigable

tribe, which every bookseller has at his command. That such pseudo-patrician has been the chief concocter of 'May we are far from asserting; though it must be perceived, fro tain laudatory references which are made to the opera, and confectionary and cookery books of Jarrin and Ude, that th lisher and the poet have had some little previous understand the subject. Moreover, we have not heard, or seen it pos stated, that 'May Fair' is the production of a lord, or eve baronet: whence we may conclude, that there is no preter supposing it to be any thing more than the gossip of the l months, ingeniously converted into rhyme by one of those n ous literary loungers, with whom the town abounds, and w being duly moved thereto, can turn their hands to any thing a sonnet for a magazine, to a new edition of Milton.

This *jeu d'esprit* is divided into four cantos, entitled 'The ing Visit'—'The Dinner'—'The After-Dinner' and 'The night Drive,' and ends with a postscript. It requires no ver mate acquaintance with princes and dukes to be able, now-a to give a tolerably accurate picture of the habits of high life. ple in that class are so much abroad, they live so constantly public stage of society, that every shade of mystery and co ment has long since been dispelled from around them. O thor has given, in his poem, the well known routine of their and has described it in an off-hand mirthful vein, which, w elevating his verse to any thing like elegance, imparts to agreeable fluency that never palls on the ear. It is true, that are not, in the whole of the four cantos, fifty lines that dese be remembered: here and there—rari nantes—passages are met with of more than ordinary sprightliness; but while we their pleasantry, it were almost profane to speak of them as

Having advised the reader of our opinion on this point, w not prevent the author from appealing against our sentence own way; and we have little doubt that his first evidence a us would be his description of a London spring, to which, b he has appended two very biting notes.

> 'At length comes out the virgin Spring,
> Still under Winter's matron wing;
> While storm and shower and sleet and dust,
> Like Guardians, keep her still in trust.
> Now all the Beau-monde wake together,
> Like swallows at the change of weather;
> The belles, blue, deep-blue, white and brown*,
> Make up their minds and cheeks for town;

'* There is a delicate distinction between the BLUE and the DEEP The former merely reads Reviews, &c.; the latter writes them. T *mer* merely falls in love with the works of poets, &c.; the latter

The young, the old, the wed, the single,
Feel through their veins the annual tingle.

'All Peers with hosts of *second* sons,
All Baronets sick of rustic duns;
All M.P.'s with unsettled votes,
Determined to new-line their coats;
All dames who, tired of pigeon-cooing,
Long to know what the world is doing;
All widows weary of their sable—
All mothers of the marriageable,
That, keen as bees about their honey,
Hunt every bush for man and money;
Spite of the wind's and rain's embargo,
Each coming with her native cargo.
First shewn to the discerning few,
Like pictures at a private view;
All vulgar bidders being ejected
Until the 'gems' have been selected:
But, if no high-born pencil mark it,
The sample then must play and park it,
And have its texture and its tints,
Like Urling's lace and Howell's chintz,*
Displayed by the attendant matrons,
On Hymen's counter, the Spring patterns;
The blonde, the bronze—so much per set—
Each ticketed a coronet,
A jointure, pin-money; of course
A sum in case of a divorce—
(No age this of the flitch of bacon)—
Not five pounds under can be taken.'—pp. 24, 27.

If we doubted (as we are prone to do), that the author is an exquisite of the very first water, he would perhaps place in our hands —not his card—but his lines on "pasteboard friendship," in which it must be owned there is a good deal of dry humour.

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love with the poets, &c., in person. The former merely attends Albemarle-street, and is content to see Mr. Brande burn his own fingers, and singe his own minutely-curled periwig. The latter practises the experimental philosophy at home, burns wig and fingers at her own expense, and blows up her husband and children. S. R.'

'* Mr. Urling, the proprietor of the finest lace, and finest young gentlemen distributors of it, imaginable. The elegance of their *coiffure* is really an honour to commerce, and a charming evidence of the advanced civilization of the 19th century and the counter. It is shop-keeping urged to the highest point of the curling-iron capacity. W-rc-st-r protests, that though his nature is not prone to envy, he hates to pass by the boudoir of those charming young persons. And B-nk-s, who has seen every kind of curl from the Iroquese to the Abyssinian, allows that he has seen "nothing like it," and sighs over the vanity of travel.'

'On sweep your cab—you make your calls:
Sow cards, broad-cast, the seed of balls;
For, if through life you'd take your fling,
A pasteboard friendship's just the thing.
'Tis quick to make, 'tis cheap to keep,
Its loss will never break your sleep;
It gives your friend no right to borrow—
If ruined, you cut him dead to-morrow.
You hear the Duchess is done up—
You cast about where next to sup:
You hear the Viscount's dead, or worse—
Has run his mortgage length of purse;
My Lady from my Lord revolted,—
In short, the whole concern is bolted;
Yet you're no party in the quarrel,
In which you're sure to gain no laurel;
And though you grieve the house is dish'd,
Where twice a-week you soup'd and fish'd;
Yet, being neither aunt nor mother,
You drop your pasteboard with another.'—pp. 32, 33.

There is an equal degree of spirit and sarcasm, in the following summary of the talk of the gentlemen, after the ladies have withdrawn from the dinner table.

'—"A palace?"—"Yes, magnificent!
"Where every sewer bestows its scent!"
"Solid?"—"Foundation in a bog!"
"Wholesome?" "An atmosphere of fog."
"Landscape?"—"A marshy, miry flat."
"Canal?"—"A grave of dog and cat."
"Pure air?" "Where every passing puff
Is Westminster."—"Enough, enough."

'—"The race—odd business; Daphne *shy!*
My Lord some thousand pounds *too* sly;
The *partners* pocketed the notes—
I'll swear three scoundrels wore their coats.
The Club examined—did their best,
And found it—honest as the rest."

'Yet, spite of all their Worships' ears,
Newmarket, thou'rt the place for PEERS.
No Epsom, throng'd with city feeders—
No Doncaster, all brutes and breeders.
There taste on all things sets her seal;
With elegance the hostlers steal;
The man that pillages your fob
But hoaxes—none would call it, rob;
The Jockey, in his speech and look,
Seems the first cousin to the Duke;
The rogue who tricks you to your face,
Looks *more* than brother to his Grace;

And many a claimant of a cord
Passes for Baronet and Lord.'—pp. 90—92.

Some person has pointed out to us the concluding lines of the third canto, as no unworthy imitation of the peculiar style of Beppo. Let the reader judge.

'Dan Apollo! fool-enslaver,
When I had your worship's fever,
(But a sort of schoolboy tertian,
Cured by Newmarket immersion),
I have stood at set of sun,
Cloud-collecting, one by one;
Wild with all their twistings, turnings,
Softenings, sweetenings, fadings, burnings;
Building in each ruddy stain,
Glorious "*Chateux en Espagne*;"
Watching the delicious twilight
Peeping from her Eastern skylight;
Like an Andalusian maid
Listening to a serenade:
Like a vestal freshly sainted,
With her cheek half pale, half-painted;
Like a Turkish beauty showing
Through her veil the roses glowing;
Till 'twas but a softer morn,
Silvery rose the Lunar horn.

Or around her high abode,
Tempest, like an ocean flow'd;
Till the lightning's sulphur-gleam
Flamed on mountain, vale, and stream;
And the vaporous upper world,
Roll'd like armies downward hurl'd,
Titans, by the thunder driven
From the sapphire gates of Heaven;
While the swellings of the gale,
Seem'd their trumpets' broken wail.
Then along the mighty blue
Rose like flowerets pale and few,
Over which a storm had gone,
Star and starlet, one by one,
Like the lamps in some high fane,
Struggling through the tempest-stain;
As it vanish'd, richer mustering,
Orb on orb in glory clustering;
Till the temple of the night
Blazed with the immortal light.
Trifles—Fancy's long past gleams,—
Boyish, more than boyish dreams;
Things of many a year ago—
Yet *what* have our years to show,

With their thousand secret stings,
Better than those boyish things?
From our cradles to our shrouds,
What are hopes, joys, loves,—but clouds?'—pp. 134—137.

One extract more, and we have done. We are borne towards it for its just praise of Pasta, whom we are happy to see again arrived amongst us, in high health and spirits. The picture of the opera-house is accurate and lively.

'* The Haymarket's a burst of light;
The Opera—mighty Pasta's night!
Bold, splendid, tragic, first the song
Bursts like a cataract along;
Then, like a mountain stream subsiding,
Between its banks of roses gliding,
The harmony, sweet, solemn, clear,
In new enchantment bathes the ear.
Yet noble as her noblest strain,
The *actress* o'er us throws the chain;
The queenly step, the depth of eye,
The strife of passion wild and high,
The art, true nature's matchless art,
Its strength, its burning source, the heart;
The searching *agony* of tone,
Make all the struggling soul her own.

'The spell dissolved,—I take my rounds;
A licensed sportsman on those grounds:
The rich preserve, that few approach,
Without a title and a coach;
But *I*, who "know the price of stocks,"
Cry "Sesame!" to every box;
They know *I* scorn the charming ties,
So take my folly as it flies.
We settle "who escapes to Paris,"—
"Whose in the Austrian box the star is;
"What *wonder* in the red and yellow
"Has fix'd thy *lorgnette*, Count P-lm-lla;
"What whisker'd monster, Mynheer Falck
"Holds in such *very* solemn talk;
"Whose cheeks and chin are *too* much *tinted*,
"Whose marriage has been *more* than hinted;
"Whom all-resistless P-l-gn-c
"Has kept this fortnight on the rack;
"Whom L-v-n thinks the Belle to-night,
"(The Prince is always in the right);

'* Pasta, a very powerful performer; since Catalani, the Italian stage has produced no more brilliant and commanding voice. Her acting is still rarer upon the stage; and those who have not seen her Medea and *Semiramide, have* yet to learn the power of combined gesture and song.'

" For whom is built the Viscount's villa,—
" But hark,—'tis magic, or Brambilla."

'Then drops the eye upon the pit,
Where dandies stand, and dowdies sit;
The irksome prison of he-brutes,
That to their beds would take their boots;
Where St-nh-pe in the foremost tier,
Performs an extra chandelier,
Reflecting on his polish'd forehead
The light from every stage-lamp borrow'd.

'* Or, where the Foreign Office nest
Shews fifty in a box comprest;
The diplomatic exquisites!
Copies of statesmen, beaux, and wits.
Thus men, ordain'd the world to master,
Give their fac-similes in plaster;
And Chathams, Wellingtons, and Naps,
Are sold by Savoyards for raps.'—pp. 157—162.

In this currente calamo style, the author contrives to introduce a great variety of subjects, to which, as we have seen, he lends a tolerable degree of sprightliness. But that such metrical facility rises to the merit of poetry, we no more believe, than that 'May Fair' will be read when " Beppo" is forgotten. To pursue criticism farther on a work which, written on the spur of the moment, will perish with the season that produced it, would be like scrutinising through a microscope the coloured wing of a butterfly, or still worse, breaking the insect itself on the wheel described by Pope.

NOTICES.

ART. XV. *A Concise and Practical Treatise on the Growth and Culture of the Carnation, &c.: including a Dissertation on Soils and Manures, &c.* By Thomas Hogg, Florist. 4th Edition, with Additions, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* London: G. and W. B. Whittaker. 1827.

FLOWER-GROWING in this country has become, under the encouragement of the prizes, as well as the praises of the rich—an art that is now pursued with increasing interest, and no doubt, like the other branches of national industry, will have, one of these sessions, an act of parliament to itself.

'* Downing-street has its representative majesty in the Opera House, in the shape of a whole desk-full, I beg pardon, box-full of very well-dressed young gentlemen. They attend with great decorum to the performance, carry on their diplomatic etiquette to each other with great gravity, and, unless when the shoe of a *figurante* flies into their box, from its peculiar proximity to the stage, or the kettle-drums are engaged in a charge, seem to be happy. Yet it is painful to see them so dismally squeezed together; though it must be allowed that they suffer with the patience of martyrs.'

Nobody can find fault with such an amiable enthusiast as Mr. Hogg, for entertaining the harmless notion, that the culture of a carnation, and the care of an infant heir to these realms, are matters which equally challenge the grave solicitude of those, who are solicitous for the happiness and glory of our common country. A minister of state can scarcely reckon up a greater number of anxious hours, than he who is periodically loaded with the responsibility, of keeping up the suitable splendour of the pleasure garden. The site which his flower-pots are to occupy, as well in winter as in summer, demands much pondering, and great judgment. And what a season of patient preparation is his, before the sowing time arrives! It is not alone that the fundamental soil must be perfectly unobjectionable, but the artificial layer—the compost, from whose bosom the beautiful carnation is to rise, blushing and expanding—is beyond the hope of any man to fabricate, except he be free of the genuine brotherhood of the garden. How, otherwise, is it possible that he should be able, with discreet hand, to adjust the proportion of contradictory elements? to hold the scales evenly between yellow loam and maiden mould—between the sand of the pit, and the sweepings of the stall—redressing the arid and reluctant nature of the one, by the luxuriant richness of the other?

And when the infant plant shall have advanced into manifest existence, a new order of cares arises for the horticulturist. Small-pox, measles, the thousand ills to which the childhood of man is liable, are but imperfect types of those dangers, that beset the helpless stages of the existence of a flower. There is the gathering of green flies to bear down upon it, a countless host—the corrosive ear-wig—the still more fatal grub, that entrenches itself in some adjacent subterranean receptacle by day, and then, burglar like, sallies forth in the hour of darkness, to lay waste both pod and petal, sparing neither blossom nor bud;—and there is, lastly, the wily wire-worm, that penetrates to the stem by sap and mine, wasting, by degrees, the life and beauty of the flower.

Safe from all these perils, the carnation must still be the object of tenderest attention. The irregular and premature disclosure of the contents of the pod—the feebleness of the young blossom—the hazard that the "winds of Heaven should visit it too roughly"—such are the accidents and calamities, that keep the anxious gardener in a fever of doubt, for a season, until the full-blown carnation crowns his hopes and fills his heart with joy.

The christening of a flower is an event that must not be spoken of without due respect. Unhappily for those floral artists, whose literary education has been neglected, there is an uncommon scarcity of famous names at the present moment. There is not a single god or goddess of ancient mythology unappropriated at this day—all the British monarchs—the whole catalogue of British heroes, may be found in blossom, this very season, in one or other of the genteel nurseries that stand adjacent to the metropolis.

They who ponder, with delighted eye, over the matchless splendours of the annual Flower Show, little think to what an extent nature has submitted to a junction with art, in order to refine the charms of the carnation. The only true system of flower dressing was the invention of Kit Nunn, of Enfield, who began life as a barber, but followed horticulture from inclination—so irregularly alternating between the practice of the garden and of

op, as sometimes to forget whether it was a curl or a petal that de-
ed his attention. He succeeded, however, in applying the great
ples of the friseur to the decoration of flowers; and towards the eve
exhibition, the elegant Kitt was resorted to by gardeners far and wide,
mit their flowers to his exquisite finger. But still within the very
icts of the county where the artist flourished, people were found to
lightly of carnations; and, without presuming to adopt the language
nsure on the occasion, Mr. Hogg quotes the case of a very singular
ence for "heart's ease," in no less celebrated a personage than Mrs.
ns herself. This lady cultivated a garden in the Harrow Road, where
rt's ease" was set with unsparing profusion. Her incessant demand
is flower, as soon as spring set in, obtained, amongst the surrounding
ners, the name of Miss Heart's-ease, for her pretty hand-maid and
yor; nor is it forgotten, that the faithful delegate used to chaffer for
rchases in the severest spirit of thrifty dealing. In this retreat also,
urious to find, what a partiality was shown for the cypress, the yew,
ay-tree, the spurge laurel, the widow-wail, every shrub of deciduous
h, every tree of mournful association. The tragic genius of the
seemed to haunt it in every part—

"Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green."

. Hogg's directions are so plain, so ample—so completely do they
ice every necessary act to be performed by the gardener, from the
ination of the compost, which is to receive the embryo carnation, to
st and crowning display of art on the full-blown glowing flower, that
tion in the art will be no longer the lucrative mystery of his profes-
The very lively and entertaining manner in which the work is
n, is very strongly characteristic of the author's avocation; and as a
source of amusement, without any intention of profiting by its in-
ion, the general reader may, with great advantage, apply himself to
ook.

XVI. *Specimens of Romaic Lyric Poetry, with a translation into glish. To which is prefixed a Concise Treatise on Music.* By Paul ria Leopold Joss. 8vo. pp. 143. London: Glynn. 1827.

collection appears to us to merit considerable attention, not merely
the interest which will always attach to the country where these speci-
have been gathered, but from the very high degree of merit which, as
l compositions, they possess. We believe that nearly the whole of the
al literature of modern Greece is confined to her songs.—Lord Byron
ecorded his admiration of many of those effusions—but the noble
could not have had an adequate opportunity of ascertaining the mul-
ity and variety of Romaic lyrics, inasmuch as a great proportion of
could be hardly said to have existed in his time, in any visible em-
d shape. The passionate ardour, which recommended to his attention
patronage, a few of the Greek amatory songs that casually reached
n his travels, breathes through the stanzas of the two Anacreontics
are presented to us by Mr. Joss. They have also, in common with the
of the lyric *effusions* contained in this volume, a uniform melodious

flow, which it is not remarkable they should possess, since almost all the popular songs of Greece, constitute musical auxiliaries to dancing, with the various measures of which their numbers are intended to harmonise.

It is somewhat singular, and we believe it to be peculiar to Greece, that one of the constituents of her national poetry should be justly described by the title of "Brigand Songs." These very characteristic compositions derive their name from a self-outlawed Romaic race, called Kleftis, who, from the enduring example which they afforded of successful resistance to the Turkish yoke, deserve to be remembered by some more respectable denomination, than that which confounds them with the mercenary followers of a life of plunder. But the songs themselves are distinguished by a spirit of wild daring, impatience of restraint, directness and energy of resolution, mingled with a frank, careless, defying tone, which are quite in unison with the habits of brigand existence.

A considerable portion of this volume is devoted, and we think with a very proper exercise of discretion, to specimens of the patriotic songs of the Greeks. These effusions owe their origin, without exception, to the political spirit of the time—the greater part being cotemporaneous with, or rather having been the offspring of, the first revolutionary struggle in Greece. From the very nature of such compositions, it would be in vain to expect that they should possess novelty, either in the thought or even in the expression. Hatred of tyranny, thirst for freedom and independence, and love of country and kindred, are feelings, happily co-extensive with the human race, from all time. These universal sentiments may, however, be enforced on occasions, by the existence of particular circumstances.—And what spirit and strength do they not receive from the native vehemence of the Greek character, the energy of their language, the splendid recollections of illustrious ancestors, and the appeals to a solemn, overawing religion! The measure of these songs occasionally varies, but they are all distinguished by a rapidity of movement which precipitates, as it were, thought after thought upon the mind, until it can no longer resist the current of enthusiasm.

The translations, though in general executed with spirit, are infinitely inferior to the original compositions.—We must, however, present the reader with a single specimen.

'How long, friends and countrymen,
Shall we slaves of slaves remain;
Slaves to Islam's barbarous hordes,
Our country's vile tyrannic lords?

'Hark! the thunder rolls on high,
Vengeance sweet! the hour is nigh!
Hella's call, thy sons oppress,
Dry the tears which bathe thy breast.

'Raise your conquering voices all,
And unanimously call:
"Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
"Live and die for freedom's cause."

'Hellas, radiant *was* thy light;
Fame is gone;—the Muses bright,—

Where are they? The harp, the lute,
Are in Osman's country mute.

'Think but on thy country's sighs,
Think on him, who exiled dies;
Think for thee thy fathers bled,
And life's tide for freedom shed.

'In the fame where nations shone,
Greece once fill'd the highest throne,
Like the radiant orb of day,
Beaming round light's sparkling ray.

'Now erased from human thought,
Dwindled is her name to nought:
This the bliss which tyrants grant,—
They shall not her fame supplant!

'Hail ye all the rolling year!
Yes, revenge! thy hour is near,
Moslem has his time outrun,—
Hark! what says each Argive son.

'May our fellest foemen bleed,
Expiate each tyrant deed
With their life-drops!—Gallant slave,
Sink thy thraldom in their grave.

'Brightening with refulgent ray,
O'er us breaks Salvation's day;
Come, the vengeance-pile to raise!
Kindle t' heav'n the grateful blaze!

'Speed all to the gory fane,
Shame on those who yet remain!
Fathers give their sons the spear;
Mothers say without a tear,—

'"Take thy shield, be sure to come
"With it, or upon it, home."
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for freedom's cause.'—pp. 75—83.

We shall add the expression of our wish, that Mr. Joss may be induced to publish some of the specimens of Greek music in his possession.—We are satisfied that the expense of printing them, the only obstacle which he pleads to this publicity, would prove but a temporary disbursement.

ART. XVII. *Constable's Miscellany. Vols. VI. and VII., containing Converts from Infidelity.* 3*s.* 6*d.* each volume. Edinburgh. 1827. London: Thomas Hurst & Co.

WE do not mean to intimate the slightest disparagement of the general utility of the matter of these two volumes, when we say that, inasmuch as they are but reprints of works, some of them familiarly known to the public, they have received a place in the order of publication, which might,

with great propriety, and still greater advantage to the undertaking, have been assigned to original compositions. We should have thought that, in pursuance of the plainest dictates of policy, some specimens at least of the talents and strength which the publishers can command, would have been anxiously manifested in the early stages of the series. The continued preference, which they are now acting on, for works, which, if not in many instances actually standard, are at least very popular, suggests something like a suspicion of the quality of those resources, from which the original part of the Miscellany is expected to be derived.

As to the merits of the volumes themselves, it is impossible that a second opinion can be entertained. The authority of example is proverbial—and it is with no small degree of just discrimination, that the selection before us confines itself to the names of those converts to Christianity, whose attainments, impartiality, and habits of inquiry, must give the utmost weight to the deliberate submission of their minds to the truths of Revelation. Out of the sixteen examples of conversions, either from libertine principles, scepticism, or acknowledged infidelity, the details of which form the contents of these volumes, the greater proportion belongs to England. Lords Rochester and Lyttleton, the Hon. Robert Boyle, Captain Wilson, distinguished as being the conductor of the first Christian mission to the South Seas, John Bunyan, and the late Dr. Bateman, in this country; and Counts Struensee and Brandt, Baron Haller and La Harpe, in foreign nations, are the most prominent names that find a place in this publication.

In reading the memoir of Charles Gildon, in the sixth volume, we were not a little disappointed to find that the professions of neutrality amidst conflicting creeds, and an avowed pledge to make this a 'truly national work, equally acceptable to readers of *all* parties and denominations'—professions which are reiterated at the very threshhold of this volume, are to be understood as admitting of hostility against *one* class of Christian believers. We ask the editor whether he has in this instance acted with good faith towards the public? We recommend him to act with a little more caution in this respect. He should not compromise the character and interests of so serious an enterprise, by indulging his own religious sentiments, at the expense of others, which may be at least quite as conscientiously entertained, and much more benevolently practised.

ART. XVIII. *Leigh's New Pocket Road-Book of Ireland, on the plan of Reichard's Itineraries, &c.* 18mo. 9*s.* bound. London: Leigh. Dublin: Milliken. 1827.

IT is a curious fact, but by no means difficult to be accounted for, that up to this period we should have been without a decent guide-book for Ireland. Into such a state of obscurity has that country been degraded, that it is no wonder that she should have been regarded by strangers as a barren wilderness, where nature had done for the soil, what an abominable system of misgovernment had effected for the inhabitants. Hence it is that too long the bold and majestic scenery of the north and south of Ireland—the Giants' Causeway and Killarney—and all the attractions of the unrivalled landscapes of the County Wicklow, have been neglected by Englishmen for distant, difficult, and expensive expeditions in search of *the beauties* of nature. As a source of enjoyment to the lovers of pic-

turesque scenery, we are glad to see that, at length, the sister country begins to excite some interest amongst our tourists—for, with whatever motives the inhabitants of the different divisions of the empire are induced to hold intercourse with each other, the result must be, to dissipate mutual prejudices, and to lay the foundation of universal harmony.

Of the small but valuable work before us, it is perhaps giving it the highest eulogium which we could confer, to say, that it is formed on the plan of, and executed with as much care and correctness as, the well-known publications, "Leigh's Road Books of England and Scotland." It would be quite impossible, we should think, to present the traveller, whatever be his views in undertaking a journey to Ireland, with a volume, in which so great and various a collection of useful topographical matter could be made to combine with so much convenience as to dimensions, and so much economy as to price. Clearness, accuracy, readiness of reference, in short, all those qualities which are invaluable to the tourist, who wants to obtain the largest amount of information with the smallest possible expenditure of labour, are the recommendations which will enable the 'Pocket Road Book of Ireland' to supersede all existing publications on the same subject.

Art. XIX. *Traditions and Recollections; Domestic, Clerical, and Literary: in which are included Letters of Charles II., Cromwell, Fairfax, and a number of recent and modern Literary Characters.* By the Rev. R. Polwhele, Vicar of Newlyn and St. Anthony, and Honorary Associate of the Royal Literary Society. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Nichols & Son. 1826.

We desire no better occupation for our leisure, than a couple of volumes from some such provincial oracle, some such acknowledged prophet in his own country, as the Rev. Vicar of Newlyn—one that has been at the university, and remembers the young men who now figure away as chancellors, judges, and archbishops; and takes the liberty of alluding to such personages, under favour of juvenile privilege, by the familiar appellations of "Jack" and "Harry," and "wild rogue," and so on. If he have, next, the least clue whatever to his ancestry, the spice of genealogical dignity gives an exquisite flavour to the literary banquet. For facts in such a case one cares little—it is the manner in which they are told—the ceremonious bow and measured bend, with which they are ushered into our presence, that render these things so truly valuable amongst the ordinary sources of legitimate recreation. We begin in wonder, and terminate with a hearty laugh, when we read about the patriarchal uncle, who, as can be proved by documentary evidence, slept eight hours out of the twenty-four, and lived, when awake, at the safe rate of some four meals a-day, cunningly intermingling with the solid food, adopted in his time, the wholesome properties of some cotemporary beverage. And how a gentle pony ("free from vice") had been ridden on, as far as the parsonage; and what was said thereupon to the dean, (which made him and the complaisant clerk ready to break their sides with laughing)—by the famous old gentlewoman, who had the honour of being grandmother to our author, are circumstances to which the landing of King William, and the battles of Marlborough, stand only in the proportion of nursery *relations*.

But we have an additional ground for recurring, we are sorry to be obliged to confess somewhat tardily, to these volumes. We remember Mr. Polwhele as one of the most promising of the literary aspirants, who challenged our critical attention in the last century. He has a grateful remembrance of our judicial tenderness; and, as the fidelity of the historian calls upon him to enumerate the successive contributions which he made to the stock of letters, he thinks it not amiss to quote at length the opinions which we pronounced, from time to time, on those productions, as they issued from the press. Upon re-perusing these various paragraphs of our earlier pen, we feel a pride and pleasure, at this distance of time, in recognising in them the same determined spirit by which we are still actuated, to incite, by all legitimate means, the honest ambition of genuine talent; ever preferring the chance of working temporary mischief by too much encouragement, to the hazard of inflicting irreparable injury by premature condemnation.

We have, to be sure, occasionally rallied our reverend friend on his excessive veneration for every thing Cornish. We still find him ready to sacrifice every thing to his old predilection; but it is far from being a crime to yield too much to local attachments. It is the error (leaning, indeed, pretty much to "virtue's side"), of an amiable mind: and of such Mr. Polewhele is undoubtedly the possessor. He speaks proudly of having been enabled to receive his preliminary education in Truro, in his native county, at a school where several years before the eccentric Sam Foote was a pupil. It would have been next to impossible that some traditions respecting him should not have been preserved by our author. Of the early propensity of that singular person to ill-natured jocularity, the following anecdote, which was related at Truro to Mr. Polwhele, is a strong proof:

'One of the earliest instances of his jocularity, as practised upon his father "the old justice," is yet in the minds of several aged people of his neighbourhood. Imitating the voice of Mr. Nicholas Donnithorne, from an inner apartment, where his father had supposed Mr. D. was sitting, he drew his father into conversation on the subject of a family transaction between the two old gentlemen; and thus possessed himself of a secret, which, whilst it displayed his mimicry, justly incurred his parent's displeasure. He was certainly a very unamiable character. Polly Hicks, a pretty silly simpering girl (as a veteran memorialist of Truro described her to me), was dazzled by his wit. She had some property; he therefore made her his wife; but never treated her as such'—p. 29.

Mr. Polwhele, after completing his education at Oxford, in due time retired to Cornwall, to perform the duties of a pastor; and between a faithful, and to his flock highly satisfactory, discharge of the obligations of his sacred office, and literary indulgence—now building a sonnet, now inditing a critical epistle to some erudite friend—he seems to have spent a considerable portion of his life, with no ordinary share of pleasure to himself and profit to those around him.

The correspondence which our author has thought fit to communicate to the world, engrosses, at the least calculation, three-fourths of the two volumes. The general reader will be inclined to think that some considerable quantity of the epistles might have been spared, and superseded by a more extended specimen of autobiography than Mr. Polwhele has *afforded us.* The letters, for the most part, relate to minor subjects of lite-

rary controversy, or are taken up with some other topic of merely local wonder, and long extinguished interest. We traversed with impatient step far enough into the wilderness of correspondence, before we lighted on a single paragraph which we thought worthy of being transferred to our pages. The following anecdote, communicated by a gentleman at Cambridge, of the celebrated Gray, is, as far as we remember, perfectly novel, although it is in complete unison with the whole course of the poet's collegiate life.

'Gray's effeminacy was the means of making him a perpetual subject of ridicule among the young men of the university. He took it into his head once to let his whiskers grow, in order to counteract the idea of his being less masculine than befitted the character of the sublime author of the "Bard." A wag of the same college bribed one of the scouts to let his whiskers grow likewise. As he was a large black-looking fellow he very soon exceeded Gray in the dimensions of his mustachios, and when a vulgar joke from a bed-maker was superadded to this species of ridicule, the poor poet was obliged to give up to the wits this only proof of his manhood.'—vol. i., p. 213.

We have so often spoken in the course of our literary labours of the merits of Mr. Polwhele as a writer, that we feel it unnecessary to do more at present than to state that, after deliberately revising our former judgments, we are happy in being enabled to give them all the strength which they can derive from our maturer sanction.

Art. XX. *Evenings in Greece:* the Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq., the Music by H. R. Bishop. First Evening. 4to. 15*s*. Power. 1827.

The title page of this volume presents no common attractions to the lovers both of poetry and music. The associated names of Moore and Bishop are quite sufficient to give the world assurance of a delightful work. Nothing can be more simple than the plan of the 'Evenings in Greece.' 'In connecting together a series of songs,' says Mr. Moore, 'by a thread of poetical narrative, the object has been to combine recitation with music, to as so enable a greater number of persons to take a share in the performance, by enlisting, as readers, those who may not feel themselves competent as singers.' The story is, indeed, extremely slender: and is merely used as a slight frame-work, on which the author has chosen to suspend his floral wreaths. The *scene* of the story, however, such as it is, has been very appropriately laid in Greece, where the faculty of improvisation is very general. The lively imaginations of the modern Greeks turn every thing into poetry—and they have as singular a talent for the improvisation of music as of harmonious numbers*. Indeed, the Greek poets are generally obliged to furnish the melody as well as the words of their songs—it is lucky for *our* poets that they are not expected to be so musical. If Scott, Southey, Crabbe, Wordsworth, or Moore, were to be asked for an air "upon compulsion," and if the fame of these gentlemen were, as in modern Attica, to depend upon their inventing one, we are afraid that the last-named author would be the only individual among them, who could assert a claim to be remembered.

* See M. Fauriel's Preface to "Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne."

The 'Evenings in Greece' open with a chorus of Greek warriors, who are quitting the Island of Zia, to fight against their Turkish tyrants. Their Zian loves resolve to wait their return, by the side of a fountain, round which they are every evening to assemble, and here they lose and beguile the creeping hours of time with poetry and music. We extract the first of their songs. The music, which is singularly expressive and beautiful, is the composition of Bishop.

'The sky is bright—the breeze is fair,
And the mainsail flowing, full and free—
Our farewell word is woman's pray'r,
And the hope before us—Liberty!
Farewell—farewell.
To GREECE we give our shining blades,
And our hearts to you, young ZIAN Maids!

'The moon is in the heavens above,
And the wind is on the foaming sea—
Thus shines the star of woman's love
On the glorious strife of liberty!
Farewell—farewell.
To GREECE we give our shining blades,
And our hearts to you, young ZIAN maids!—p. 2.

An air full of gaiety and playfulness, called 'The Romaika,' is one of Mr. Moore's musical contributions to this volume. We think that those of our fair readers who have the book, and will try this song on the piano, will agree with us in voting it a most fascinating piece. The words are adapted to the strain with that felicity of art, in which Mr. Moore is quite unrivalled.

The concluding melody, 'Maidens of Zia,' harmonised for three voices, is also Mr. Moore's composition. It is tender, pathetic, and peculiarly beautiful, whether we consider the poetry, or the notes in which it may be said to breathe. It is pre-eminent for one charm, which is diffused, more or less, over all the songs in this collection—that of the frequent use of the mellifluous names and magical localities of Greece. We must give the words:

'Here, while the moonlight dim
Falls on that mossy brim,
Sing we our Fountain Hymn,
Maidens of ZIA!
Nothing but music's strain,
When lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
Oh maids of ZIA!

'Bright Fount, so clear and cold,
Round which the nymphs of old
Stood, with their locks of gold,
Bright Fount of ZIA!
Not even CASTALY,
Fam'd though its streamlets be,
Murmurs or shines like thee,
Oh Fount of ZIA!

'Thou, while our hymn we sing,
Thy silver voice shalt bring,
Answering, answering,
Sweet Fount of ZIA!
Oh! of all rills that run,
Sparkling by moon or sun,
Thou art the fairest one,
Bright Fount of ZIA!

'Now, by those stars that glance
Over heav'n's still expanse,
Weave we our mirthful dance,
Daughters of ZIA!
Such as, in former days,
Were danc'd by DIAN'S rays,
Where the EUROTAS strays*,
Oh maids of ZIA!

'But when to merry feet
Hearts with no echo beat,
Say, can the dance be sweet?
Maidens of ZIA!
No, nought but music's strain,
When lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
Oh! Maids of ZIA!'—pp. 79, 80.

We might select from almost every page clusters of those diamond-lighted similes, for which Mr. Moore is usually so distinguished. We must, however, content ourselves with one example, which, though extremely rich and oriental, is finished in every part, and exquisitely happy.

'At length, a low and tremulous sound
Was heard from midst a group, that round
A bashful maiden stood, to hide
Her blushes, while the lute she tried—
Like roses, gathering round to veil
The song of some young nightingale,
Whose trembling notes steal out between
The clustered leaves, herself unseen.'—p. 57.

Mr. Moore can afford to be told of his faults—and we have the less tenderness in pointing out the defects of the present volume, as they are evidently the results of haste and carelessness. His ear is too delicately constructed, to allow him any other excuse for such lines as—

'Gushing, at once, from the hard rock.'—p. 78.

or the following, which are the less excusable, as being intended for music. We ought to state that the musical notation affords no authority for the false accentuation given to the words:

'Over Heaven's still expanse,'— p. 80.
'*Were* danc'd, by Dian's rays,'—p. 80.
'*When* lovers part in pain,'—p. 79.
'Answering, answering,'—p. 79.

* '"Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros."'—*Virgil.*

We need say nothing of the perpetual *sibilation* of these lines, nor of the feeble iteration in the last.

Besides the airs we have mentioned, we think favourably of the 'Two Fountains,' which is a very graceful canzonet. 'The War Dance' is also full of boldness and genius. 'Oh, Memory,' is the well known air of Caraffa, which begins with the words, "Cara Memoria."

ART. XXI. *Discourses on a Future Existence, tending to Establish the Doctrine of a Recognition of Each Other.* By the late Rev. R. Shepherd, D.D. 8vo. pp. 70. London: W. Wetton. 1827.

To believe that we shall be able to resume, in a state of subsequent existence, those pleasing relations, and that communion with some of our fellow-beings, which formed the source of such solid happiness in this life, is so consoling, that we eagerly catch at any ground of confidence in the truth of the persuasion. The three discourses before us, present some very strong constructive evidence in favour of the hypothesis, derived from unaided reason and the authority of the Sacred Writings. It will be admitted, as a highly probable position at least, that all those means of rational happiness which we enjoy in this life will be continued to us, and doubtless in a more expanded and improved form, in the world to come. There is no property of man which so distinguishes him from the animal kind as his social disposition, and it is reasonable to presume that an attribute so peculiar will be preserved to him hereafter. It follows then, that some portion, at all events, of his happiness in an immortal state, will be derived from the indulgence of this disposition. Again, there is just ground for assuming, that all his intellectual faculties will likewise be reserved to man, after he shall have passed from this life, to a state of happiness in the next. But if by the exercise of that memory, which will then be extended and quickened, he can recollect the virtuous and pleasing connections of his earthly life, is it consistent with the benevolent order of Providence, that man shall have the power of recurring to this source of happiness, and know that he never can resume the same relations, or continue the same communion?

Another favourable presumption is drawn from the general concurrence of mankind in this belief. It is common to the most polished nations, and to the beings of savage life. "When," exclaims Cicero (de Senectute), "shall I be able to join my beloved Cato in the assembly of the great and good!" Virgil, improving on the doctrine, represents the inhabitants of the Elysian fields, pursuing the same avocations, in which they took delight in this world:

"——————— Quæ gratia currùm
Armorumque fuit vivis; quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos."

The poor African that is sold to slavery, is consoled by the hope of rejoining his family, as soon as death shall have released him from the fangs of his fellow-men. This is the burden of his song of rapture, when his heart is exhilirated: this is the theme of his comfort, when he sits down by the waters of captivity and weeps.

These arguments, thus supplied by reason, are quite consistent with

Scriptural testimony, as far as it goes. When we are told that the good shall be *as the angels of God*, it is reasonable to infer that they shall be qualified by this resemblance for, and shall actually enjoy, the communion of those angels. The whole tenor of Revelation represents the blessed in the next life as forming one society—one kingdom;—and is it probable that, with the opportunity of intercourse with each other, and possessing, as we are entitled to hope that they will, their former faculties and dispositions in a more refined and extended form, men will not have the power of mutual recognition? As far then as rational speculation can advance, as far as an argument derived from the probability of an universal instinct can avail, and as far as the testimony of Scripture can weigh, testimony that is highly important both in its negative and constructive import, we see very fair grounds for believing that a capacity as well as a desire to recognise those, who were the objects of our affection and esteem in this life, will accompany us in that state of happiness to which we shall deserve to be translated from this world.

ART. XXII. *A History of Inventions and Discoveries, alphabetically arranged.* By F. Sellon White, Esq. F.A.S., many years on the Military Staff of India. 8vo. pp. 547. 15s. boards. London: Rivingtons. 1827.

IT is highly creditable to the judgment of a military gentleman, that he should have employed his time to so useful a purpose, as that of compiling such a work as the present: for it is a species of production, to which an extensive acquaintance with books, laborious accuracy, and persevering diligence, were essentially necessary. The first materials for the work were collected by Mr. White, merely to amuse his leisure. They gradually expanded into a shape, which led him to decide upon giving the fruit of his researches to the world.

As a collection of very curious and important facts on miscellaneous subjects—as an improved form of common-place book, this compilation possesses considerable value. But the adoption of a title so comprehensive as that which is prefixed to these pages, gives rise to expectations of complete and extensive arrangements, which are far from being justified by their contents. It would be an endless task to demonstrate by instances of total omission, or by examples of inadequate detail (the notice sometimes degenerating into a crude, unsatisfactory memorandum), the very slender pretensions of this production to be considered as a 'History of Inventions and Discoveries.' It will be sufficient to observe, that there is not in its pages even a complete enumeration of one half the interesting events, that may fairly be classed under the above designation.

However, we are enabled to state that each of the articles, as far as it goes, is carefully accurate. But the work can, under any possible view of its contents, be awarded no higher degree of praise, than that amount which is due to a very useful auxiliary towards the formation of a general Dictionary, upon the plan which Mr. White has the merit of suggesting.

ART. XXIII. *The Art of Working in Pasteboard, upon Scientific Principles. To which is added, an Appendix, containing Directions for constructing Architectural Models: Intended as a Sequel to Papyro-Plastics, or the Art of Modelling in Paper. Compiled from the German, with Corrections and Additions.* By D. Boileau. With Eight Plates. 18mo. pp. 114. 5*s.* boards. London: Boosey & Sons. 1827.

IT would be a desperate attempt to strive to restore our modern spinsters to a sense of the value of spinning, knitting, and such primeval arts. We must be content with a compromise; they may be brought, not altogether to set their faces against industry, provided, that with the opportunity of making it productive, they shall also be at liberty to render it perfectly unprofitable, either to themselves, or to any body else. Now, working in pasteboard, we contend, may be made as frivolous an occupation, as any ethereal-hearted modern belle need desire; but it is likewise true, that the art can be turned to signal advantage, by any young lady, for whom the imputation of being domestically useful has no terrors.

This very curious art has long been cultivated as a part of the regular education of youth, in some of the seminaries of Germany. A very elaborate, but, by reason of its price, almost inaccessible work, has been written by a German professor; in it the theoretic principles of working in pasteboard are laid down, and the amplest directions given, by which a proficiency in the art may be easily obtained. This production, as also a supplementary volume which was added by the professor, and which, of course, did not increase the popular circulation of their contents, form the basis of the present very elegant little publication.

In passing over its pages, one is struck with astonishment to observe, that such a number and variety of beautiful objects can be produced by means of a very slight degree of manual address, under the guidance of scientific rules, from so simple a material as pasteboard. Fancy baskets, in almost endless varieties, work-boxes, trays, and cushions—articles that come under the description of the *useful*; and towers, and temples, and pavilions, in every architectural form, from the solid Tuscan to the polished Corinthian—forming the class of articles that belong to the ornamental—are only some of the productions, the fabrication of which is attainable at a trifling expenditure of labour, time, and money. There are, indeed, no bounds to the curious modifications of which pasteboard appears to be susceptible.

Mr. Boileau shews that this infinite variety of forms in pasteboard, is only the result of the various application of a few primary geometrical figures—and that a thorough acquaintance with the principles on which these are cut out, and dexterity in the process, lead immediately to a facility in constructing the most elaborate and beautiful articles. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, to be very diligent in following the instructions of M. Boileau upon this elementary stage of the art. The tools are few and simple, consisting only of a knife, compasses, rules, borers, &c.; in short, such instruments as are wanted for the purpose of cutting out portions of pasteboard in the requisite shapes with neatness and accuracy, and then such implements as can assist in the convenient junction of the different parts, where a union of several pieces becomes necessary.

The figure being completed, is as yet in a comparatively rude condition, and it may be decorated in various ways, according to taste and fancy. For the process of varnishing articles in paste-board, a very simple and intelligible receipt is furnished by M. Boileau. The directions, likewise, by which the decorating of those objects, not only with gold, but with any other thin metal, may be effected, are expressed in the same lucid and satisfactory manner. But those ornaments, which consist of coloured paper, notched and indented in a variety of fanciful ways, appear to M. Boileau to be the most congenial aids to the embellishment of the paste-board figure. For those fair artists who are inclined to be of the same opinion, there is afforded, in this work, every necessary detail of the mode by which they can amply gratify their taste in that respect. The author's various directions are practically illustrated by eight small sheets of elegantly executed engravings. We should have said, that the remarkable simplicity and plainness of the formulæ in this volume had rendered any attempt at mechanical demonstration almost superfluous. However these plates will serve to perfect the attractions of a work, the beneficial influence of which, we sincerely believe, will not be limited to that circle for whose use it is immediately intended.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic and Foreign.

We have seen the first number of a new Transatlantic Journal, entitled "The American Quarterly Review." It is about the size of our Quarterly Journals, and as dull a work of the kind as any that we know of. It is heavier even than the 'Westminster,' when burthened by the lucubrations of Jeremy Bentham. The American editor obtained, by some chance, a sight of the two first volumes of Sir Walter Scott's forthcoming work on Napoleon, from which he has given copious and very mediocre extracts.

The Reviewer of "Villemain's Historical and Literary Miscellanies," in the last number of the Monthly Review, will be glad to learn that the work on De l' Hopital, which he recommended as 'a befitting subject for the learned leisure of Mr. C. Butler,' was, in fact, one of the earliest literary productions of that accomplished writer. The book is, however, now rarely to be met with, as it has been some time out of print.

A work has been announced as preparing for publication, which will embrace the best productions of the English satirists, with notes and illustrations, and an essay on English satire.

We hear that an eminent bookseller at the West end of the Town, is to be immolated in verse one of these days. It must be admitted, that, on some occasions, he has been rather too active in anticipating the public opinion on his works—but we must say that, a more spirited, or a more liberal publisher, is not to be found in any country. We observe too that many of those, who cry out most loudly against his *paragraphic system*—for it deserves the name—are among the very first to follow his example.

The late revolution in the cabinet, the most complete, as well as the most fortunate revolution that has yet occurred in the history of this country, has of course caused a pretty considerable disturbance among the herd of

dependant or expectant *literaires*, who have hitherto licked the dust that fell from the feet of Westmorland, Peel, and Co. A few of them, having let off their anger in pamphlets, have already changed sides. Others have attempted to turn their disasters to profit, by speculating in new weekly and other periodical publications, which will vanish before another moon wears away. One evening paper, called *The Standard*, has been commenced in the interest of all that was furious and ignorant in the late administration. Of course, this will disappear in a few weeks. Lord Kenyon might have given the Marquis of Londonderry a lesson on this subject.

The manuscript Herbal of Jean Jacques Rousseau is a curious work. It consists of eight volumes, quarto, and contains specimens of about 800 sorts of plants, with descriptions entirely in the handwriting of that eccentric philosopher.

An interesting collection of medals in stucco, representing all the memorable events of Napoleon's reign, has been announced.

It is not very generally known that Mademoiselle Georges, who is to perform several of her best characters at the French Theatre, in London, sustained at one period of her life the difficult part of *premiere chere amie* in the private household of Buonaparte.

Captain Sabine, who is at present in Paris, has written a summary account of the geographical results of the late Polar expeditions.

The most popular poet of Russia, at the present moment, is Alexander Pouschkina: he is about 26 years of age. He commenced his career at the age of 14; and in his 19th year he wrote a poem called Rouslan and Ludmilla, which is said to be superior to any thing of the kind that had previously appeared in that country. It is not a little remarkable, that the Russian censorship has allowed several odes, distinguished for their spirit of liberty, to remain in a collection of his fugitive pieces, which has been recently printed at St. Petersburgh.

The principal Gazette of Hungary is at present printed in Latin—that is to say, in the Hungarian dialect of that language, which it would be no easy matter for Cicero or Varro to understand, if they met with a copy during their rambles in the Elysian fields It scarcely touches upon public affairs, and though everybody knows that some warm and important discussions have taken place in the late sessions of the Hungarian Diet, the Gazette is as silent, with respect to them, as if they had been held in the moon. This cannot last long, we guess.

It gives us pleasure to observe, that Messrs. Engelman and Co., whose lithographic publications in Paris have deservedly attained a high degree of celebrity, have formed a branch establishment in London. We have not as yet seen any of the works, which they have printed in this country; but if we may judge from the latest of those which they have brought over from Paris, we may conclude that they are likely to raise this novel art to a state of perfection, far above what it has already reached, or than even the most sanguine admirers of lithography ever expected. We have before us a series of views in Spain and Switzerland, some of which approach in beauty, and exceed in softness, the best copper-plate engravings. These views are greatly exceeded in merit, by a portfolio of scenes forming a voyage pittoresque in the Brazils. There is amongst them a

view of "a virgin forest," which is, incomparably, the most beautiful thing of the kind we have ever beheld. This is rivalled only by two sketches of Swiss scenery, on an imperial folio scale—the vallies of Lauterbrunn and Interlachen. Nothing can exceed the depth and airiness of the perspective which has been attained in these fine specimens of art. The rugged towering Alps, which, in most of the copper-plate representations of them that we have seen, appear ready to fall on the villages and cottages beneath them, are here preserved in all their native grandeur, but in their due distances; and, instead of oppressing the lakes, the soft landscapes, the cottages, and rustic industry at their feet, serve rather, by contrast, to yield them a sweeter repose.

In a biographical notice of Legouvé, a French poet, read at the last public meeting of the Philoletchnic Society, at Paris, was the following account of Napoleon's listening to a tragedy by Legouvé, entitled "The Death of Henry IV." 'The audience was appointed for noon precisely. Legouvé went to the palace accompanied by Talma, who was to read the tragedy. On their arrival, the emperor's sisters, and their ladies in waiting, were about taking their places in the saloon, where the piece was to be read; but on the emperor entering, he sent them away, saying, "that it was a private meeting, to which none could be admitted but the empress." He then shut the door himself, and turned the key in the lock, and pointing the author to a chair, told him to sit down. Legouvé hesitated for a moment, when Napoleon, with a *brusque* urbanity, added, "You wish then to keep me standing." Talma began reading. When he came to the passage where Henry IV. complains to Sully of the continual recurring vexations, with which he is overwhelmed by the haughty Medicis, Napoleon looked towards Josephine with an expression of countenance that seemed to say, that he had never experienced any thing from her but tenderness, attachment, and the most unalterable kindness. Shortly after, he rose up, and remained the rest of the time standing, but continued to listen with the most scrupulous attention; and when Talma pronounced the line, put into the king's mouth,

"Je tremble, Je ne sais quel noir presentiment,"

Napoleon suddenly interrupted him, and said to Legouvé, "I hope that you will change that expression—a king *may tremble*, but he should never avow it." After the reading of the tragedy, the emperor stated his intention of giving a recompense to the author, suitable to his talents; but Legouvé modestly replied, that he had been sufficiently rewarded by the public esteem, and his nomination as a member of the Institute of France. "You then wish for nothing?" asked Napoleon, throwing upon him a scrutinising glance—"What, neither pension, nor honours, can tempt you? You richly deserve to be called a true man of letters."'

A work, now in the French press, which promises much interesting and entirely novel matter, is the account of a six years' sojourn in the city of Assumption, in Paraguay, the capital of that most eccentric of despots, Dr. Francia, by Mr. Resigger, a Swiss physician and naturalist. Some of the proof sheets of this work, which we have seen, contain the most extraordinary details upon the government, public conduct, and domestic life, of this singular man. No romance writer would venture to endow the

creature of his imagination with the same bizarre mixture of the ludicrous and the ferocious of folly and reason, of simplicity of manners, and inordinate vanity, which distinguish the character of the supreme director of Paraguay.

The bookselling trade in Paris, which has also had its crisis, has not shewn the same elasticity, in rising towards its former prosperous position, as that of London. Besides the pecuniary embarrassments to be got over, the French booksellers and printers are influenced by other considerations, that tend to check their confidence and spirit of enterprise. The panic into which they were thrown by the attempted law for the destruction of the press, has not yet altogether subsided; and the decided hostility shewn by persons in power to this branch of commerce, has inspired a dread that, sooner or later, this same incubus of a law, in some shape or other, will be again attempted.

Professor Chiarenti, of Florence, has published two treatises on the following politico-economical subjects: 1. Whether a free importation of foreign corn be useful or injurious to Tuscany, in the actual state of Europe? 2. Examination on the arguments in favour of the unlimited liberty of the corn-trade, which have been urged by various members of the Georgofili Academy. Thus we see, that the same difficult question is debated on the banks of little Arno, as well as on those of the stately Thames.

The Abate Petroni, director of the census ordered by the Neapolitan Government to be taken of its Continental states, has just published the result of his investigations, under the title of 'Statistica de reali domini di quà dal faro;' part 1., 4to. Naples. 1826.

De Weltz, the author of a work on political economy styled 'La Magia del Credito,' which made a great sensation in Italy, has published, at Naples, an account of Mac Adam's method of road making, as applicable to Sicily, where roads are almost unknown. 1 vol., 4to. Naples. 1826.

At Milan, Major Vacani, of the Italian corps of Engineers, has just completed the publication of his work, styled, 'Storia delle Campagne e degli assedii degl' Italiani in Ispagna, dal 1808 al 1813,' 3 vols., 4to.; with plans and an atlas. This work has been undertaken at the express desire of the Archduke John of Austria, to whom it is dedicated. It contains an accurate history of the various campaigns of Catalonia, Aragon, and Valencia, in which provinces the Italian division, serving with the French, was chiefly employed, and of the sieges of Barcelona, Rosas, Zaragoza, Gerona, and Taragona. In the latter part of the war, these Italian troops had to fight against other Italians and Sicilians serving in the English army commanded by Lord Wm. Bentinck. The Italian troops sent at various periods to Spain, by the kingdom of Italy alone, during the whole war, amounted to thirty thousand men; of these only nine thousand ever returned to Italy. Of the contingent of ten thousand sent by the kingdom of Naples, only eighteen hundred returned; Piedmont, Tuscany, Genoa, Parma, Rome, united to the French empire, sent also their regiments to swell the ranks of the French army, and to share its dreadful losses; a melancholy waste of brave men, for a cause foreign to their native country! However, many officers distinguished themselves in those destructive wars, and the present work records their names, their *deeds, and their* hard-earned honours.

An Encyclopædia, composed of treatises on the Sciences and Arts, has began to appear at Milan. Two volumes, allotted to Natural History and Modern Geography, are already published.

PROFITABLE AUTHORSHIP.—The following is said to be the profit and loss account of a country clergyman, who came to town to print a Sermon, preached by him on the death of the Duke of York :—

Dr.	£.	s.	d.
Journey to town, 237 miles	5	0	0
Clerk copying Sermon for printer, his own copy not being sufficiently legible	0	6	0
Printing and paper, 500 copies	16	0	0
Messengers to deliver copies in town and country, to those supposed to have been most attached to his Royal Highness, postage, &c.	7	10	0
Advertising	2	7	0
Six weeks' lodging and maintenance in London, with various extra expenses	18	18	0
	50	1	0
Cr.			
Sold by Hatchard, one copy 0 1 6			
Ditto to General——— 0 2 0	0	3	6
	£49	17	6

An Institute of Science, Literature, and the Fine Arts, was set on foot at Mexico on the 1st of April, 1826.—Bolivar, La Fayette, Abbes Gregoire and de Pradt, Mr. Canning, and Baron de Humboldt, have been made associates. The name of Miguel Cervantes figures amongst the honorary members.

Two Prize Questions, one on History, and another on Political Economy; the reward to be one hundred ducats each, have been proposed this year, by the Imperial Academy of St Petersburgh. Two other prize questions, the one by the president of the Academy, the other by an anonymous person, have been also proposed. The learned of all nations may enter the lists—the treatises may be written in Prussian, French, German, or Latin.

The Italian Society of Sciences, residing at Modena, has published the nineteenth volume of its Memoirs, containing ten papers sent by various members, upon subjects of physic and natural history; among others, by Raddi, who travelled in the interior of Brazils; Giovene, on the geology of Puglia, in the kingdom of Naples; Giovanni Aldini; Vassalli Eandi; Targioni Tozzetti; Moscati, and other well known scientific characters.

A new society has been formed in Tuscany, under the title *Societá di Geografia, Statistica e Storia Naturale patria.* Its object is to promote the study of the above sciences, as connected with Tuscany; and the formation of a library and a museum, of the natural productions of the country. The reigning Grand Duke, Leopold II., has approved and encouraged this institution; and several of the most distinguished among the learned, and the patrons of learning in Tuscany, are its active members.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,
BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS.

Hunt's Designs for Parsonage Houses, &c. 4to., 1*l.* 1*s.*
Barnet's Hints on Colour, 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Lodge's Portraits. Pt. 25.
The Art of Working in Pasteboard. 16mo., 5*s.*
Cotmans' Architectural Antiquities of Normandy, 2 vols., super-royal folio. 12*l.* 12*s.* 0*d.*
A Series of lithographic views of Pompeii. Part 1., 10*s.* 6*d.*
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MONTHLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1827.

ART. I. *Six Discourses, delivered before the Royal Society at their Anniversary Meetings, on the Award of the Royal and Copley Medals; preceded by an Address to the Society on the Progress and Prospects of Science.* By Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., President of the Royal Society. 4to. pp. 148. London: Murray. 1827.

WE opened this volume with excited curiosity; and we have read it with respectful attention. It is, therefore, not without considerable reluctance, that we find ourselves bound to declare the result of our examination. These discourses have miserably disappointed every expectation which we had founded, either on the distinguished name of their author, or the ambitious promise of his subjects.

The matter of the President's Discourses is of three kinds:—On the characters and writings of deceased fellows of the society;—on the nature of the papers for which the medals were awarded; and on general and particular questions of science. Upon the first head in this table of contents, we have little inclination to offer any comments. These panegyrics of the departed have originated, we presume, in the society's ancient custom of proclaiming from the chair, at each anniversary meeting, the names of fellows who have died during the year; and the president had, therefore, probably no option to omit an established practice. But certainly it is, except at least in the cases of a few, and a very few, men of real eminence, a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance. These characters of the recent dead thus ceremoniously delivered *ex cathedrâ*, must ever be extravagant estimates of ability and usefulness. Every feeling of friendship, vanity, courtesy, is likely to heighten their colouring: perhaps, the affectionate warmth of personal regard for the lost object of praise; perhaps, even the love of eloquent display in the orator; and always the unreasonable expectation of surviving friends, that "something handsome" shall be delivered upon the occasion. Hence, then, the notices of deceased fellows of the Royal Society differ in nothing from, and are not a whit more discriminating than, the unmeaning and

laboured *eloges* of the French academicians: their greater brevity is their only superiority; and their merit,

"Sure 'twould then be greater, if 'twere none at all."

For here, in the president's characters of the deceased, all is absolute, unrelieved eulogy: each departed fellow was conspicuous more or less for public genius and private virtue, all were alike amiable—all, "honourable men." There is, we know, nothing more difficult than to vary the eternal flow of compliment: but there is also nothing more digusting and ridiculous than unvaried eulogium; and we can only deprecate the absurdity of a custom, which imposes the necessity of praise, without admitting the power, or at least, without recognising the decorum, of impartial criticism. From these remarks we except, however, the following character of the late Sir William Herschel, whose services to the cause of astronomical science could scarcely be overrated.

'On the labours and discoveries of Sir William Herschel, it is unnecessary to dwell; they have so much contributed to the progress of modern astronomy, that his name will probably live as long as the inhabitants of this earth are permitted to view the solar system, or to understand the laws of its motions. The world of science—the civilized world, are alike indebted to him who enlarges the boundaries of human knowledge, who increases the scope of intellectual enjoyment, and exhibits the human mind in possession of new and unknown powers, by which it gains, as it were, new dominions in space; acquisitions which are imperishable: not like the boundaries of terrestrial states and kingdoms, or even the great monuments of art, which, however extensive or splendid, must decay; but secured by the grandest forms and objects of nature, and registered amongst her laws.

'The acuteness and accuracy of Sir William Herschel, as an astronomical observer, are demonstrated by his discovery of a new planetary system, and of a number of satellites before unknown. His genius for speculation, and his powers of inductive reasoning, are illustrated by his views of the stars and nebulæ, composing what we know of the system of the universe; and his talents for physical research are shewn, by his important discovery of invisible rays in the solar spectrum.

'The moral qualities of this celebrated man are so well known, that I shall barely touch upon them. Raised entirely by his own merits, and by the powers of his own intellect, to the station he occupied in the world of science; honoured by the patronage and kindness of a most beneficent sovereign, he was spoiled neither by glory nor by fortune, and always retained the native simplicity of his mind. In all his domestic and social relations, he was most amiable. As his life had been useful and honourable, so was his death happy: and he had little left to wish for, except that expansion of intellect which can only belong to the mind in a higher state of existence. Every year of his life was distinguished by some acquisition or blessing; and when age no longer permitted him to make discoveries, he saw his son taking his place, and distinguishing himself in the same career.

'*If* the scientific world in general have cause to regret the loss of Sir

William Herschel, and to reverence his memory, the Royal Society, in particular, has a deeper sense of sorrow, and a higher motive for veneration. All his important papers were published in your *Transactions;* and no name in modern times has more contributed to your glory.'—pp. 38—40.

Nearly the same objections which we have been urging against the unmeasured eulogy of the dead, apply to the florid strain of panegyric personally addressed from the chair to the gentlemen to whom medals had been decreed. All this, however, is perhaps unavoidable; and we looked only to find it relieved by the masterly analysis of the papers which had obtained the honours of the society. But we looked in vain; nor is there the slightest information to be gleaned from the very general way in which the president has spoken of the scientific communications, that should have formed the principal subjects of his discourses. His notices of the papers for which the medals were adjudged, as well as of the writings of the deceased members whom he eulogises, are extremely superficial. Regarding all these works, he gives little more than the bare statement of their titles, without precise observations upon their results, much less any special examination of their contents; nor does he in general offer discriminate opinions of his own on their particular merits and relative value. Indeed, upon all such occasions, with a single exception only, the president seems careful, so far as his own investigation and decision might be implied, to preserve a most discreet and guarded silence; and, sometimes (as in pp. 21, 85), we even find him contented to support himself on the opinions of others, whom he declares to be 'competent judges.'

But under whatever restraints the president may have felt himself in speaking of individuals, or their immediate works, these shackles could in no degree impede such views as he should be disposed to take of general and particular subjects of science. His excursive mind, for illustration of every point of inquiry on which some notice was to be passed to his audience, was free to range through the widest bounds of knowledge, to gather the full stores of learning and research, and to prove in himself an originality of intellectual wealth, while appearing to dispense only the abundance of accumulated riches. Yet it is in his general dissertations upon the sciences, that the president has most deplorably failed to afford a becoming evidence of his ability. In those parts of his discourses, in which he professes to generalize, it is that he betrays most poverty of thought, and doles out principles and facts with most provoking parsimony. We have, in short, been exceedingly surprised by the meagre character of these pieces; for certainly never did we encounter a disproportion more strange and contradictory, than between the acknowledged powers of the president's mind, and this their feeble exhibition.

The paper in which the president might have been expected to

put forth the utmost degree of his intellectual strength and learning, is that which stands foremost in his volume, and which formed his address to the fellows on taking the chair of the Royal Society for the first time. It professes to have taken a view of 'the present state of that body, and of the progress and prospects of science;' and yet, it neither contains any abstract, however rapid, of the history of the various sciences, nor shews their present state, nor attempts to point out anything that remains to be done as a guide to future inquiries. It may possibly be pleaded, that the limits of a single discourse would scarcely afford room for such an historical and prospective sketch: but though the narrow restriction of space might have been an excuse for not undertaking the subject at all, it can be none for having treated it in a manner utterly useless in itself, and altogether unworthy of the author's reputation. When Sir Humphry informs us in his advertisement, that the discourses 'were intended to communicate general views on the particular subjects of science to which they relate, and not minute information,' we freely admit the sufficiency of the purpose: but we have nowhere been able to discover the definite promulgation of such 'general views;' nor can we imagine, in what manner the dry enunciation of a few truisms is calculated to promote another avowed object, of 'keeping alive the spirit of philosophical inquiry.' In no respect, indeed, will these discourses bear comparison with the best papers of analogous design, which are to be found in the transactions of our learned bodies. How far inferior are they, for example, to the discourses of Sir William Jones:—those profound and elegant dissertations on the origin, laws, and philosophy of the nations of the East—which were addressed to the society over whose researches *he* presided! The conclusion only of this initiatory discourse of the president, is not undeserving of attention and praise, for its sensible and modest exhortation:

'Gentlemen,—To conclude, I trust in all our researches we shall be guided by that spirit of philosophy, awakened by our great masters, Bacon and Newton; that sober and cautious method of inductive reasoning, which is the germ of truth and of permanency in all the sciences. I trust that those amongst us who are so fortunate as to kindle the light of new discoveries, will use them, not for the purpose of dazzling the organs of our intellectual vision, but rather to enlighten us, by shewing objects in their true forms and colours; that our philosophers will attach no importance to hypotheses, except as leading to the research after facts, so as to be able to discard or adopt them at pleasure, treating them rather as parts of the scaffolding of the building of science, than as belonging either to its foundations, materials, or ornaments; that they will look where it be possible, to practical applications in science; not, however, forgetting the dignity of their pursuit, the noblest end of which is, to exalt the powers of the human mind, and to increase the sphere of intellectual enjoyment, by enlarging our views of nature, and of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Author of nature.

'*Gentlemen*,—The Society has a right to expect from those amongst

its Fellows, gifted with adequate talents, who have not yet laboured for science, some proofs of their zeal in promoting its progress; and it will always consider the success of those who have already been contributors to our volumes, as a pledge of future labours.

'For myself, I can only say, that I shall be most happy to give, in any way, assistance, either by advice or experiments, in promoting the progress of discovery. And though your good opinion has, as it were, honoured me with a rank similar to that of general, I shall be always happy to act as a private soldier in the ranks of science.

'Let us, then, labour together, and steadily endeavour to gain what are, perhaps, the noblest objects of ambition—acquisitions which may be useful to our fellow-creatures. Let it not be said, that, at a period when our empire was at its highest pitch of greatness, the sciences began to decline; let us rather hope that posterity will find, in the Philosophical Transactions of our days, proofs that we were not unworthy of the times in which we lived.'—pp. 14, 15.

The second discourse of the president is chiefly occupied with the award of the Copley medals to Mr. Herschel and Captain Sabine: to the former, for various papers on mathematical and physico-mathematical subjects; to the latter, for his account of experiments and observations, made during the voyage and expedition in the Arctic regions. In eulogising the labours of Mr. Herschel, the president is pleased (p. 22), to consider mathematics not only as strengthening the reasoning faculties, but as enabling us to solve the physical phenomena of the universe, and 'to modify the properties of matter.' Surely he here speaks as a chemist, and not as a mathematician: for mathematics do not, and cannot, *modify the properties* of bodies; they simply express and solve the laws of the action of bodies or particles on each other. Of the two papers by Mr. Herschel on physico-mathematical subjects, the president afterwards observes:

'All the Fellows must be acquainted with the beautiful discoveries of Malus, of that peculiar modification given to rays, or particles of light, by their passage through certain transparent bodies, or by their reflection from certain surfaces, which has been called polarization; and the ingenious and elaborate researches of Biot, Arago, and Brewster, in consequence of the discovery, have been illustrated from this chair by your venerable and illustrious deceased president. But, notwithstanding the talents and industry of these distinguished philosophers, Mr. Herschel has been able to add to the subject some novel investigations; and, in reasoning upon the tints developed by polarized light, has reduced the explanation of the phenomena to one general fact, namely—that the axes of double refraction differ in their position in the same crystal, for the different coloured rays of the spectrum, and that this element must enter into all rigorous formulæ of double refraction; and, consequently, that the idea of the colours of thin plates being correspondent with the tints developed by polarized light, is not conformable to the facts.

'Though it appears that some similar observations were made by one of the philosophers just mentioned, without the knowledge of what Mr. Herschel had *done, yet the latter* has, unquestionably, the priority: and it

is agreeable to find a harmonious coincidence between two accurate reasoners and acute observers.

'In this paper Mr. Herschel has extended or modified the discoveries of others; the second is more original, and on a subject highly important in practical optics.

'With the view of enabling artists to substitute, in working their glasses, certain mathematical rules for empirical methods, Mr. Herschel has presented, under a general and uniform analysis, the whole theory of the aberration of spherical surfaces; and has furnished simple tabular rules, by which the workmen may adapt their tools to the object required, in forming glasses for the telescope: thus adding to the immense obligations owing to the name of Herschel, in every thing connected with the progress of modern astronomy, and the knowledge of celestial phenomena.'—pp. 23, 24.

Yet this paper of Mr. Herschel's, on the aberration of light at spherical surfaces, however ingenious, has, we happen to know, less practical merit than the president supposes. The experience of every artist will declare the impossibility of employing mathematical formulæ for constructing the tools by which lenses are shaped. Some effects take place in the operation, which cause different lenses, formed by the same machine, to have different degrees of sphericity. The practice is, to form many, and to select from among them such as best suit the purpose.

The third discourse is occupied with the award to the Rev. Professor Buckland, of the Copley medal, for his celebrated paper on the bones of hyænas and other articles found in the Kirkdale cave; and in connection with this award, we are presented with some 'general views on the progress and prospects of Geology,' the sum of which is confined to a few remarks on the animal remains found in diluvian strata: while no notice whatever is taken of the nature and disposition of the materials of which the earth is composed.

The fourth, fifth, and part of the seventh discourses, being principally engrossed with the subject of astronomy, we may briefly notice them together. Here we have successive eulogies of Mr. Pond, the astronomer-royal, Dr. Brinkley, bishop of Cloyne, and Mr. South; to all of whom medals had been decreed. The cases of the two first of these learned gentlemen exhibit an amusing example of those revolutions of compliment, which mark the anniversaries of this venerable and erudite body, and the discourses of their president. Mr. Pond is first honoured for having ascertained a change in the declination of certain stars, which Dr. Brinkley considers as resulting only from errors in the royal astronomers' observations or instruments; and Dr. Brinkley is next honoured for having detected the sensible parallax of the fixed stars, which Mr. Pond denies to exist!! But to Mr. South the medal was assigned for observations *on the proper* motions of sundry double and triple stars, consisting *of the revolutions* of one about another, like planets about a sun.

Upon the nice contradictions between Mr. Pond and the Bishop of Cloyne, it is not our province to enter: but it is, we confess, not a subject of wonder that the Royal Society does not decide on questions relative to the parallax of stars; since, while Mr. Pond allows that it may amount for α Lyrae to a fraction of a second, the bishop makes it a little more than $1\frac{1}{10}$ second. Now, these numbers are not the result of direct observations; but are the mean of many observations, differing considerably from each other, and all affected by numerous errors, which are supposed to be compensated when the mean is taken. But a mean of many terms differing much from each other, is always very uncertain. And however curious may be the questions of annual parallax, and the proper motion of (what is called), the fixed stars, they can never lead to any other result than that of exhibiting modifications of the law of general attraction; since they are too remote to produce any sensible effect upon the bodies of the solar system. The same observation may be made respecting any comets or new planets that may hereafter be discovered. The president's attention in his three discourses which relate to astronomy has, therefore, been confined to as many points of little practical importance in that sublime science.

Of the seventh and last discourse, the chief business is the adjudication of two royal medals to Messrs Dalton and Ivory; to the first gentleman, for his 'Development of the Atomic Theory of Chemistry;' and to the other, for various mathematical papers. Some importance has attached to these presentations, as having been made under a recent royal foundation. Two annual prizes of the value of fifty guineas each, had, in the preceding year, been instituted by his majesty, and placed at the disposal of the president and council of the Royal Society, for promoting the objects and progress of science by awakening honorable competition among philosophers. These prizes had been established in the form of silver and gold medals, 'to be given for important discoveries or useful labours in any department of science;' and this delivery of the medals to Messrs. Dalton and Ivory was the first appropriation of the new honours.

The occasion was therefore in itself one of some note; but it has been further attended with circumstances which will render it altogether a little memorable in the annals of the Royal Society. For both awards of the medals have excited a large share of dissatisfaction in the world of science; and to the discussions among the fellows, which have grown out of the subject, is (it is said) Sir Humphry Davy's late retirement from their chair to be attributed. Into the merits of the whole question we have neither time, space, nor inclination to enter at length; nor are we disposed in any respect to adopt *ex parte* views of the controversy. But certainly we are compelled to declare that a very strong case has been made out against the claims of Mr. Dalton at least, to the honour which he has received; and we refer such of our readers as may feel desirous of perusing it, to the very sensible and apparently candid letter on

the subject, which was printed in the last number of the "Quarterly Journal of the Royal Institution." The anonymous writer of that letter—who fairly avows himself one of the fellows dissentient from the justice of the award—examines Mr. Dalton's pretensions relative to the atomic theory in chemistry, in three questions,—whether he was its inventor--whether he has essentially contributed to its development—whether he has disclosed any new views connected with its application to the more abstract and refined branches of chemical science. The writer seems not to have been present at the delivery of the discourse before us; for he might, we think, have swept away two out of the three points with which his inquiry is encumbered, and reduced it to the simple resolution of his second question —whether Mr. Dalton has essentially contributed to the development of the Atomic Theory. For we do not find his merit pretended, or at least confidently asserted, in the president's discourse, to have amounted to more than this. But the writer of the letter is determined to leave the partisans of Mr. Dalton's claims not a single plea to rest upon; and we think that—primâ facie at least—he triumphantly redeems his pledge. On the first point, that Mr. Dalton has no right to claim the invention of the Atomic Theory, or the discovery of those laws of multiple proportions on which it immediately depends, we have never ourselves entertained a shadow of a doubt: holding, that the late Mr. Higgins's title is as superior as nearly twenty years priority of publication can render it. Nor can we understand how any title to an invention or discovery is to be safe, if this shall be disturbed, because, after a long interval from its publicity, another individual shall have come forward and proclaimed the same as an unborrowed and original conception of his own. On the second question, the writer in the letter to which we have referred, appears with equal success to prove that the praise of the development and extended application of the atomic theory is due, not to Mr. Dalton, but to Dr. Wollaston; whose logometric scale of chemical equivalents, it undoubtedly was, which first reduced the theory to practical utility. And on the third query, the adaptation of this theory to abstract and refined departments of chemical science is also denied to Mr. Dalton, and ascribed to the superior merits of Prout, Gay-Lussac and Richter.

Upon these grounds, it is concluded that Mr. Dalton has been unfairly selected to receive one of the highest honours which the Royal Society had to bestow; and it is insinuated that, in forming this decision, the council of that body have submitted "obsequiously to adopt the biassed suggestions of some *one or two* prejudiced individuals." We profess no acquaintance with any of these petty politics and intrigues of parties, which may exist in the society; though we are convinced that, from such heart-burnings and internal rivalries, learned corporations will never be exempt; and the perpetual influence of unworthy feelings and partialities, *in the distribution* of their rewards is, as we had lately occasion to

observe, one of the strongest objections against all oligarchical institutions of the kind, in the commonwealth either of letters or science. In the present instance, it would be ridiculous to affect not to see, that the covert charge of partiality is directed most immediately against the president, and the undue influence which he is assumed to have exerted. In the earlier distributions of prizes over which he presided, Sir Humphry seems to have been laboriously careful to proclaim the unblemished character which the society had maintained for the pure justice of its decrees. In one place (p. 53), he informs his auditors, that the Royal Society is 'a body very impartial in its decisions;' and in another (p. 117), he repeats, 'that its awards have never been made, except after dispassionate and candid discussion, and never to gratify private feelings.' If these boasts were well founded, we can only say, that it has been by a peculiar infelicity, that the close of his own administration should be marked by charges of favouritism, to which the society, according to his declaration, had never before been obnoxious.

Altogether, we fear it must be admitted by the best friends of Sir Humphry Davy, and the warmest admirers of his great talents, that, whether calumniated or not in this case of Mr. Dalton, he is very far from having reaped an increase of happiness or fame, through his elevation to the chair of the Royal Society. As a chemist, he had attained, by universal acknowledgment, the highest station in his peculiar department of science; and those persons rendered him, therefore, little service who, in the inconsiderateness of their zeal, attempted to raise him to an office which demanded an acquaintance with all the departments of natural philosophy, incompatible with the exclusive direction of his previous pursuits. And still less has he reason to feel indebted to those Fellows of the Society, 'in compliance with whose wishes,' by whatever motives dictated, he has been induced to publish the present Discourses. If his advisers were not unwilling to witness the shipwreck of a splendid reputation, it ought to have been foreseen by them that, in such vague and superficial treatment of subjects relating to general science, there was, at best, nothing which could possibly do honour to a name, already immortalized in the records of chemical discovery.

ART. II. *Historical Inquiries respecting the Character of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon and Chancellor of England.* By the Hon. George Agar Ellis. pp. 182. 8vo. London: Murray, 1827.

THE author of the work introduces it with the following observation:

'There is no character to which history has been more indulgent than to that of Edward Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of England. Annalists and *writers of memoirs*, following one another implicitly, have

described him as the greatest, the most honest, and the most ill-used of ministers. Hume, of course, praises him; Macdiarmid, taking principally as an authority the chancellor's memoirs of himself, eulogises his integrity; and even the caustic Burnet extols him to the skies. Public opinion has naturally gone with the testimony of history; and we have all been taught, from our childhood upwards, to revere "*the Chancellor of human nature*," as one of the brightest ornaments that dignify our annals. For myself, I can only say, that this was for many years my case; and that it was only by degrees, as I read on, more particularly since the publication of the Evelyn and Pepys' papers, and Lord Dartmouth's Notes upon Burnet's History, that I began to think I might have been wrong in the estimate I had formed of his character.—pp. 6—9.

'To his talents all must, indeed, be willing to bow with deference. The eternal monument which he has bequeathed to us, in his most able, though party history, can leave no doubt upon the mind of any man, of his vast and extraordinary powers. But the justness of the high reputation he has acquired on the score of virtue and probity, is a very different question. I own I am inclined to think he was, as a minister, by no means free from the charge, or at least the heavy suspicion, of rapacity and corruption—as well as of cruelty and tyranny.'—pp. 18, 19.

The first of these charges—that of rapacity and corruption—Mr. Ellis supports principally by the testimonies of Pepys, Evelyn, and Lord Dartmouth: he justly observes, that these are of great weight. He notices the advice which Lord Clarendon was accused of giving to his monarch—to leave his friends, as their tried attachment might be depended upon, to shift for themselves, and to conciliate his enemies. The motive usually ascribed to his lordship for suggesting this advice, was its supposed policy. Mr. Ellis attributes it to a still more blameable feeling;—that his protecting the interests of the wealthy republicans, was likely to prove to him a source of greater emolument than the advocations of the meritorious but poor cavaliers.

Lord Dartmouth expressly charges him with "having received as bribes, from the old rebels, the furnitures and pictures which had been plundered from the houses of the royal sufferers." Mr. Ellis corroborates this charge by curious circumstantial evidence. The numerous and very valuable collection of paintings which belonged to Lord Clarendon, devolved, by succession and partition, to the present Lord Douglas and the present Lord Clarendon; and is now to be found in Bothwell Castle, in Scotland, the seat of the former; and in The Grove, in Hertfordshire, the seat of the latter.

'Now, every one (says Mr. Ellis), who sees the collection of portraits at the Grove, and at Bothwell Castle, must, I think, at once acknowledge the probable correctness of Lord Dartmouth's account of the manner in which the chancellor acquired them: for they will find that they comprise the most extraordinary assemblage of persons of different races that can well be conceived; more especially the portraits of the different members *of almost all the* conspicuous families of the king's side, in the civil wars.

Among them are Stanleys, the Cavendishes, the Villierses, the Hamiltons, the Coventries, &c. &c. &c. Families with whom the newly elevated Hydes had certainly no connexion of blood; and who, or their descendants at the restoration, undoubtedly bore no kindly feeling to the chancellor; and therefore were by no means likely to have given *these, their household gods*, to him.'—pp. 43, 44.

The conclusion drawn by Mr. Ellis is, that during the civil war, the republicans had plundered the noble families of these pictures; and that, at the restoration, they or their descendants had presented them to Lord Clarendon, to obtain his protection against the proceedings of the law or government; or, as a purchase for the quiet enjoyment of the rest of the property they had acquired by plunder. But we doubt the justness of these conclusions. Might not the distress to which the cavaliers were reduced during the civil war, and the long period of the commonwealth, have obliged them to part with their paintings at a low price? And might not Lord Clarendon purchase them from the buyers on the same easy terms? This, it is well known, happened during the French revolution, and has probably happened in every other.

Mr. Ellis adduces another fact in support of his charge. Clarendon Park, near Salisbury, was among the ancient possessions of the crown. Charles II. mortgaged it for 20,000*l.*; and afterwards granted it to the Duke of Albemarle, subject to the mortgage, and with a reservation of the timber. The duke sold it, subject to the same mortgage and reservation, to Lord Clarendon; and his majesty then presented his lordship with 20,000*l.*, to discharge the mortgage. Still, the estate continued subject to the reservation of the timber; and Sir George Carteret, and the other Commissioners of the Admiralty applied to his lordship, to have it cut down, for the service of the navy. His lordship, wishing to have the trees without the trouble and expense of buying them, prevailed upon the commissioners, by bullying and artifice, to make a report in favour of his right to them; and thus accomplished his purposes. Pepys relates the transaction with great simplicity; and concludes his relation by the following exclamation, which shews at once the corruption of all the persons engaged in it, and the overwhelming influence and arrogance of the chancellor:—"Lord! to see how we poor wretches dare not do the king good service, for fear of the greatness of this man!"

Mr. Ellis agrees with Rapin in thinking, that there is abundant reason to believe, that 'Lord Clarendon proposed, negociated, and concluded the sale of Dunkirk,' one of the most shameful transactions in the reign of Charles II.; and that a portion of the money fell to his share, and was employed by him in building his magnificent mansion in Piccadilly. 'The Chancellor,' says Mr. Ellis, 'called it Clarendon House, but the malicious public gave the name of Dunkirk House to it, as if it had been built with the money *arising from the sale of* that place.'

In addition to these arguments and authorities for establishing his charge of rapacity and corruption against Lord Clarendon, Mr. Ellis cites several passages from contemporary writers, which shew that his lordship was generally suspected of such practices. He also mentions many circumstances, which prove his lordship's arbitrary and unconstitutional principles. He cites Pepys for saying, that Lord Clarendon, in 1667, "told the king that Queen Elizabeth did all her business in 1588, without calling a parliament, and so might the king do for any thing he saw."

We must, however, observe, that Father d'Orlean, in his history of the revolutions of England, asserts, that the chancellor was always favourable to the existence and constitutional powers of parliament. His authority is of the greater weight, as he is known to have received all his information respecting the reign of Charles II., from James his son; and to have written his work under the eye of that prince.

To prove that Clarendon was a cruel and tyrannical minister—the second charge,—Mr. Ellis refers to the shameful violation of the declaration at Breda. 'Undoubtedly,' says Mr. Ellis, 'Charles's submitting thus to be guided to do evil, was most disgraceful to himself; but the active part of the crime remains with the chancellor.' Mr. Ellis observes, that the declaration was 'a solemn promise of toleration given *under the word of a king*.' He mentions the vile arts to which government resorted, for prejudicing the public mind against the dissenters; the Corporation Act of 1661; the Act of Uniformity in 1662; the Conventicle Act of 1664; and the Five Mile Act in 1665. He proves, incontrovertibly, that all these persecuting acts were passed at the instigation, and through the influence, of Lord Clarendon. Of the acts we have mentioned, Mr. Ellis gives a clear and explicit account: their operation was dreadful. 'It was computed,' says Mr. Ellis, 'that 60,000 *persons* suffered on a religious account under these persecutions, and that of the number 15,000 perished in prison.'

Mr. Ellis proceeds to charge his lordship with conniving in the bloody design of some of the more unprincipled cavaliers, to murder Cromwell; and proves it by letters of Captain Titus, and Father Peter Talbot, in the Clarendon Papers. Lord Clarendon's guilt in this respect is so clear, as to be acknowledged and deplored even by Macdiarmid, his lordship's professed panegyrist. "It is not to be concealed," says that gentleman, "that even Hyde encouraged the attempt of Captain Titus, and others, to assassinate Cromwell. To such a degree do men reconcile themselves to the worst means, when they are eagerly bent on the end, that even the conscientious minister, in his devotion to the rights of the king, forgot what was due to the rights of human nature."

Mr. Ellis further charges Lord Clarendon with having known, at the time of the restoration, that Charles was a Catholic: 'This,' *says Mr. Ellis*, 'he carefully concealed; and even caused an act

to be passed in 1661, by which he subjected any man who should maliciously or advisedly publish or affirm, that his majesty was a Papist, to all the severe penalties of a premunire: thus inflicting a most unjust punishment upon any one who should say, what he, Clarendon, who made the law, knew to be true.'

'Thus' (we transcribe Mr. Ellis's words)—'have been laid before the reader, the various authorities, facts, and statements of circumstantial evidence, which have led the author to the following conclusions:

'That the strongest suspicions attach to the character of Lord Clarendon, upon the score of rapacious and corrupt practices, and that it is evident that this was the opinion of his contemporaries.

'That his measures against the sectaries were of a most cruel and tyrannical nature.

'That various circumstances of different kinds, favour very strongly the belief, of his having been an unconstitutional, and, in some respects, an unprincipled politician, whose religion was also probably more of a political kind than any thing else.

'And, lastly, that his character has been unjustly favoured by historians from various motives for party purposes, from pity for his subsequent misfortunes, from admiration of his talents, and especially, of his historical work, and from a just dislike and contempt of his successors.

'Whether the public will agree in these conclusions, remains to be seen.

'Perhaps the author is too sanguine; but he cannot help hoping, that those who bring an impartial mind to the consideration of the subject, will allow that he has some ground for his opinions.'—pp. 180, 181.

The work is accompanied throughout with judicious and interesting notes. It is written unambitiously, methodically, and with great perspicuity. By those, who wish to study that important portion of English history, in which Lord Clarendon acted a principal part, it will be found highly important and interesting. We sincerely hope the writer will continue his historical inquiries.

ART. III. *Mœurs et Coutumes Anciennes et Modernes, ou Histoire du Gouvernment, de la Milice, de la Religion, des Arts et des Usages de tous les Peuples, d'après les Monumens de l'Antiquité, avec des Gravures et des Cartes Géographiques, par une Societé de Gens de Lettres.* Milan. 9 vol. fol. depuis 1816, jus qu' a 1827. London, chez Rolandi.

WHEN we survey the annals of the human race, we are induced, at the first glance, to form two grand classifications of the various writers, who have transmitted to posterity the deeds of former times. Among the ancients, history belonged entirely to the department of the fine arts; the goddess that presided over it, took her place among the muses; but the reverse has occurred among the moderns: history, in their hands, has occupied the province of science, and has been placed under the jurisdiction of

philosophy. The writers of the former class considered history as a drama of vast extent and duration, the scenes of which gradually display themselves, proceed, and accelerate their movements, and progressively bring forward an astonishing varieties of casualties and adventures, affecting the happiness or the misery of nations. Those historians, like the dramatic poets, kept themselves out of sight, while they brought into full view their events and their characters, exerting, at the same time, all the energies of their genius, in order to bestow upon them all the pomp and elegance that language could impart. But the modern school of writers views history as a course of experimental, moral and political philosophy, in which the events recorded, whether prosperous or unfortunate, furnish data for the establishment of maxims consonant with reason and universal justice; the modern historian, therefore, frequently introduces himself, and, by the operations of a profound analysis, multiplies his inductions, and prolongs his conclusions to a vast extent. When we read Thucydides and Livy, we are charmed and delighted; but we derive wisdom and instruction from the pages of Robertson and Hume.

But it is not to be understood, that the influence of particular passions was not equally prevalent over the historians of ancient, as well as of modern times. The passions are inseparable from man: it is from their dictates that facts and characters are judged; for as to historical impartiality, it is a vain and empty term, that has no foundation in practice. Thus, as the courtiers of Augustus considered Livy a partisan of Pompey, so the admirers of the revolution of 1688, looked upon Hume as a favourer of the house of Stuart. With regard to theories, or political opinions, it is evident that the ancient historians concealed their real sentiments; while, on the contrary, the modern authors take every occasion to display theirs. We discover in Tacitus a sincere enemy to tyranny, which includes only a negative doctrine; for it is impossible to form a precise idea of the opinions of that writer, respecting the mode of goverment which he deemed most favourable to the happiness of the human race. But to arrive at the favourite political system of a modern historian, is a speculation of very little labour. Bayle looks upon Machiavel as a sheer democrat, even in his celebrated treatise on the prince; while Montagne considers Guicciardini as a downright aristocrat, who allows virtue no have to influence in affairs of state.

But whatever may be the difference between these two modes of writing history, we are obliged to confess, that the uniform aspect of the transactions which the historians of both classes record, presents a scene of monotonous villany, afflicting and discouraging in the extreme. In every page we meet with wars and revolutions, with convulsions and massacres, and every calamity that shocks the feelings of mankind. Justice is trampled upon by violence, virtue is exposed to the mockery of vice, and the weak are

regularly oppressed and crushed by the combination of the strong and powerful. We meet in history with a thousand Nero's, who, like destroying spectres, have drenched the earth with blood; while scarcely can a single Marcus Aurelius be found, who sheds a beneficial influence over the world, and produces a temporary calm and respite.

As a necessary consequence of this distressing spectacle, writers of pure and cultivated minds, who place morals above a vain parade of erudition, wishing to withdraw public attention from a series of guilty actions, have insisted on the general uncertainty of history, and have laboured to prove that the study of it is useless, and even dangerous; and that it tends rather to corrupt, than humanize the hearts of men. The patrons of these opinions, are Cornelius Agrippa, de Beaufort, and the continuators of their works. Their sentiments on this subject are certainly exaggerated, but they spring from exalted feelings of magnanimity and virtue. The contrary opinion verges to the opposite extreme; and the great Roman orator, whose penetration could not be deceived with respect to the real character of these tragic scenes, still allows himself to style history, *lumen et magistra vitæ*, the guide and luminary of human life.

There is, however, one branch of history, that steers clear of these spectacles of horror, and instructs mankind by delineating the manners, customs, and regulations, both public and private, of the various nations of the earth. History, in this light, is fortunately untainted by sordid and guilty passions, and presents itself, like an extensive landscape, sometimes wild and uncultivated, and at other times teeming with fertility and beauty, over which the imagination can range at pleasure, unmolested by the approach of crime, and screened from the spectacle of human misery. The contemplation of these immense sketches of life, is a never-ending source of delight, as they unfold to us the internal state of nations of all times and climes, like so many family pictures, that seem to identify us with their existence, and exhibit themselves under the astonishing variety of their manners, customs, and habits of life. Sometimes, indeed, a little caricature slides into these exhibitions, and produces an involuntary smile by its grotesque and ludicrous appearance; but this tends to exhilarate the general aspect of this moral gallery, without diminishing its reality. For we must frankly acknowledge, that in the customs of nations, as well as in every thing else that is human, the spirit of comedy frequently arises; but that does not taint our moral sentiments, as we are sensible that nations, like individuals, have their eccentricities and absurdities, which are merged in an inexplicable manner in the very foundation of human nature, and which are invisible to the possessor; but evident to him that is happily free from their influence. A nation, that would discover presumption enough to claim an exemption from ridicule, would only, by its blind infatuation in this instance, furnish additional materials for pleasantry and satire.

In the description of the political and religious revolutions of empires, the portrait of domestic life, with all its minute details, has been frequently neglected and overlooked; perhaps, for this sole reason, that these details could not well assimilate with more striking transactions, without producing a contrast tending, in some degree, to provoke feelings of dislike and disgust. On the grand revolutionary scale, as in a great historical picture, very strong outlines, as well as glaring and vivid colouring, are requisite to produce effect; but the other species of historical composition, like the "Tableaux de Genre," requires simple, graceful, and natural figures; and to amalgamate these forms together would, we will venture to say, produce an unnatural combination of tragedy and comedy. No writer has, however, ventured to maintain, that the description of the manners and customs of nations would be, for that reason, less instructive and interesting; because, if the object of history is to enlarge our knowledge of human nature, that important study would be prosecuted only by halves, if men were to be considered only under the influence of the violent passions, which operate on them by starts, and of unexpected convulsions of public affairs, and not to be surveyed under the almost imperceptible play of the petty passions, that exhibit the species in all the moments and during all the vicissitudes of life. The question has been merely asked, whether this second part of the history of man, and of human society, can be treated separately from the other, and in a manner equally absolute and independent with the former part.

There have been writers, who have determined this question negatively, by setting out with the principle, that the description of the domestic life of nations, executed under a form totally didactic, must, for the greater part, appear cold and uninteresting, monotonous and tiresome, to every class of readers. Accordingly, in order to produce the charm of variety and amusement in their compositions, they have had recourse to the invention of imaginary travels engaged in by celebrated characters of antiquity, who, in their passage through countries foreign to them, observed the private and public manners of the inhabitants, and noting them in their tablets, or communicating them to their friends by means of epistolary correspondence, have, by this contrivance, introduced a variety of entertaining anecdotes, sketches, and essays of every kind, and frequently important narratives of the passing political events, of which they were supposed to be the spectators, or at least, with the occurrence of which they were contemporary. Such, for example, are the travels of Anacharsis in Greece, of Plato in Italy, and the voyage of Polycletes to Rome, &c. But in our own days, a Scotch poet, who is gifted with a profound and powerful imagination, and a vivid and contemplative fancy, has engaged in a literary enterprise of greater originality and boldness. He has formed a train of tales possessing dramatic effect, which he supposes to have

happened in a designated time and place, the sole object of which is to serve as the ground-work for the story, and for the more interesting and luminous delineation of the manners and customs of the age and country. He has created the historical romance; and the instruction which he has thus diffused with such brilliant success in his numerous writings, has caused the romance, which had been hitherto considered as a light and frivolous composition, to find its way even into the libraries of philosophers.

It is unquestionably just and reasonable to admit, that the art of embellishing truth by the medium of an agreeable fiction, deserves every encouragement and approbation. But it would be running into another extreme, to constitute this art into a positive and absolute law, for all such writers as engage in the task of delineating truth. Tacitus did not certainly think it beneath him to treat under the didactic form a certain portion of his history; yet he displayed as great a portion of energy and depth, in sketching his admirable treatise *de moribus Germanorum*, as he has in describing the enormities of Tiberius and Caligula. There are certain things, about which no scruple ought to be felt on the score of exhibiting them in their native nudity: but the manner of executing this task constitutes the great difficulty. This is especially the case, since the agreeable forms of this mode of composition can be only properly introduced in the unravelling of a single episode in this particular branch of history; for when a general outline is attempted, this engaging advantage is to be relinquished, and the severe and uniform tone of descriptive narrative, must be reassumed.

This observation is applicable to the society of philosophers, scholars, and artists, in the city of Milan, who have undertaken the colossal publication which forms the subject of the present article. Having proposed to themselves the plan of combining together, in a vast historical group, the manners, the customs and habits, and even public and private life, of nations and generations, they could not, for their purpose, adopt the forms of a romance, or the details of imaginary travels. The preferable mode was, to introduce simple forms, or such as were clear, elegant, and variegated, without deviating from the dignity of the historic style, which the gravity of the subject required. In order to form a correct estimate of this enterprise, on well established grounds, it will be necessary to cast a transitory and rapid glance over the arrangement of the materials that are contained in the work, and over the system of execution, both literary and typographical, which has been adopted by the authors. The entire work is preceded by a preliminary discourse on the terrestrial globe, such as it was known to the ancients, and such as it has been progressively enlarged to the view of the moderns, by the astonishing discoveries of enterprising and intrepid navigators and travellers, during a series of generations. This introduction is happily conceived, and

presents to the view of the reader the entry to an immense theatre, in which he is to become the spectator of many ingenious, entertaining, and variegated scenes. The author of the introductory discourse has executed his task in the most masterly manner, and has proved his superiority in this line of literature; he has brought together, with taste and discrimination, the most prominent features of what has occupied the attention and the labours of the learned of every age, either with regard to geography, geology, or natural history in general. It is pleasing to find, as a frontispiece to the work, the emblematic figure by which the ancients typified the earth—the famous *Mater Rhea Berecynthea Ops Tellus*, seated on a throne of ivory, and surrounded by the usual insignia of her power. A topographical description is given, which is indispensable to determine the peculiar situation of each country, with well executed geographical maps, both ancient and modern, in order to place the description more immediately under the eyes of the reader, and afford him a clear and accurate idea of it. The history of the customs of every nation precedes these descriptions, beginning with those of the people of Asia, who are generally allowed to have been the primitive fathers of mankind. And as the knowledge of places would be barren and imperfect, without a knowledge of the times (since both are requisite to the proper study of history), rapid chronological sketches have been annexed to them, respecting the ascertained or probable origin of states, and the principal successive æras of them that are distinguished by great events. After this, the authors enter upon the subject matter of the work, and their first point of discussion is, the history of the government and legislation of all the nations of the earth. It might seem, on the first view, that this subject was foreign to their plan, as it has uniformly appertained to the department of political history; but a more mature consideration will speedily dissipate this doubt. It is impossible to ascertain with accuracy, whether we ought to attribute to government and legislation the peculiar characters of the manners and customs of a people, or whether it is the latter that formed the nature and boundaries of the former: their influence is perhaps reciprocal, and they mutually elucidate and explain each other, though we are not enabled to state with precision where, or whence, the movement begins. One point is certain, that an infinite number of popular customs, especially among the ancient nations, would be entirely lost to posterity, if particular laws had not preserved a recollection of them, by the sole fact of having sometimes secured, and sometimes forbidden, the exercise of them. This seems to account for the opinion of Draco, who refused to insert in his code any penalty on parricide, and who intimated by his silence on that point, that the crime of parricide was unknown in his days. How many abominable vices were there not among the Hebrews, which are not even alluded to *by historians*, and which are known to us only by means of the

reprobation and penalties with which they were threatened by the existing laws? Under this point of view, an investigation of the laws and government of each nation, enters appropriately into the history of domestic and social manners.

In the same way, if the political historian recounts all the continual war which have alternately drenched and devastated the earth, so it belongs to the historian of manners to furnish us with a knowledge of the arms, dress, ensigns, military engines, and all the methods of defence which nations have invented, to prevent the victorious sword of the foreign usurper from consummating their ruin at some convenient period. If the former historian enlarges on the genius of the different religions, which have been successively established on the earth, it belongs to the latter to describe the modes of worship, the sacrifices, solemnities, external forms, and all the ceremonies connected with the system of religion. The authors of the present work have ably performed this difficult task, and supported it with conclusive authorities; they have also added all the forms and customs attached to marriages and funerals, the rites of which are either more or less pompous, or strange and capricious, and have been uniformly considered as forming essential parts of every religious system.

These preliminary essays are immediately followed by the history of the two grand creations of human activity, inspired by the wants of the imagination, and by those of material existence,—the liberal, and the mechanical arts, which Lord Bacon considered as the most important branch of true philosophy. Accordingly we meet, in this publication, with every degree of information, either useful or agreeable: on the one side, respecting architecture, painting, sculpture, poetry, music, and dancing; and on the other, with regard to agriculture, manufactures, houses, and furniture, machines of production, and vehicles of transport, &c.—These sources of pleasure and profit are ably explained, and the uses to which they were turned, are pointed out in the embellishment of public festivals, games, and amusements, either abroad or at home, which, under so many diversified and wonderful forms, were introduced among the various nations of the universe. Every sensation of delight is set in motion by the perusal of this work, when we contemplate alternately the origin and successive progress, the decay and the revival of so many brilliant inventions and discoveries, so many happy inspirations, and so many mysterious secrets, which the art of man has extorted from nature, to embellish the deformity of life, and to render the burden of human existence more supportable on earth. In this voluminous publication, we behold a vast theatre, that turns on a magick pivot, and gradually unfolds an immense series of diversified prospects, in the contemplation of which the imagination is transported into a voluptuous reverie: and while we survey the nascent progress of art and science in the earliest ages, and the gloom of antiquity, and continue our view to

the subsequent gradual improvement introduced in the lapse of time, by the active energies of the human mind, we may be indulged in saying, that every nation may apply to its own age and generation, the words of Augustus with respect to Rome:—"he *found it brick*, and he *left it marble*:"

"lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit."

The editors being desirous to avoid expatiating in the wide and barren fields of metaphysical abstraction, amidst so vast a collection of important materials, have taken care to enrich the work with designs and engravings executed by the first artists in Italy, in order to convey to the reader the exact representations of the dwellings, dress, the implements of war and industry, the principle masterpieces of art, the emblems of religion, and even those plants and animals which, by their singularity, have merited the attention of the observer. Nothing seems to have been omitted, to render the work both curious and interesting, and make it a species of descriptive encyclopædia for this branch of the history of human society. The editors originally drew up the publication in Italian, in order thereby to erect a monument of glory to their own country; and we must acknowledge, that with respect to style, though it is uniformily elegant and correct, yet it betrays the operation of different hands, and the peculiarities of the various authors who have united in the composition. For the Italian language possesses a wonderful flexibility, that lends itself to all the modifications of style; and it may be said, that every writer of that country has a manner of his own, appropriate entirely to himself, and easily to be distinguished from the literary efforts of other authors. As, however, the promotion of general information was the object of the editors, they have also published the work in French, which is now the most universally diffused of all modern languages, especially, as governments in general have adopted it as the best medium of diplomatic correspondence; and as it appears that there is only one translator*, in the present instance, we discover more uniformity in the style, and a more consistent and regular hue in the composition.

The very extensive nature of this publication prevents us from giving any specimens of its matter, as they would lead us beyond our due limits. We have described it sufficiently to afford a general knowledge of its objects and its utility. To English readers it has been hitherto unknown, but we doubt not that it will in time obtain that degree of attention from them which it well deserves, and that it will not fail to find its place in the library of every man of taste.

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* For the French edition.

ART. IV. *The Life, Diary and Correspondence of Sir William Dugdale, with an Appendix containing an account of his published works, an Index to his manuscript collections, copies of monumental inscriptions to the memory of the Dugdale Family, and heraldic grants and pedigrees.* Edited by William Hamper, Esq. E. S. A. 4to. pp. 259. 2*l.* 8*s.* Harding, Lepard & Co.: 1827.

THERE is something so venerable in the character of Dugdale, so pleasing are the associations connected with his name, and so unmixed is the remembrance of him with those base alloys to reputation, which too often intrude themselves upon the memory in derogation even of the wise and good, that we feel every wish to regard the publication before us with peculiar favour and indulgence. In the works of Dugdale, the glories of past ages rise full and vivid to the imagination;—we see revived in their pristine splendour those monasteries now in ruins; those abbies long levelled with the dust; and those once magnificent monuments, now, as impalpable as the ashes of the dead whose memories they were erected to perpetuate. Of episcopal grandeur and wealth, of ecclesiastical authority and power, of religious communities and their sanctity, of military orders and their gorgeous and gallant pride, he was the voluminous and accurate historian. The high-born pride of ancestry found, and still finds, gratification from the labours of his pen, and to him is heraldry, in all its pomp of blazonry, indebted for copious and learned illustration. In times when loyalty was a crime, his attachment to the throne and person of his sovereign stood fixed and unimpeachable; amidst the distractions of civil war, the intrigues of party, and the rancorous bickerings of political and religious controversy, he held "the noiseless tenor of his way," devoted to the cause of solid useful learning. Though the servant, of a court in which vice too often led to preferment; in which, religion was mere form, and morals totally disregarded; he persevered in a beautiful simplicity and innocence of life, with a mind untainted and a heart uncorrupted by the baneful influence of unsound principle and loose example.

Labours are not always so happily timed as those of Dugdale; and it is seldom that so much would have remained to be regretted had death frustrated, or accident diverted him from completing, his great designs. Born in the reign of our first James, he witnessed the misfortunes of his unhappy son. He saw churches despoiled, and perverted to the uses of civil war, altars overturned, brazen monuments torn down and converted into coin; he beheld the finest cathedrals assigned to the soldiers of the parliament for barracks; statues and monuments, in stone and marble, beaten to pieces and defaced, and gorgeous windows, the finest specimens of art, destroyed without the slightest regard for their beauty. But previous to these unhappy times, Dugdale made a large portion of those collections which he after-

wards embodied in his works; and thus has he been the means of transmitting to posterity the knowledge of a variety of facts, that must otherwise have perished without a record.

The biographical portion of the work now before us is printed from a manuscript in Dugdale's own hand-writing, in the Ashmolean Museum, entitled a "Brief accompt of the Parentage, and what else is memorable of Sir William Dugdale, Kt. Garter Principall King of Armes." It commences with the author's birth; is carried down to his accession to the dignity of garter king of arms, and includes, with a retrospect of his official life, an enumeration of the books and manuscripts "by him given to the Herald's office." When Dr. Maynard, in 1716, published a second edition of the history of St. Paul's Cathedral, he perfixed to it a life of Dugdale, printed most probably from a copy of the above MS., and Maynard then completed the biography to Dugdale's death: this continuation is also comprised in Mr. Hamper's volume. The diary is selected from a series of interleaved almanacks, preserved in a capacious chest, with other relics of his ancestor, by Dugdale Stratford Dugdale, Esq. at Merevale, in Warwickshire. The correspondence consists of two hundred and one letters to, and from, Dugdale; a number remarkably small, when the extensive connection and protracted life of Dugdale are considered; but really numerous, if we consider that it was his usual practice to cut in pieces the letters he received, and write his rough draughts upon them; whilst he kept few copies of his own communications. Those now published are occasionally of great value, and comprise the names of a large portion of the eminent literary characters of Dugdale's time. Two beautiful portraits of Dugdale, at different periods of his life, and several fac-similies of his hand-writing and signatures, form appropriate embellishments of Mr. Hamper's volume.

William Dugdale was born in Warwickshire, in 1605. Of his family nothing authentic appears prior to the mention of his grandfather, "James Dugdale, of Cletherow, in the county of Lancaster, which name and family had been of long continuance in those parts." On which Wood pertinently remarks, that "as concerning matters relating to his own family, he seemed to have but little regard, neither indeed did he take any pains about his own, but rather the pedigrees of others, nor had any account of it laying by him; verifying the Proverb, that *none goes worse shod than the shoemaker's wife.*"

The education of Dugdale in boyhood was in the ordinary routine; but as early as fifteen, he was most characteristically engaged in reading "Littleton's Tenures, and some other law books, and histories." A career of laborious reading thus auspiciously begun, was diligently persevered in. Accident, or more probably predilection, directed his attention to the antiquities of his own country; and by the time he was thirty, we find him in intimacy with most

of the gentlemen of note in the county, and revelling in the dust of those "old deeds and evidences which they did willingly afford him the sight of.' His fondness for these studies never flagged, and he persevered in indulging it, almost to the last hour of his existence.

The veteran Spelman, at an early period, professed himself Dugdale's patron, and his powerful recommendation, backed by the influence of Sir Christopher, afterwards Lord Hatton, obtained for Dugdale 'the king's warrant to create him a pursuivant at arms extraordinary, by the title of blanche lyon,' and, subsequently, 'rouge-croix pursuivant in ordinary.'

'By which means, having a lodging in the Herald's office, and some benefit by funeralls and otherwise, with the yearly salary of twenty pounds out of the king's exchequer, for his support, he thenceforth spent the greatest part of his time in London, in order to the augmenting his collections out of the records of the Tower, and other places about the citty, until the summer of 1641, when taking with him one Sir William Sedgwick, a skylfull armes-paynter, Dugdale repaired first to the cathedral of St. Paul in the citty of London, and next to the abbey church of Westminster, and there making exact draughts of all the monuments in each of them, copy'd the epitaphs, according to the very letter: as also all armes in the windows, or cut in stone. And having so done, he rode to Peterborow, in North'tonshire, Ely, Norwich, Lincolne, Newarke upon Trent, Beverley, Suthwell, Kingston upon Hull, Yorke, Selby, Chester, Litchfield, Tamworth, Warwick; and did the like in all those cathedrall, collegiate, conventual, and divers other parochial churches, wherein any tombes or monuments were to be found; to the end that the memory of them might be preserved for future and better times.'—*Life*, pp. 13, 14.

The first fruit of these extensive labours was the publication of the Monasticon Anglicanum. In conformity with the universal custom, we speak of this celebrated book, as if Dugdale had been alone concerned in its compilation. But the title page itself of the first and second volumes, ascribes the work equally to Dugdale and a gentleman of the name of Dodsworth*.

We quote Dugdale's account of the circumstances under which the Monasticon appeared.

'The collections of the two volumes of the Monastery Foundations being completed, and the publishing of them by the presse desired, an offer was made to severall booksellers, of the copies, upon such indifferent terms as might have defray'd the chardge of those transcripts so made from records and otherwise, as hath been observed. But the booksellers not wishing to adventure thereon, Mr. Dodsworth and Mr. Dugdale joined

* Roger Dodsworth was born in Yorkshire, in 1585. With a natural propensity to histories and antiquities, he began early to make collections of them. "He was a person of wonderful industry, but less judgment; was always collecting and subscribing, but never was publishing anything." —*Wood's Fasti Oxon.*

together, *and hyred severall sumes of money to defray the cost and expence thereof*:—The first volume being finished in a° 1655, a stop was made for some yeares of bringing the other to the presse, untill the greatest part of that impression was sold off, whereby money might be had to go on therewith.'—*Life*, pp. 24, 26.

'The second volume of the Monasticon did not appear till 1661, six years after its predecessor; and the third, and last, volume of this magnificent record of English ecclesiastical magnificence, was delayed twelve years longer (1673), by continued pecuniary difficulties. This volume bears the name of Dugdale only, on the title-page, and he received a remuneration for it of 50*l.*, and twenty books!'—*Diary*, p. 134.

All the volumes of the original edition of the Monasticon are now scarce, and bear an extraordinary price; and the last, in particular, is of very rare occurrence, a large part of the impression having been destroyed by fire. Two supplemental volumes were published by John Stevens, in 1772; and a splendid reprint of the five volumes entire has been executed within these few years, with an advantage of editorship, which few similar works have ever before enjoyed. A sixth volume is in progress from the same able hands.

The Monasticon originated in the mind of Dodsworth, and the execution devolved only partially on Dugdale. But the Illustration of the Antiquities of Warwickshire was the child of his own fancy; and for upwards of thirty years from the conception of its plan, did he nurse it with the unremitting care and fondness of a parent. Other occupations claimed a large portion of his attention and his time, but this, his favourite work, was never absent from his thoughts; and whether engaged in personal service on his sovereign, or in the preparation of other works for publication, he still found leisure to collect for, or contribute something to, this darling project of his life.

On a work that has survived the better part of two centuries, with increasing reputation, no new eulogy need be attempted; and of all the praise that the world has concurred in pronouncing, none more appropriate, just, or terse, can be selected, than that of Dr. Whitaker:—"There are works, which scrupulous accuracy, united with stubborn integrity, has elevated to the rank of legal evidence—such is 'Dugdale's Warwickshire!'"—*History of Craven—Advertisement.*

The times in which Dugdale lived, were not favourable to the indulgence of that lettered ease, which was to him the chief charm of existence. As pursuivant at arms, he could be viewed in no other light than as a dependant on the court; and when the king was constrained to seek safety out of his metropolis, Dugdale was summoned, 'by his warrant under his royall signe manuall, bearing date the first of June, 1642,' to join the court at York. This was no matter of mere form, as the active service in which he was *immediately* engaged evinces. We pass over the details of this part

of his life, stopping only to mention the curious testimony which he has given, as to the authenticity of that much disputed volume, the "Icon Basilikè."

'I shall make it appear (he says), from the testimony of very credible persons, yet living, that the king had begun the penning of these meditations long before he went from Oxford to the Scots. For the manuscript itself, written with his own hand, being found in his cabinet, which was taken at Naseby fight, was restored to him after he was brought to Hampton Court, by the hand of Major Huntingdon, through the favour of General Fairfax, of whom he obtained it; and that whilst he was in the Isle of Wight, it was there seen frequently by Mr. Thomas Herbert, who then waited on his majesty, in his bed-chamber; as also by Mr. William Levet.'—*Short View of the Troubles in England.*

Abstracting himself from that whirlpool of politics and faction, which occupies our subsequent annals, Dugdale applied with unremitting diligence to his antiquarian labours; and, on the restoration, he was appointed to the vacant situation of Norroy king of arms. He next succeeded, on the death of Sir Edward Walker, 1676-7, to the dignified office of garter principal king at arms; and soon after received the badge of the order, and the honour of knighthood.

Though Dugdale was at this time in his 72d year, he lived long in the enjoyment of his honours. A pious spirit, a grateful heart, a cheerful disposition, and an unclouded mind, were the characteristics that to the last distinguished him. "I dined," says Evelyn, "at my Lord Privy Seale's, with Sir Wm. Dugdale, garter king at arms. He told me he was 82 [80] yeares of age, and had his sight and memory perfect." (Evelyn's Diary, 21 May, 1685). Several long letters are extant from, and many more to, Dugdale, of this period, on different subjects connected with literature; and in one, so late as this particular year, he addresses a series of criticisms to Dr. Brady, on his recently published History of England, in which he discusses a great variety of historical questions.

By imprudently exposing himself too long in the moist meadows near his house, as Anstis relates (MS. Lives of Officers of Armes, Herald's Office, vol. 1, p. 291), he contracted a cold; which, after a few days illness, terminated his useful life. He died in his chair, at Blythe Hall, "about one of the clock in the afternoon of the 10th day of February (St. Scholiastica's day), anno 1685 (*i. e.* 1685—6). Whereupon his body being conveyed to the parochial church of Shustoke, was, on the 12th of the same month, deposited in a stone coffin, in a little vault, which he before had caused to be made, under the north side of the chancel."

"What Dugdale hath done is prodigious; and his memory ought to be venerated, and had in everlasting remembrance." Such is the just eulogium of his contemporary, Anthony à Wood. We have already taken particular notice of his two greatest works,

the Monasticon, and the History of the Antiquities of Warwickshire, occupying five folio volumes. To these must be added the History of St. Paul's Cathedral, folio, 1658; the notice of which volume affords us the opportunity of adducing an apposite illustration of Dugdale's unwearied application. He borrowed from a friend five ancient manuscripts in folio, relating to the history of St. Paul's: his friend died, but his family had the liberality to permit Dugdale to select from his papers such documents as would be useful to him; and Dugdale carried off 'no lesse than ten porters' burthens of manuscript books, original charters, old rolls, and other very ancient writings,' connected with the subject of St. Paul's.—*Life*, p. 26, 27.

In 1662, appeared Dugdale's "Historical Account of the Imbanking and Drayning of divers Fenns and Marshes, both in Foreign Parts and in this Kingdom," folio. In 1666 he published, "Origines Judiciales, or Historical Memorials of the English Laws, Courts of Justice, Forms of Tryall," folio; and, in connection with his legal researches, he edited Selden's "Brief Discourse touching the Office of Lord Chancellor of England," in 1672. The first volume of "The Baronage of England, or an Historical Account of the most honourable Actions of our English Nobility," was published in 1675; and the second and third volumes, which were printed and always go together, in 1676. So much was this publication regarded in the light of a national work, that he was permitted to import paper, duty free, to print it on. "A short View of the late Troubles in England," folio, appeared in 1681; "The Ancient Usage in bearing of such Ensigns of Honour as are commonly call'd Arms," in 1682; and "A Perfect Copy of all Summons to the Nobility to the great Councils and Parliaments of this Realm," in 1685, folio.

These are all the published works of Dugdale, but he left behind him a prodigious mass of manuscripts: Mr. Hamper enumerates and describes forty-three volumes in folio, and five in quarto, deposited in the Ashmolean Museum; and the family of Dugdale, at Merevale, in Warwickshire, also possess many manuscripts of their great ancestor. Nor can we regard our acount of Dugdale's labours complete, till we have noticed that he entirely fitted for the press the second part of Spelman's *Glossary*. "The first part also, that had been published by Sir Henry in 1626, was afterwards considerably augmented by its author; which also being brought to Mr. Dugdale, and by him reviewed and made fit for the press, both were printed together in 1664."—*Wood's Fast. Ox.*

It is possible that some readers may have been fatigued with this catalogue of industry; but before they pass their fiat upon Dugdale as a drudge, a mere "pioneer of literature," let them peruse with attention that beautiful effusion, which the gratitude and taste of Thomas Warton prompted him to prefix to his own copy of the *Monasticon*:

"Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful Pedantry the poring child;
Who turns of these proud domes th' historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thoughts on themes, unclassic falsely stil'd,
Intent. While cloister'd Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.
Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strown with flowers."

ART. V. *Der Eremit in Deutschland. Eine Schrift über Sitten und Gebraüche des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts in Monatscheften.* Herausgegeben von Panse. Nos. 2—8. Leipzig. 1826. London: Treüttel and Wurtz.

As we have already introduced to our readers the first part of this work*, and have given our opinion of its general character and pretensions, we shall here only observe, that on going through the remaining numbers, we have found no reason to congratulate Mr. Panse upon any improvement in his lucubrations. In the third number there is (p. 208), one tale of romance, 'Die Verirrung,' or The Error, which, if it had been shorter, we should have been tempted to translate. From the fourth number, we shall translate a sketch, entitled 'The Head Waiter,' which is better than most of the hermit's similar efforts at light composition.

'Being, some time ago, rather too soon for dinner, I was induced to bestow some attention upon the behaviour of the head waiter at the Chinese Hotel; and finding that the man was quite a character, I continued my observation for a few days afterwards. When I first noticed him, he was most seriously, and thoughtfully, pacing up and down the long table, to see that all was as it ought to be. Plates, knives and forks, glasses, and every thing must be placed in regular battle array; bills of fare must be laid at both ends; and these he writes himself in his own manner of spelling, but in very well-formed letters. He knows where every usual guest likes to sit, and in what manner he likes to be served. From the moment the clock strikes, he holds himself in readiness to bow and smirk according to rule. During the first course, he has a hard duty, and is like a single soldier, commanded by a score of officers, and required to move at once to the right, to the left, forwards, backwards, face about, quickly, gently, in every imaginable manner: but the second course relieves him. The guests take it more quietly, they begin to talk to each other, and to call him *Monsieur Frederick*, an appellation which never fails to delight him, because it shews that the gentlemen are pleased, and have no fault to find.

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* See the M. R. for May, p. 116.

'He now places himself, with comparative ease, sometimes behind one chair, sometimes behind the other, still casting his eyes round in every direction, but occasionally playing with his solid gold chain and seals, or adjusting his enormous shirt-collar. Should a moment of actual leisure occur, he pulls the silken string of the time-piece, to regale the company with a tune, whilst he compares notes with his master, on the success which the various dishes have met with. When wine begins to be called for, a fresh bustle ensues; for although he is pretty well acquainted with the taste of the usual customers, there may be strangers: besides, gentlemen will be capricious. Nevertheless, he has a very quick tact in classifying the guests, and in treating them according to their rank and pretensions. If any one moves to the company, by bending his head two inches deeper than the vertical line, takes a seat quietly, waits modestly until he gets served, or *begs* to be helped to something, Mr. Frederick will immediately assume a consequential air, take no particular notice of the new comer, and look another way, whilst he helps him sideways to what he wants, and listens to the conversation of other persons. He will take the first opportunity to ask the stranger, whether he drinks white or red? Würzburg or Burgundy? and should there be no wine ordered at all, Mr. Frederick's indifference becomes absolute neglect, and he will scarcely come at the third calling.

'His behaviour is much better towards those who come in without bowing at all, throw hat or cloak on the table or chair nearest at hand, scarcely look at the company, but sit down at once, take up the bill of fare, and loudly call for the waiter. He will readily perform his duty, look them fully, but civilly, in the face when he presents any thing, and wait for an opportunity to ask what they will *be pleased* to drink: he keeps in their neighbourhood, or passes frequently before them, so that they may not have the trouble of calling for him. Yet, even this politeness is nothing to that which he displays, when some one enters impetuously, but stands immoveable until his cloak or his hat and stick are taken from him, asks for *bouillon* instead of soup, and for Malaga or Johannisberg, instead of common table wine. With him Frederick is all ear, and all submission; he asks for "his honor's *commands*," and bends his head that he may catch every word, and comply with its import as expeditiously as possible, without once attempting to play with his watch-chain, or to mind his personal adjustment.

'Such are his manners in his own department; but when he gives a look to the long room, where the service is carried on by the under-strappers, he takes no notice of any body; unless it be by some occasional remarks on the manner of eating in Paris, or by the information, that holding the knife continually in the right hand, and the fork in the left, is a custom which has been introduced by Englishmen. His condescension does not go further; he never thinks of assisting any of the customers; and should they be so ignorant as to ask him, he bids them to address themselves to the *servants*, whom he takes every opportunity to scold, and to bustle about. Even an accidental call for a better sort of wine cannot win him over to more politeness in *this room;* because he simply takes it for granted, that such an exception is founded on the celebration of a birth-day, or some equally uninteresting circumstance.'

In all the numbers, from the fifth to the eighth inclusive, which

are intended to compose the second volume, we can find only two papers that are worth exhibiting in abridgment, as illustrations of German manners and feeling. The first of these, 'The Funeral (Das Begräbniss) reminds us a little of the manner of Jean Paul.

'I lately paid a visit to my early friend Stillibe, at his parsonage, in the pleasant valley of Freiberg. His little village lay towards the acclivity of a hill surrounded with green as with a garland; and an ancient church steeple overtopped the full grown lime trees. "You are most welcome," exclaimed the doctor on my appearance: "but to-day you will have to mourn with us; for all my parishioners share in the grief of one among them who has lost his only daughter." The bells of the antiquated steeple soon after began to toll, and the procession advanced through the old ivy-covered entrance of the church-yard. The coffin was once more opened before the grave, and the corpse lay like a marble statue, half covered with wreaths of white roses. All were now bathed in tears; and the relatives, pressing the cold hand of the dear departed took their last farewell of her. My friend then spoke some words of consolation, by representing how the young and innocent being had left this world in all her purity, to await in a state of blessedness the consummation of time, when she should be joined by those who were now lamenting her. The choir of scholars then sang the death-hymn, and the mild solemnity with which the whole was conducted, made me almost fancy that departed spirits would be reconciled to their fate, if they could hover over the spot, and witness the ceremony. After the covering and lowering of the body, the congregation slowly departed: but I stayed behind with my friend to walk round the place. We entered the little old church, at the entrance of which I found many garlands of artificial flowers, and inscriptions, under glass covers. These were consecrated to the memory of the dead; and several among them appeared to have been hung up as much as two hundred years. But there were also some quite fresh; and one, shining with gold and silver leaves, had but just been placed there, for the subject of this day's ceremony. The sun was majestically sinking into a blue evening cloud; and as he was gilding the tops of the lime trees and elder thickets, my friend said, "the generations of inhabitants have been succeeding each other for centuries in my parish; but all the departed now rest together in this little church-yard. The grave just before us perhaps still contains some few remnants of a neighbouring squire, whose fields and gardens once constituted the greatest part of our cultivated neighbourhood, and whose life was spent in a continual round of gaiety at marriages, christenings, and other rejoicings; whilst next to him lies the body of a poor unfortunate widow, who passed her life in want and misery, considering it as a great favour that she was allowed to pick up, barefooted and in rags, the gleanings which his well-fed servants had left. There is no difference between them now; but still they are remembered: and there is a melancholy kind of satisfaction in the thought of our being mentioned in kindness by those who survive us. Yonder is the burial-ground of my own family; and the village people still point out the grave of my father with sympathy and tenderness. I almost rejoice in the idea of my being one day laid between him and Wilhelmina my sister, who died at the age of twenty, and is not yet forgotten in the parish: I too shall be accom-

panied by old and young, to my long resting place, and carry with me their feelings of friendly regret, which, I trust, this sequestered spot will long revive."

'"How very different," continued my friend, "are the same events in large towns, where selfishness and dissipation engross the first place in society. There the death of the most respectable individual is but reported as a part of the daily casualties, of which it would be ridiculous to speak for any length of time: for the regrets of near relations or sincere friends are little heeded in the various pursuits of the multitude. Just as bees will convey a dead body out of the hive, and throw it where it will least inconvenience the busy survivors, so does a dead human being there disappear from the scene of activity and sink into oblivion. Saying that a certain person has ceased to exist, is only reporting the circumstance which will prevent the individual from carrying on business, visiting a club, or appearing on public occasions. During my stay at L., I was present at the funeral of a highly respectable, that is to say, a very opulent gentleman, whom the inexorable messenger had summoned away from the very midst of splendour and amusement. I had to pass a long file of coaches to reach the house of mourning, at the entrance of which, the undertaker informed me, that no condolence was desired. The company was in splendidly furnished rooms, where wine and sweatmeats were handed round, and each person talked with his neighbour on the subject which he best liked, only rather more softly than usual, and taking care to refrain from laughter. A few only, who could find no matter for conversation, were under the unpleasant necessity of sitting a full hour quietly and with grave countenances on their respective chairs. But at last the muster-roll was called, according to the strictest notions of rank and etiquette; and then the procession began to move slowly through the streets. Thousands of spectators accompanied us to admire the show, whilst my companion in the coach examined me about the news of the day, and the latest occurrences at the university. At the gate of the burial-ground we halted, and a servant hastily inquired whether it was our pleasure to proceed or to return: my astonishment rendered me at first speechless, but I at last stammered out, 'proceed.' My fellow traveller naturally inferred that I had never been at such a ceremony before, and he therefore kindly informed me of its nature. "Consider the whole affair," he said, "as a pantomime: nearly all the corps of this black gentry who surround us, with lemons in their hands, are actually hired for the purpose. You will see them again at every fashionable funeral, because they are quite a standing troop, and this kind of engagement constitutes a part of their income. With the exception of the undertaker and some of his assistants, they are mechanics, cobblers, and servants out of employment, who get their guilder, to put on a black suit and maintain a long face for an hour or two: they feel of course not the slightest concern in the act itself. The families of the deceased are obliged, for the sake of their own credit, to bespeak as brilliant a pageant as possible; and this is the cause of the long train of coaches, chaises, and servants of every description. With regard to the invitations, they are a mere affair of convenience: the nearest relatives must attend as a matter of course, and titled or wealthy people look upon the transaction as a farce, in which they are expected to perform their parts. You must *therefore not* be surprised at seeing by far the greater number of coaches

wheel round as soon as they have reached the obnoxious church-yard, and return full gallop among the busy scenes of the living. The mourners quickly undress, and pursue their usual occupations or amusements, without bestowing a single thought on the departed. The learned do not behave better on such occasions than others. It is not long since a professor at the university was buried, a great and celebrated man, whose writings will long be esteemed: the procession was numerously and respectably attended by masters and students, and all the proceedings appeared to be solemn and impressive. Judge then of my astonishment when I perceived that the gentlemen had no sooner made good their public entry at the large gate in front, than they stole out again one after the other by a small opening in the rear of the ground."

'Whilst my friend was thus speaking, we were joined by his wife, who told us that supper was ready, and invited us to come in. In the mean time, it had become dark, and I did not attempt to conceal from the lady, that I was by no means anxious to prolong my stay on the spot where she found us, and that I should not be able to defend myself against a certain feeling of melancholy, if I were always to live in the neighbourhood of the dead, looking at the little hillocks under which so many of my acquaintances were mouldering into dust. She answered with a smile, that she had in some measure anticipated my feelings in that respect, and that she had prepared a room for me, in which the windows looked towards the village, since a direct communication with the church-yard might have disturbed my rest during the night, and conjured up frightful apparitions from the graves, to steal by moonlight into my presence; or, at least, to make me an unwilling witness of their proceedings around the church. We, ourselves, are accustomed to these things, and, knowing that none will come hither but old friends and acquaintances, we never feel any alarm. You may, resumed the husband, find something unpleasant in the idea of being in the immediate neighbourhood of the departed; and modern burial grounds are now mostly removed from the haunts of men to lonely and sequestered places. But the frequent sight of a melancholy place, considerably abates the primitive feeling of aversion; and nothing remains but the mournful attachment, by which the recollection of the past is linked to the present, and by which we are reminded of all the vanity of our former hopes and fears. The thoughts of the future mingle with this train of ideas, and prevent us from forgetting our higher destination in the mere round of wordly pursuits. The sight of a coffin does not produce upon us the same effect which it has in large towns, where it is only considered as a shell for some lifeless form, which is usually quite unknown to the beholder. Here we know every pilgrim that finishes his career amongst us: all have been more or less connected with us, and all must excite our interest.'—pp. 130—134.

The other, and only remaining extract which we have to offer, is in a less sentimental, and a livelier strain. Under the title of 'Die Gevatterwahl,' or, The Choice of Sponsors, it introduces us to the fashions of a German christening; and will be found to describe, rather appallingly, a few of the weighty obligations imposed on the office of godfather, among our Teutonic neighbours. The embarrassing difficulties which in Germany, it seems, attend the harmo-

nious selection of persons to unite in that important relation, are here detailed, not without some degree of humour.

'Having lately been blessed by a double addition to my family, in the shape of healthy twin-sons, this unexpected measure of felicity entailed upon me various embarrassments, from the procuring of two eligible wet-nurses, up to the election of suitable sponsors. My good lady was in a very precarious and delicate state of health, so that my worthy mother-in-law could not think of quitting her bedside: or otherwise she would have been the most proper person to provide for all the exigencies of the case, and also to bear all the weight of responsibility herself, instead of continually urging me on, and demanding an account of my proceedings. Our town contains about twelve thousand inhabitants; and whoever knows what an infinite variety of jarring interests are to be consulted amongst such a population, will surely sympathize with me, on considering that I was here absolutely to be guided by principles of etiquette. Moreover, the office of godfather is no light business in this part of the world. A gentleman who wishes to behave handsomely, must begin by waiting (in full dress) upon the godmother, and assure her, that he considers the honour of being engaged with her in such a relation, as one of the most fortunate events of his life: in proof of which, he must afterwards send her an elegant nosegay of real, or artificial flowers, enveloping trinkets, so that the value of the bouquet may amount to some thirty dollars, more or less, according to the extent of his gallantry. The mother of the child expects of course an acceptable morning-cap with French lace; and the nurse, the waiting woman, and the maid of all work, would be sorely disappointed, if they were not all to receive some reasonable tokens of his liberality. Then come the dues of the church, from the clergyman down to the sexton; and if the individual has not an equipage of his own, he is in duty bound to hire the best that can be procured for the occasion, when the coachman and servant naturally look for a respectable allowance. Lastly, the godson must be provided with silver spoons, and, in due course, with a watch, and similar appendages, according to his advance in age and life.

'Knowing all this, and having a confused notion of various other important points, I was loath to act altogether at my own risk and peril, and I endeavoured to lay, at least, a part of the weight on the shoulders of my wife and mother-in-law, by requesting to have a formal consultation on the most striking topics. The three deciding powers having, at least, nominally, equal votes, I took out my pocket-book to keep a note of the results, whilst the old lady was running over in her mind, those parts of the town where we had the best chance of finding what we wanted. According to the established order, there must be four godfathers and two godmothers; and, considering the difficulty of effecting our purpose, I was for taking such individuals as were likely to suit us, without heeding the different relations in which they might stand with one another. "Then we should make a fine business of it," said the ladies: "no, no, the contingent circumstances must be maturely considered in all cases." "Your wife's father," added my mother-in-law, "was also a man of your description, who did not care whom he offended, so long as he could please himself; and he involved his family in a pretty affair when your wife was christened. He had asked the inspector of the roads, and a very good sort of person he *was; but then to* make him meet the wife of the counsellor, whose coach-

man had but shortly before been fined, was a very improper thing. The lady never spoke, and she would neither eat nor drink: nay, what is worse, during the ceremony of baptism, she not only would not look at the inspector, but when the clergyman asked the usual questions, she positively said no, instead of yes, stamping with her feet, and putting us all in the utmost consternation. It was only by the greatest exertions and mild persuasions of our worthy rector, that she was made to perform her part at all on the occasion of the ceremony: but you may easily imagine how it was performed; and then we had the everlasting enmity of the godmother into the bargain. Now this might have been avoided if the needful precautions had been taken: the coachman ought to have been asked whether a reconciliation had taken place, the more so as the street-sweepers had been observed not to take off their hats before the counsellor's wife, which plainly showed that all was not right between her and their master, the inspector. In another case, matters had been still more badly managed. Mr. Gummi, the rich merchant, and Miss Bierreich, were asked to meet each other, which was quite shocking. They had been dancing together at the corporation-ball, and were walking round the room, when Mrs. Gummi, in a fit of jealousy, came rushing in between them, and spoke of adultery, separation, and other things, which caused a great deal of scandal. The affair had been but just hushed up, when our invitation arrived, and broke in afresh upon the domestic peace of two families. "By all this you see," continued my worthy mother-in-law, "that it requires nice discrimination to select properly." "Well, well," I replied, "but we must proceed: what do you think of the burgomaster, and the rector's lady?"—"That won't do at all: at the last vacancy of the clerk's place, the magistrate wanted to bring in a poor relation, whereas, the clergyman wished to appoint a man who was to undertake keeping his private books and registers, without charging any thing for the trouble, and the two gentlemen have ever since been on bad terms."—"But what is that to their ladies?" "Oh heavens! how you talk. If my late husband had quarrelled with the husband of my very best friend, I should immediately have dropped all acquaintance; and had I met with her in the street, I should have given her to understand, that she must have been reduced to sad straits to have married such a man. Conjugal love, undoubtedly, prompts a well-educated woman to share in her husband's friendships and enmities." Upon this I took a pinch of snuff, without making any reply; and my wife proposed our family physician. I assented, and inquired for a female partner; when the old lady stated, that she should not have thought of the doctor; "but since he was our choice, he would be best matched by—but no! he did not like pious meetings; and, therefore, the captain's wife would not answer." The comptroller and the mayoress were then mentioned, and approved of: but still, they were not to be invited without further inquiry. The old housekeeper was dispatched on this important mission, and the consultation put off until her return, which was not a speedy one. When she came at last, she said, that all would have been well, if the comptroller's lady had not made the acquisition of a shawl, for which the mayoress had been in treaty herself, and which she very unwillingly relinquished. She therefore did not fail to intimate, that she had refused buying the article, because she had every reason to believe that it was not genuine. By this declaration, the other party did of course feel sorely aggrieved; and it would be

a long time before any members of their respective families would be allowed to meet in a friendly manner. "Ha, ha!" exclaimed my mother-in-law triumphantly, "you see what you have escaped by my timely caution: but what must we do now?" This question was much sooner put than answered, and I fairly began to lose patience. I declared to the ladies, that they must either settle the affair between themselves, or expect me to finish it in my own way; namely, by asking the very first half dozen persons that might come into my head, without my caring in the least for their respective friendships or piques. I thought they paid dearly enough for the honour which was intended for them; and if they would but consent to come at all, I was perfectly satisfied, and did not wish to interfere with their feelings.'—pp. 191—195.

These passages must suffice for the objects with which we set forth:—to glean from our 'Hermit' a few of his best sketches, and to illustrate by an examination of his work, the present manner and matter of magazine writing in his country. If we are to form our judgment from these productions, our readers will probably agree with us, that the periodical literature of Germany is at a very low ebb of originality and taste;—but we are willing to believe, that it would not be altogether fair to offer the miscellany before us, for the best examples of the whole class of publications to which it belongs.

ART VI. *The Reminiscences of Thomas Dibdin, of the Theatres Royal, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, Haymarket, &c., and Author of the Cabinet, &c.* 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s*. London: Colburn. 1827.

IN England it has been long the fashion to overdo every thing. When the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe first found favour with the public, they were pursued, or rather persecuted, by such a host of imitators, that she was almost ashamed at one period of her life to acknowledge her offspring. Some successful comedies and dramas next appeared; it would be difficult to conjecture the causes of their good fortune, but whatever they may have been, the race of drudges was again animated from its lethargy, and the town was sickened with the nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine operas, dramas, farces, and comedies, of Reynolds, O'Keefe, Dimond, Dibdin, Colman, and a multitude of others, whom it would be a waste of paper to name. Next sprung up the age of poetry, with Sir Walter Scott, Moore, and Byron, as its presiding spirits, and so far as their productions were concerned, it was an age that may bear to be compared with any former period of poetic literature, which graces the annals of our country. But again the vice of modern times was close upon their glory. Such myriads of bards, Scottish, Moorish, and Byronian, followed in their train, that it was impossible to go into any company in which two or three authors were not to be found, expecting the congratulations of everybody present

on their "very promising" tributes to the muses. For his sins, l those of his ancestors, Sir Walter Scott became a novelist in historico-romantic style, and from the day that "Waverley" peared, down to the period in which we write, the presses of inburgh and London have been literally groaning under the ight of productions, founded upon the models which he has cessively given to the world. For a season—a short interval of lent intoxication—the rage for commercial, not to say gambling, culations prevailed, and it was not until they pretty well ined the country of its superabundant wealth, that the gentlemen the Stock Exchange could be prevailed upon to believe that riety, even if it were not a virtue, was necessary to be observed, vided they had any desire whatever to protract the connection ween their souls and bodies. To this epidemic succeeded the gue of autobiography, which has already diffused its insect geny far and wide, to the infinite annoyance of all his majesty's jects. It is true, that the cobblers have not yet begun to write ir histories; that the laundresses of the Inns of Court, the erant tinkers, the scavengers, the gipsies, the apple-women and venders of green groceries, have up to the present moment isted the biographic contagion. But should they prove insen- le to its influence, after reading the two precious volumes now ore us, we must give them credit for a greater portion of literary gment, than usually falls to the share of persons in their sphere life, particularly when they are exposed to the temptation of king money, merely by a few exertions of those faculties desig- ed under the specious titles of memory and invention.

We may at once allow, that the greater portion of Mr. Dibdin's moirs are the offspring of the former faculty alone: we do really ieve, that though he has been dealing in fiction all his life, he not drawn upon his imagination for more than two or three ters, and perhaps half a dozen scenes and adventures, which re originally intended, no doubt, for the stage, and were inserted these volumes by mistake. But conceding to him all that he reasonably desire upon this point, we may be allowed to ask, at it signifies to this world of ours, if he could depose to the th of every syllable which he has set down? We do not find a gle good anecdote in the whole work. As to his personal tory, it is composed principally of play-bills, and of accounts of rly two hundred theatrical entertainments, which he has pro- ced during his life. Had these, or any one of these precious crea- ns of his fertile brain, been worthy of resuscitation from the deep livion to which they were consigned within a few weeks after y were born, their history might have been tolerable enough— least to thosepersons who feel delight in collecting every scrap intelligence that relates to theatres: but, unfortunately, the e is quite the reverse. There may be some individuals in exist- ce who remember "The Cabinet," and "Mother Goose;" but

when we look over the rest of Mr. Dibdin's catalogue, we verily believe, that if all the operas, comedies, farces, melo-drames, and burlettas, the names of which are there recorded, were set up to auction, they would not extract from the pocket, even of a cheesemonger, the sum of half-a-crown.

In one point of view we must admit that this work displays the character of Mr. Dibdin under a favorable aspect. Whatever may have been the impulses that led him to a theatrical career, it is impossible to read his book without acknowledging that his life has been an almost uninterrupted course of severe, though we regret to say, unsuccessful industry. He deserves too, much credit for the attachment which he uniformly appears to have felt for his home, and his family, the more so as such a virtue is so rarely found among those who are in any way connected with the stage. In another respect, also, this work is not altogether unworthy of the short notice we mean to bestow upon it, as it affords a striking lesson to those who may be tempted, in early life, to throw away the safe prospects which their friends may have provided for them, in order to indulge what is commonly called "a passion for the drama!"

After obtaining the rudiments of a limited education, our reminiscent was placed with a respectable upholsterer in the city, but such was his hereditary inclination for theatres, that, before his apprenticeship, expired he stole away one fine morning from his master's house, and stowed himself in the cabin of a Margate-boy, with the view of joining the company that nightly murdered Hamlet, at that far-famed watering place. His hopes, however, were not destined to be gratified in the first instance: the Margate establishment under Mate, was full, and he was recommended to try his fortune with the 'Dover company'. We shall give the account of his introduction to the manager on this occasion—time, the summer of 1789—place, the village of Eastbourne.

'When I came to the inn, the first thing I saw was my little valise, which had arrived the day before, addressed to the care of the manager. I wished to have improved my dress a little before I waited on the great man, forgetting that it would be first necessary to receive my wardrobe from himself. The moment I claimed acquaintance with the parcel, and asked a waiter where the manager lived, a very shrewd-looking, and rather handsome lad of about fourteen, replied, "Mr. Richland, sir, is in the house; and if you are the *new gentleman* he expects, will be very happy to see you." This youth was nephew of the manager, his name Jerrold, to which he subsequently added a Fitz, and afterwards became manager of the Theatre-Royal York, in which circuit he some two years since died.

'The idea of meeting the manager in my dusty dishabille was rather unpleasant; but before I could express myself to that effect, young Jerrold threw open a door, and I was instantaneously in the presence of Mr. Richland, manager; Mr. Russell (the since far-famed "Jerry Sneak" of Drury-Lane Theatre, and now the merry manager of Brighton), deputy-manager; Mr. Villars, a pompous, corpulent gentleman, about three-

score, who took care, every five minutes, to let you know he was not only an actor but an author; that he had written a comedy in five acts, and that his wife was the best actress in the company; besides which, he found fault with every thing and every body; and from the acidity of his features and remarks, had obtained the *sobriquet* of "Old Vinegar." This portly satirist was well contrasted by a tall, gaunt, meagre-looking gentleman, who, from some nasal defect, snuffled out dramatic quotations with an irresistibly ludicrous effect, and also boasted of *his* better-half, who, if not the *best* actress, he affirmed to be the prettiest *woman* in the corps, either in or out of breeches. This gentleman, whose name was Harper, was blest with a form and face, the component parts of which were still more discordant than his voice. Mr. Parsons, a serious actor, who always laughed, sat next to a melancholy comedian, father of the youth Jerrold, who had so suddenly "let me in" to this long-sought society; and whose greatest professional importance arose from the inspiring circumstance of his being possessed of "a real pair of the great Mr. Garrick's own shoes," in which the happy Jerrold played every part assigned to him, and consequently maintained a most respectable standing in the theatre. I still see the delight with which his eyes sparkled, when he exhibited these relics of the mighty Roscius to me for the first time; and his stare of admiration, on learning that the "new gentleman" was really and truly no more nor less than a genuine godson of the immortal G.

'I delivered Mr. Mate's letter to Mr. Richland, a remarkably handsome and good-humoured John-Palmer-looking sort of a gentleman, who gave me a very hearty welcome; and frankly said his company was so thin, that my arrival could not fail of being an acquisition in some way or other. He then introduced me to the gentlemen collectively, and each gentleman individually to me; concluding the ceremony by asking me to favour him with a "taste of my quality,"—in other words, sing a song, and afterwards dine with him. I would much rather have dined first, and sung afterwards; but a request from a manager being, in my estimation, nothing less than a command, I made a sort of theatrical apology about fatigue, taken by surprise, &c. &c., and hoped for "usual indulgence," while I sang "Poor Jack." The song being quite new, all seemed pleased with it: Richland exclaimed, "Capital!"—Russell, "Very good!"—Old Vinegar said, there were odd lines in it, but yet it was exactly the song to suit his wife, who acted and sung vastly well, when in a sailor's dress: Harper snuffled out, that *his* wife looked well in any dress: Parsons cried "Bravo!" and Jerrold swore by Garrick's shoes, it was excellent. I then, by desire, sang "Bonny Bet," and "Charming Village Maid," from O'Keeffe's last new farce of "The Farmer;" and being next required to name what character I wished for a first appearance, to make a show of my versatility, I fixed upon "Young Norval," though it was a part I had never studied; but I kept that to myself—borrowed a book, as I said, "just to refresh my memory;" and promised to be quite ready for the attempt on the following evening.'—vol. 1, pp. 66—69.

Here again, however, he was destined to be disappointed. The tragedy was 'commanded' by a great banker's lady, and as the part belonged to Russell, he could not waive his rights on such an important occasion. Dibdin was therefore obliged to hang the cap of his ambition a peg or two lower, and to make his debut as Cap-

tain Valentine, in O'Keeffe's farce of "The Farmer." The result was, that, under the *nom de guerre* of Merchant, he was added to the 'Dover Company.' The theatre, it seems, was formed in a very large barn and adjoining stables, and our reminiscent adds as a remarkable circumstance, that the rent of it was punctually paid to a carrier to whom it belonged. It was not above ten feet in altitude, yet Russell advertised for his benefit the exhibition of a giant *thirty* feet high! Few of our readers are perhaps aware of the mode in which the exchequers of the rural theatres are managed.

'My own particular longings at this time were principally for a leading part in every evening's play, a good salary every week, and a great benefit at the end of the season. In the first instance, I was freely indulged; our numbers being so limited, that two parts in one play was by no means an uncommon allotment: with respect to salary, I had said nothing, having been assured I should *share* the same advantages as the best performer in the company; with which promise I was satisfied till the close of the week, determined not to make any exorbitant demand; but Richland soon explained what *sharing* meant. No person had a stated salary; but a portion of all money taken at the doors went first to pay rent, servants, and tradesmen; and the remainder being divided into a certain number of aliquot parts, the manager took six of those portions for his trouble, and the use of his scenery and wardrobe; and every other member of the corps took one; the prompter had something additional: and if any actor had interest or address to procure the theatre a night's patronage from any family of rank, he claimed an additional share, for what was a very important service. For some period there was what might be deemed very profitable business; and consequently, with the exception of trifling squabbles about choice of characters, general harmony prevailed. With respect to myself, being the only male performer who could turn a tune, no one disputed my title to what is termed first singing business; and a good song, in a village, is thought more of by the audience than all the acting on the stage.'—vol. i., pp. 80, 81.

This 'sharing' system was not much to Dibdin's mind. He therefore was happy to accept 'a respectable salary,' from Gardner, 'well known in Kent, as the theatrical manager of Mrs. Baker, of the Canterbury, Rochester, Tunbridge Wells, Maidstone, Feversham, Deal, and other theatres.' This same Mrs. Baker, by the way, must be remembered by every body whoever visited Tunbridge Wells. She was an eccentric and excellent woman, and we are pleased to find her character and habits very accurately described by the author.

'This good lady, who read but little, and had learned no more of writing than to sign her name, had been left a widow, without any resources but her own praiseworthy industry (and I am happy to add, profitable) stock of industry. She was at this time beginning to realize the very considerable property she since died possessed of. She had many eccentricities; but from more than twenty years' acquaintance with her, I think I may add, she owned an excellent heart, with much of the appearance and manners of a gentlewoman: she could, "in a good cause, and

with the law on her side," sometimes condescend to lingual expression, more idiomatic of Peckham-fair technicals than the elegance to be expected from a directress of the British drama.

'On making my bow in her saloon of audience, two ladies arose, and made each a profound, and (as both were good dancers), not an inelegant courtesy: the principal figure was the lady of whom I have so long been speaking; the other was her sister, principal comic dancer, occasional actress, wardrobe keeper, and professed cook. I am proud to say, that the frequent and hearty hospitality of the manageress enables me to speak to the professional excellence (in the latter capacity) of Miss Wakelin, so was the maid ycleped: for the exercise of her combined stock of talent she received from her sister board and lodging, a guinea and a half per week, a benefit in every town, *i. e.* four or five in a year, and other emoluments, by way of perquisite.

'The daily and nightly employ of the superior sister was not less arduous than that of her virgin relative. The indefatigable priestess of Thalia and Melpomene went every morning to market, and kept the box-book, on which always lay a massy silver ink-stand; which, with a superb pair of silver trumpets, several cups, tankards, and candlesticks of the same pure metal, it was the lady's honest pride to say she had paid for with her own hard earnings. She next manufactured the daily play-bill, by the help of scissors, needle, thread, and a collection of old bills; cutting a play from one, an interlude from another, a farce from a third, and sewed them neatly together; and thus precluded the necessity of pen and ink, except where the name of a former actor was to make way for a successor, and then a blank was left for the first performer who happened to call in, and who could write, to fill up. A sort of levee for those of her establishment who had business with her, while others were rehearsing on the stage (for her dwelling was generally in the theatre), filled up the remainder of the morning. Her family, consisting of a son, two daughters (one of the young ladies being the Siddons and Jordan, and the other the Crouch and Billington of the company), together with her sister, and Mr. Gardner, the manager, and sometimes a favourite actress or actor, were added to the dinner party; which no sooner separated, than Mrs. B. prepared for the important five-hours' station of money-taker at box, pit, and gallery doors, which she very cleverly united in one careful focus; and saved by it as much money in her life-time as I lost at the Surrey Theatre in six or seven years. When the curtain dropped, she immediately retired to her bed-chamber, with the receipts of the evening in a large front pocket, leaving always a supper table substantially covered, for the rest of the family. Twice a week, when the theatre was not open, a pleasant little tea and card party, concluding at an early hour, filled up the time which, on other evenings, was allotted to the business of the theatre. When Mrs. Baker (who had many years previously only employed actors and actresses of cherry-wood, holly, oak, or ebony, and dressed and undressed both the ladies and gentlemen herself), first engaged a living company, she not only used to beat the drum behind the scenes, in Richard, and other martial plays, but was occasionally her own prompter, or rather that of her actors.'—vol. i., pp. 93—97.

After going the round of several other provincial theatres, our reminiscent *obtained* an engagement as Burletta-man and Panto-

mime manufacturer, at Sadler's Wells. To this he added the performance of a similar office for Astley's Ampitheatre, where he sold in one day

> 'Blindman's-Buff, a burletta,
> The Glazier, ditto,
> The Pirates, a pantomime,
> Two sides of the Question, a burletta,'

for the sum of fourteen pounds fourteen shillings! The battle which our factotum had with Astley, for the fame of these valuable productions, deserves to be recorded. It is a laughable scene enough, particularly when one perceives that, at both sides, the question of fame reduced itself to a calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence.

'The principal difficulty I met with in my negociation with Mr. Astley, was not merely his wish, but the declaration of his *right*, to name himself in his play-bills the author of my productions. Believe me, reader, it was no impertinent pride of scribblership that made me tenacious on this score: my object (as I told the equestrian veteran), in vending my ware at so unassuming a price as fourteen pounds fourteeen shillings, for three burlettas and a pantomime, was principally the opportunity afforded me of getting my name frequently before the public; and thus reminding the three monarchs of monopoly, at the royal houses, of their promises to take me by the hand on some future occasion: but Philip would not admit this a fair argument, and the following short dialogue was the consequence:—

'*Burletta-man.*—But, Mr. Astley! I should hope you are too much a man of honour to wish to deprive me of any degree of professional credit, however trifling, which may, by bare possibility, result from the exhibition of these bagatelles.

'*Philip the Great.*—Credit? Oh! ah!—more credit in fourteen guineas; Eh! and not a light one among 'em? They can't fail—they'll go down, sir! they are jokes that everybody will take: Eh! won't they? and your pieces (if you *will* have them yours, Mr. What's-your-name!) may be damned. Eh! what d'ye think?

'*Burletta-man.*—Then I'm sure you would be still more ashamed of having called yourself their author.

'*Philip.*—They are my pieces, for all that.

'*Burletta-man.*—In what way, sir, more than by purchase?

'*Philip.*—You are a young man, and I'll just ask you one question. Did you never see a very large board, covering the front of a house in the city, and "Somebody's Yorkshire Shoe-warehouse" written on it, in letters as large as one of my son's *descriptions* on the scrolls in our pantomime?

'*Burletta-man.*—Often.

'*Philip.*—You have, eh?—well, sir! you go into *that ere* shop, or any other of the sort, and ask whose the shoes are. "Mine, to be sure!" says Mr. Heath, or Hobson, or whatever his name. "Ay, but whose make?" "Mine, to be sure!" says Hobson again; when, zounds! sir, the fellow perhaps never made a shoe in his life; but he bought them, d'ye see? paid for them in the lump, or perhaps in lots of fourteen guinea's worth (as I buy *these here* things of you), and devilish slim some of them are for *the money; and* then, by that means, they are his shoes, his make, and

his all round the ring. Eh! just as these *thingumbobs* are mine: d'ye see that? O, ho!

'Whether I saw it or not, I was too happy to see the fourteen guineas; and when I took them, the hero of the circle said, good-naturedly,—"Now I tell you what: you *shall* have your name to them; and, for any thing I know, it may do some good;—people may think it's your father. Eh! what d'ye think?" '—vol. i., pp. 193—195.

We remember having seen some seasons ago at Covent Garden, an actor, and for aught that we know he remains there yet, who had as disagreeable a presence, as harsh a voice, and as much bad taste as would have been sufficient to destroy any character whatever. Yet he was always dressed with strict propriety and neatness; he always had his part accurately, he was always at his post, and he contrived, off the stage as well as on, to preserve upon a small salary a high spirit of independence. In consequence of these qualifications we believe he has never been without an engagement. Mr. Dibdin, in a very sensible passage on his own acting, explains the secret of this matter, and at the same time indirectly confesses the fact, that in point of talent he never made any great figure on the stage.

'I made it the first point (let the part I had to play be good or bad) to be perfect in its words to a letter, and then to make the most of it in the acting; and a very indifferent actor who knows his part will always appear superior to a better performer, who, from idleness, is, what we technically called "fishing for the word," and embarrassed by the apprehension of not catching it from the prompter, when he ought, from fearless possession of the letter of his part, to be fully able to elicit the spirit of it. How many excellent actors in embryo have I seen the town ultimately deprived of, for want of due attention to a rule so simple as this *sine qua non*—necessary as courage to a soldier! Strict attention to character, in point of dress, in a provincial theatre, will always give the actor an immense advantage; so much so, as almost to supersede talent itself, where such auxiliary aid is wanting. What the real pretensions of my wife and self were I dare not affirm; but, certainly, our unremitting attention to such points as would show to advantage the trifling ability we might possess, gave us a consideration wherever we played, which is still remembered, and which (as will be seen by future correspondence) caused some regret when we left the happy circuit. The egotism of all this will be pardoned, when I boldly add, that having some time since professed myself, as Lingo says, "a master of scholars," I seize every opportunity (and this is no slight one) of impressing on all my pupils, industry in a profession I always advise them *not* to embrace; but when once adopted, they must, in spite of saints, critics, and snarlers, of every sect and sort, endeavour to make their calling respectable by the undeviating propriety of their own conduct.'—vol. i., pp. 203—205.

About the year 1800, we find our reminiscent employed at Covent Garden, chiefly in the Pantomime line. From this portion of his biography, which, in truth, is as dull a piece of writing as ever appeared in *print, we must extract* a little episode, which, considering

the rank of the parties principally concerned, will no doubt surprise the reader.

'I had the honour (for such it most certainly was) of being selected by her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth to write a sort of *vaudeville* farce, to be performed at Frogmore Lodge, before their Majesties and the royal family, at a *fête* given in celebration of the recovery of the late Princess Amelia from a dangerous indisposition. With respect to the execution of this commission, I shall take leave to relate one or two rather curious accompanying circumstances.

'While prior to the commencement of the season just passed, I was busily employed on the pantomime of the "Volcano," at a friend's house at Stratford, in Essex, I was favoured with a letter from Mrs. Mattocks, requesting me to come to town, and call on her immediately in Soho-square. As it was my duty to wait on Mr. Harris once a week at the theatre, and inspect the preparations for the Pantomime, and other matters I was engaged in,—I took the first of those days to wait on that excellent actress, who, with symptoms of heart-felt delight, congratulated me on the commission she had the honour to bear respecting the piece I have just alluded to. I need not say how grateful I felt for the distinction, how much I thanked Mrs. Mattocks for her participation in my feelings, and how eagerly I inquired who were to represent the *dramatis personæ* of what I might prevail on my Muse to elicit. Mrs. M. said there need only be three principal parts, which would be acted by herself, Mr. Quick, and Mr. Elliston. She entreated me to pay particular attention to the character to be assigned to *her*, as she had need enough, God knew! of every assistance an author could afford her; while Quick was such a favorite of His Majesty, that he would be able to make *any thing* tell.—"And Mr. Elliston, Madam?" asked I, "he is a gentleman I know little of: in what does his *forte* consist?"—"O, my dear sir! the king has seen him somewhere, at Weymouth, or Cheltenham,—and rather likes him; so he will do well enough as—a—sort of a—*gentleman* of the piece"—"Which," I replied, "it is not easy to make so good a part as the others;" this the lady assented to, treating it as a matter of no consequence. Just then Mr. Quick entered the room, and many compliments passed between the veteran pair. Finally, I had my instructions as to the length, &c., of the projected drama, and seemed to satisfy them, when I detailed the momentary thoughts which struck me as presenting an outline on which to form it. On bidding adieu, Mr. Quick, in spite of my opposition, insisted on seeing me down stairs; and with the street-door in his hand, and the richest comic expression in his eye, whispered,—"Take care of me, and don't give that woman all the cream."

'I had stipulated with Mrs. Mattocks for permission tobe present with my wife, during the performance at Frogmore; and after transmitting a more detailed plan of what I meant to do, received, some days after, the following letter:—

"I had the honour, dear sir! this morning, of an interview with Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth. She is entirely satisfied and pleased with the plan of our little comedy, and was pleased to express herself very graciously with respect to your talents, and your undertaking our play. As soon as it is done, have the goodness to send it me, that I *may immediately* get our different characters copied out, and send the piece

itself to her Royal Highness. I don't know whether it is practicable—but if you could find somebody to copy out our parts as you write them, it would save time, and that would be saving what is very material. Any expense you may incur, I will discharge.

"I am, dear Sir,
"Your very obliged, humble servant,
"ISABELLA MATTOCKS.

"P. S. Mrs. Dibdin (to whom I beg my compliments) and yourself have leave to come to Frogmore."

'It was further intimated to me, on calling in Soho-square, that I was to receive THREE GUINEAS for the piece. I, in great astonishment, stated to Mrs. Mattocks, first, that in the few days since my seeing her, I had finished the piece completely, and paid one guinea to a copyist for making a fair transcript; and, anticipating her wish, another guinea for writing out the parts: and secondly, that although it was but a one-act piece, I could not accept what was offered for it; nor was I desirous of any other remuneration than the distinguished honour of contributing to the amusement of the august party to be present, and of having the happiness to render the humble effort of my Muse acceptable to Her Royal Highness. Mrs. Mattocks replied, it was quite impossible the piece could be *accepted* on any terms but that of payment, and that what was offered was in proportion to the other expenses of the intended *fête*. I therefore began to take leave; when Mrs. Mattocks, perceiving I had the manuscript and copies of the parts with me, begged I would consider the matter, which I said was unnecessary, as I should feel but too much honoured in presenting my drama as a dutiful tribute of respect, but could not accept payment beneath what the *minimum* of a minor theatre would have given me. "Then," said Mrs. M. "confide in me: I will shield you from the idea of having meant any offence: and you shall have reason to be satisfied." With this assurance, I left the copies: the day of representation came, and was so tempestuously rainy, that neither wife nor self felt inclined to quit our friend's comfortable fire-side at Stratford for a wet seat in Berkshire; and the piece, which was to have been performed in the gardens, was exhibited in a temporary theatre, hastily erected within doors: I was assured it received unqualified approbation from all present. Some days afterwards, I again saw Mrs. Mattocks, who put a paper in my hand and left me; it contained five guineas, out of which I had paid two, besides the expense of visits to town.'—vol. i. pp. 268—273.

This it must be owned was a sufficiently moderate compensation, coming too from so distinguished a quarter; though we would not be disposed to wager, that it was not quite as much as the *vaudeville* was worth. Our reminiscent had, perhaps, more reason to complain of his fate on another occasion, when he received only 50*l.* for a pantomime, which was acknowledged to have produced to the Amphitheatre Royal, more than ten thousand pounds!

We do not intend to follow Mr. Dibdin through the various vicissitudes which fell to his portion, after he was attached as prompter to Drury-Lane theatre; neither shall we enter into any of his quarrels with the famous committees who ruled the affairs of that *unfortunate concern*, and under whom he was for a while

manager, or rather half-manager, jointly with the ill-fated Rae. We must here, however, observe, that Mr. Dibdin has most unwarrantably, as we think, introduced into this part of his biography, several letters addressed to him in his managerial capacity, by some of the noblemen and gentlemen who formed the cabinet of Drury-Lane. Under any circumstances, private letters, which pass between persons co-operating in any office of trust and responsibility, must necessarily be considered of a confidential nature, and the publication of them, without the consent of the writers, appears to us inexcusable. In the present instance, it is particularly reprehensible, because, the letters which Mr. Dibdin has published, contain nothing that in any way tends to the vindication of his own character. He says, that he inserts them under the expectation that they will add to the interest of his work; though it is evident enough, that to this motive was added another, arising from the desire of gratifying his vanity, by displaying the names of lords and gentlemen in juxta-position with his own.

With respect to the letters which Mr. Dibdin has selected from among those that were addressed to him from time to time, by persons soliciting engagements at the theatres under his control, we feel also that they might have been spared. Some of these, however, are given anonymously, and (if their authenticity can be depended on) are amusing enough. We give two or three specimens, with the author's commentary.

'"Sir,—I have took the liberty of Troubling you with those few lines, to Ask you if you have an Engagement Vacant in Your Company. To Let You know my Accomplishments, I am Active and Ready, Quick at my Lessons, And further, Sir, the Cheif which i Can Play is Norval in 'Douglas,' and Lothair in the 'Miller and his Men;' And have no Objection of being Usefull at the Sides as a Pheasant, &c. As My Inclination for treading the Stage is So Strong, That i I am like Lothair, 'Without the Stage my life is But a Blank,' my Services is Useless to Others and Miserable to Myself. And further, i have to state, i am Very Expeditious at Writing Plays, and have no Objection of Supplying you with a Melodrame Every 3 Months free of Expence; and i have one now in my Possession Which i have lately Wrote, Entitled The (Assassins of the forest,) in 5 Acts, Which, sir, is yours, if you think Proper to Engage Me."

'By *Pheasants* it is pretty evident the gentleman meant *peasants:* he is not quite singular in his orthographic error. I remember seeing a manuscript musical scene of "Oscar and Malvina," in which the copyist had converted "Chorus of Bards and Peasants," into "*Chorus of Bards and Pheasants.*" In the part of Whimsiculo in "The Cabinet," the saucy valet is made to ask, "What! do you take me for a post, a porter, or a running footman?" Imagine my surprise, when, at the first rehearsal, Mr. Fawcett read from his manuscript character, through a mistake of the copyist, arising entirely from my unintelligible autograph,—"What! do you take me for a pot of porter or a running footman?" Again, a stage *direction in* "The Birth-Day" should say, that Jack Junk "runs to em-

brace her (Mrs. Moral), and misses his aim;" instead of which was written —"runs to embrace her, and kisses her arm." I could mention many other whimsical errors having birth from the same cause, but shall intrude no further than to state that Mr. Simmons (father of the talented little actor of that name, who so many years delighted the town at Covent-Garden), being the receiver of tickets and orders at the theatre, was so convinced of my inability to write a plain and legible hand, that he actually, one evening, refused an order of mine because he could read it. I have another application commencing with "I am a salamander and sing comic songs." The following is from a celebrated *siffleur*:—

'"Sir,—I Take the Liberty of Inclosing a few Lines, to Inform you that I am a beautifull Whistler If you Please to Give Me one Trial on the Stage.

'"Sir, I Remain your Obt. Set.

'"For Answear."

'The next from a very pretty Irish lady:—

'"Sir,—Pardon the Liberty I take in writeing to you, as being to you a Totle Strainger, and likewise in London and not Knowing any Theatreal performer in Town, I hope Sir this will *plade* an excuse, I therefore am induced to take this metherd of offering myself to ingage with you, to take any Part you may be pleased to give me. I should be happy to have an intervew with you on this subject, should you be in wants of such an actress; a Line address to me to be Left at Mr. harwoods, Circulateing Librey, No. 21, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, shall be immediately attended to.

'"Sir, your most obt. Humbel Servent."

'The last but one I shall offer, from a very promising, and at the same time diffident young author, is also *verbatim et literatim*:—

'"Sir,—Allow me, with the utmost respect and becoming fortitude, the privilege, as well as the honour, though an entire stranger, of soliciting your attention towards the enclosed. A self-interrogation had long perplexed my mind, concerning whether I was capable of undertaking the difficult, as well as resolute part, of an author:—many proofs, I imagined, announced me incompetent, and yet others appeared convincing me to the contrary. The generality of mankind are too apt in imagining themselves exulting in a state of future prosperity; instead of employing resignation to make themselves content in whatever wretched capacity the precarious will of Providence may judge necessary. Of the former disposition am I; therefore, I threw aside every obstacle, and consigned my all to chance. Emboldened by every favourable idea on my own side, I commenced the present production; nor were my exertions reluctantly given, but indefatigable in its progress, though I was continually teazed by voices forbidding such an undertaking: my last consideration, is that of receiving any emolument from the drama, but candidly, if I may employ the expression, the smiles of aspiring Fame! I shall now conclude, with humbly soliciting for an insurmountable favour on your part, which is, to use your never failing talent, in whatever situation you think proper, if you suppose the enclosed worthy of such noble indulgence! but if it should so happen as to be entirely rejected, which I shall know by not observing any announcement of its representation in your bills, why, I shall make myself perfectly contented, as I am most rigidly assured that I could not have entrusted any dramatic attempt whatever into the hands of a man more

zealous in wishing to give satisfaction than yourself; and therefore, without any apology, allow me to repeat boldly, what I would wish to be:—An Object worthy of your Regard.

'"June 25th, 1818."

'The critique of Sir Lucius O'Trigger on the letter of Mrs. Malaprop is certainly very applicable to this note, in which there are words "arbitrarily pressed in the service, which would get their *Habeas Corpus* from any court in Christendom."

'The following concluding note from a once celebrated French dancer, is worthy a place among some of Smollett's best slip-slop epistles: it is addressed to *Mr. T. Dibdin, Esq.*—

'"Madam ****'s Respectful compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Dibdin, and will be mutch oblight to him if e will favour us with an order for next week, as she as not had the Pleasur of seeing your theatres this four years Past; and at the same time will recomend the bearer, Mr. ****, to you for an engagement at your theatre, as it is is wish to serve you as far as lay in his Power: is Brothe is Engaged at Mr. Astleys Theatre for the season now comming on, and if you have a vacancy you can Place the barer in, e will make im self as usefull as e can to serve you, and think e will sute you.

'"N B. If you have no vacancy in your own theatre, be so kind as to Recomend im to your Broth* for Sadler's Wels."'—pp. 120—125.

Mr. Dibdin's unfortunate speculations in the Surrey theatre, and their consequences in compelling him to avail himself of the Insolvent Debtor's Act, are matters of such recent notoriety, that we did not expect to meet with more than a short reference to them in the work before us. We had calculated without our host, for they form the leading theme of his second volume, and are as minutely detailed as if they had been fraught with the deepest interest to the public. Well might he exclaim, when with a large family to support, and disappointments thickening on his head every succeeding night, he recurred to the first indiscretion of his life.—'Truly is it asserted, that it is *le premier pas qui coûte:* no distance of time can make right that which in the beginning was essentially wrong: therefore pause, children of delusive expectations! before you quit the way pointed out to you by parental affection, or the care of those who have natural "authority over you!" lest thoughtless deviation lead you to feel the truth of Sheridan's assertion respecting folly of a different kind;—that often for our eventual benefit, "the crime carries the punishment along with it."'

We have only one remark more to add, that we never met with two volumes in which so many deaths are recorded. In this respect they are almost as bad as a charnel-house.

'* *Broth*, I presume, stands for *brother*.'

ART. VII. *The Adventures of Naufragus.* Written by himself. 8vo. pp. 225. 8*s.* London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1827.

WE are told in the preface to this work, that it is 'a faithful narrative of the trials and adventures of a man, who, feeling that his course had been no common one, and conceiving that a published record of it may be as useful to others, as the experience which it has afforded him has been useful to himself, cannot withhold it from the public.' Notwithstanding the fictitious aspect of the title, and even after feeling startled at more than one of the adventures which the author relates, we are much disposed to credit the authenticity of the whole narrative. It is certainly a singular one. The scene being chiefly in the Eastern seas, the occurrences are of a character in many respects novel to our experience, and such as could hardly have been wholly fabricated by the imagination. In order to afford their prototype to the mind, they must have actually taken place; and though, possibly, they may not have all happened within the observation of the author, yet it is evident that he is indebted for them to real facts, wherever he found them.

The author, so far as we can collect from his book, appears to be endowed with a highly sensitive temperament, and with talents of no mean order. Some of the most extraordinary of the circumstances which he relates, would appear to have occurred to him before he attained his twentieth year; yet even before that period we find him full of the mania of adventure, and evincing remarkable fortitude under the most discouraging frowns of fortune. A disposition formed to admire the works of nature, and to feel a lively interest in all her operations, whether on a terrific or pleasing scale, seems to have generally provided him with a flow of cheerful spirits; and with their usual accompaniment, a generous love of independence.

> " In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
> Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
> In darkness, and in storm, he found delight;
> Nor less than when on ocean-wave serene
> The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
> Ev'n sad vicissitude amused his soul:
> And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
> And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
> A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control."

In consequence of the poverty of his parents, who were stripped of affluence by commercial vicissitudes, the author was indebted to an uncle for his education, such as it was, in one of the economical schools in the north of England. He speaks of the time that he spent there with no great feeling of delight. It was cheered by few presents; and he experienced that most sickening of all school-boy

sufferings—being left at the seminary during the vacations. The following passage will let the reader a little further into a knowledge of his early hardships, and the peculiar turn of his mind :—

'But privations did not constitute the whole of my unhappiness : with them positive sufferings concurred, especially some inflicted with the whip. On the cold winter mornings we were at our desks by seven; and the many times I have crawled up, shivering, to receive on my already-benumbed finger-ends smart stripes from the cane, are yet fresh in my memory. As for the fire, never, even on the coldest days, did I derive any benefit from it, in consequence of the tyranny of the elder boys; and on the whole, I cannot bring my school-days to mind, without feeling that I would willingly forego all the advantages of the brightest education, and the benefit resulting from a successful application of it—consenting to remain in unlettered ignorance, rather than again undergo the miseries of my school-days.

'The hardships of my boyhood may possibly have impressed me with a rather gloomy, unsocial, or more properly speaking, *unhappy* turn of mind: it is at least certain that I had no chosen friend in the school—no playmate: for I loved not play as other boys loved it; my delight was to be alone. For hours, even in the winter, would I wander, solitary, in the deep recesses of a wood, delighted with the awful stillness—the deep echo—or the howling of the wintry wind. I loved to hear the rustling of birds—to watch the playful squirrel—to catch a hasty glimpse of passing foxes, nothing fearful of me; and then to gather berries, until wearied nature sent me back to school.

'In the summer still would I be alone, seeking shades remote from habitations—reclining on a mossy bank, and beholding with enthusiastic wonder and delight, the glittering, golden scenes around me. With what rapture would I listen to the lark! and when I viewed the arched sky, of clear ethereal blue, as if I would *look it through*, how disturbing was the reflection, that I could not remain for ever where I was, at rest and happy!

'My tasks I soon mastered, and made rapid progress in arithmetic, Latin, and navigation; but all were in a great measure thrown away upon me: to study external nature, in her grandest forms, was my delight; and amidst the sweets of solitude, all labour was forgotten; my mind was entirely wrapt in admiration and wonder at the grandeur of a wood, or in delight with the beauty of a landscape, or the charms of a solitary walk, over a wide, dreary, deserted moor.'—pp. 2, 3.

When it was thought that he had got enough of figures in his head, he was sent out as a midshipman in an East Indiaman, of which his uncle was owner. The manner in which he was fitted out, was characteristic of avuncular frugality. A list of necessaries was sent to a slop-shop in Leadenhall-street, and an order given for them, without the slightest reference to his person: his shoes were, consequently, too large or too small; his caps were intended for a soldier, not for a sailor; his uniform coat was large enough for his grandfather; and when he walked into it, the train swept the deck behind him, to the boundless amusement of his *companions*: his shirts were in the same proportion; and, in short,

his whole establishment was outré and useless. Thus rigged out, he made his first voyage to Bombay and back, without encountering any adventure worthy of notice. His general experience of the happiness of a middie's life was rather disheartening.

'Of all lives in the world, that of a midshipman of an East Indiaman is the most distressing and contemptible: neither received by the officers, or obeyed by the seamen, he loses all the privileges of the latter, without having any of the comforts of the former. By the officers he is kept at a distance, and by the seamen held in derision: he is a mere walking candlestick; the principal part of his duty being to hold a candle to the officers in the ship's hold. The sailors are always watching for an opportunity to pilfer the poor middie's apparel; and frequently the chest full, on leaving England a few weeks before, of valuable clothes, linen, shoes, and other necessary articles, is as empty as the poor fellow's bread-bag.'—p. 6.

His second voyage he performed in a similar enviable capacity, on board a ship of twelve hundred tons, bound to St. Helena, Bencoolen and China. He complains, on this occasion, of having met with exceedingly harsh treatment from the second officer, during the voyage outward; such was his misery, that he resolved on quitting the ship at Pulo-Penang, in Prince of Wales' Island—a resolution which he carried into effect with the greatest possible coolness and determination, without a sixpence in his pocket. His first object on landing, was, of course, to conceal himself from pursuit as quickly as possible. He fled to the adjoining forests; and after wandering about for four days, he had the felicity, on ascending the summit of a mountain, to see his ship under weigh, and soon diminished to a speck on the horizon. Upon this he returned to the town, and, through the kind interposition of a British merchant established there, he obtained immediate employment as second mate on board the Jane, a country brig, under the command of a good-humoured, kind-hearted captain, named Lambert, whose chief mate was an eccentric fellow called Tassit, a half-caste, or creole, of Bengal, educated in England.

'All hands were busy receiving cargo, which we were to leave at Malacca for some China ship expected there; and all possible haste was made to sail immediately. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when I went on board, and at five Tassit very civilly asked me down to tea. I readily obeyed the summons, and followed him to the cabin. There I found the leg and wing of a cold fowl, toast, biscuits, butter, a piece of cold ham, and a smoking tea-kettle in the hands of a lascar. Down I sat, opposite to my new friend Tassit, and began upon the fowl and ham, which soon disappeared; the toast and tea also vanished, and with equal celerity, Tassit all the while ministering to my wants with much patience and good-nature; and when I afterwards told him that that meal was the only one I had for four days, he laughed immoderately; but suddenly checking himself, said, in a serious tone—"By all that's wonderful, I thought you would have killed yourself!"'—p. 17.

Our hero now began *to* earn money for the first time. He was

engaged at a stipend of eighty sicca rupees (10*l.*) per month, and his feelings may be imagined, as he was borne down the beautiful channel that conducted his vessel towards the straits of Malacca. 'Our little skiff (he observes) was wafted by a gentle, refreshing zephyr, and the lascars, in groups, were relating some of their marvellous tales, while Tassit and myself, sipping our tea, sweetened with China candy, and enriched with the milk of a favorite goat, were listening to the captain's descriptions of the different splendid or remarkable scenes which presented themselves. The sky continued for many days cloudless and beautifully blue; and I may rank the evening hours of this day among the few really happy hours of my life.' Naufragus thus spent four pleasant months trading to different Malay ports; on arriving at Calcutta, as the Jane was destined to 'lie by' for a season, he availed himself of an opportunity which presented itself for returning to England. Before setttng out on his voyage, he mentions three grand spectacles which had, at different times, attracted his attention. The passage is worth transcribing, for the poetic powers of description which it displays.

'I have never yet been a voyage without seeing something new and eminently grand in the works either of nature or of art. Of the objects worthy of attention in this voyage, three made a lasting impression on my mind: the first was, the tremendous sea rolling off the Cape of Good Hope, in one of the most direful storms perhaps ever known. The sea off the Cape is proverbial for the terrific height to which it runs; even to mariners it proves appalling, and to many voyagers fatal; in might, awful grandeur, and in fury, it surpasses all the seas on the face of the globe. The storm came on with a gentle zephyr off the land, which increased to a horrid roar of whirlwind, accompanied with continual flashes of lightning, vivid balls of fire darting around the vessel, and bursts of tremendous thunder: it continued during a whole week. The nights were horrible: the hoarse cry of the sailors' voices could scarcely be heard amidst the deafening roar of the foaming billows and the howling of the wind in terrifically violent intermitting gusts through the rigging. The sea, as seen by the flashes of lightning, appeared eager to swallow us up in destruction. At the dawn of day, what a subject for a poet! what a field for a masterly painter! But no artist, however masterly, could do justice to a scene so awful; nor pencil, nor language, convey to the mind any the remotest idea of its mighty grandeur. Truly does the Psalmist say—"They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." The sea, terrific and dark as the clouds which covered it, rolled slowly onward, as if sure of destroying its victim; and when the threatening billow reached us, destruction seemed inevitable. But no! the bark sinks not—she is hurled up to the heavens on its bosom, and the spectator sees beneath him a frightful and yawning gulf, into which he again sinks to be again borne upward!

This was the grandeur of nature. The second was the grandeur of art, as exhibited in His Majesty's frigate the Loire, Captain Brown, under whose convoy we were sailing. In the Atlantic ocean, one morning early the Loire sailed *close alongside* of us. The breeze was scarcely strong enough to ripple the

waters, and emitted a refreshing fragrance; the frigate, as if conscious of her superiority and imposing beauty, as she glided through her native element, sailed majestically side by side with us, a martial band on board her striking up in the best style: not one of us but felt a glow of exaltation on beholding so fair a sample of England's pride: not one but felt the love of his country strong within him. But not a whisper could be heard—a death-like stillness, interrupted only by the music and the sighing of the breeze, reigned around, while the minds and eyes of all were busily employed on the unrivalled scene before them. Suddenly a signal from another ship of the fleet, for a *strange sail*, produced an instantaneous change of scene; swift as thought, the Loire was crowded "low and aloft" with sail; in an instant she bore away from us, and in less than an hour was a mere speck on the horizon, in hot pursuit of the stranger. By one she reappeared, overtook us, fired a gun to leeward, and made signal—"WAR WITH AMERICA."

'The third, was the glorious spectacle of the setting sun. For ten evenings together, during a period of from twenty to thirty minutes after the fiery orb had withdrawn, the horizon presented such a rich variety of fantastic forms, and matchless colours, of azure gold, and spangles, vying, as it were, to surpass each other in delicacy and splendour—the whole too reflected upon the rippling ocean in the west—as to produce an effect beyond description magnificent and delightful, and which inspired all of us with admiration.—"How grand!" all exclaimed; "and," thought I, "how worthy of the great Creator, who has given to the objects of nature the most agreeable forms and accessories, as well as the most important uses!"'—pp. 40, 42.

Naufragus gained little by returning to England. He found his uncle so prejudiced against him, on account of quitting his ship, that he would do nothing further to promote his interests. He succeeded, however, through another channel, in getting from the directors of the East India Company 'Free Mariner's Indentures,' which enabled him to trade in the possessions of the company. He went out to Ceylon, was fortunate enough to obtain an appointment as officer on board a coasting trader of Malabar, and at the end of eighteen months he acquired by trading on his own account five or six thousand rupees. We wish that his description of the state of European society at the British settlements had been more extended. At Calicut (a place remarkable for having originated the name of a fabric which we formerly imported from India, but now export to all the world in incredible quantities), the English reside in bungalows, a sort of building peculiar to India. It is constructed of brick, sometimes of bamboo and matting, it contains four or six spacious rooms, all on one floor, with back and front verandahs: the roof is thatched. Music, dancing, billiards, newspapers, pamphlets and periodical works, appear to be the staple amusements of the place. Here, as we believe in most parts of India, serpents are as abundant as our sparrows in England.

'Every morning, on turning my waking eyes on the beams and rafters of our bungalow, I saw serpents, of a large size, creeping and winding over and about them. At first I was horror-struck at the sight; but after a time they had ceased to *terrify* me, and at length became even familiar to

the eye; so that when I awoke, I used to look for them as objects of course, and learnt to distinguish my visitants one from another, both by the diversity of their speckles, black and green, and by their size; they twined round and round the rafters and beams, but I never knew one of them to fall upon or molest me. Here also, as at Prince of Wales' Island, the trees and bushes were illumined by swarms of fire-flies, which presented, on a dark night, the grandest sight imaginable. It was my custom to stroll with my friends through the paddy-fields in the interior, and admire the verdure of the country and the majesty of the silent forest; and often has the black scorpion, two or three inches in length, turned towards us his deadly sting;—and the wild elephant, the buffalo, or sanguinary tiger, encroached on our path; and here the boa, and other enormous serpents, fatal alike to man and beast, might be seen coiled beneath the bushes, watching eagerly for their prey.'—p. 50, 51.

The following circumstances exhibit some of the dangers which are common in those countries.

'About a mile from our bungalow was a small rivulet, over which the trunk of a tree had been placed for the convenience of foot-passengers; this rivulet had been crossed by our captain at four o'clock in the evening, and at half-past five the villagers were aroused by loud and piercing shrieks issuing from the spot: they quickly repaired to it, but too late—a tiger had seized a little girl, and had succeeded in escaping with her into the woods; her own brother, a boy about nine years of age, being an eye-witness of his sister's tragical end.

'On another evening, loud voices were heard to proceed from the village, and torches seen moving about in great numbers; we repaired to the spot immediately, and found the cause of alarm to be a large serpent, which had been captured by the villagers in the act of seizing a young jackal, which the monster could neither swallow nor disgorge; writhing in agony (the jackal at the same time rending the air with cries) at last it fell under the swords of its captors. The serpent's body was of the thickness of that of an infant a few months' old: its length, seventeen feet. The jackal died immediately on being released from its jaws.'—p. 52.

Our author says, that in India a tiger will never carry off a European, when he can get hold of natives; we own we should not like to try the experiment, particularly as it is well known, that upon the approach of danger, the bearers invariably throw down the palanquin, and fly as quickly as possible, leaving the traveller to resist or fall alone.

Having realised his little fortune, our adventurer now thought it high time to buy a vessel for himself, and accordingly he repaired to Calcutta for that purpose. His agent, on this occasion, was an important personage, whom, together with one or two of his semi-Anglicised countrymen, we must introduce to the reader.

'Moodoosooden Chetarjee was a sedate-looking youth; his gait and manner had even an air of sanctity, much heightened by his dress, a garment of fine linen folded loosely over him, and hanging down to his sandaled feet, his turban being of rich muslin. On his entrance he

would make his *salam* by raising his hands, in a graceful curve, to his forehead, touching it three times.—"Well, Moodoosooden," I would exclaim, "what news this morning?"—[With emphasis]—"All the best news, my lord!"—"What is it, Moodoosooden?"—"Nothing, my lord! This odd reply at first gave disappointment to inspired hopes; and it was not until I got used to Moodoosooden's manner, that I could suppress the curiosity which his mode of answering was calculated to excite. In general, indeed, as may well be imagined, the natives puzzle Europeans, fresh from their native soil. Once, for instance, on a free trader's arrival off Diamond Harbour, from Europe, a baboo * having come on board, with his attendants, to make his salam to the commander, was addressed with—"Well, Ramcunny [all flocking round him] what news in Calcutta?"—"Oh, bad, very bad news, my lord!"—"What's that? let's have it."—"Oh, *Colonel Forbis*, master, kill one crore † black, and plenty white man, every day," to the consternation of all.—"Indeed!" said the pilot; "that must have happened then, since I've come down." All were pretty well puzzled in endeavouring to ascertain who this desperate fellow—"*Colonel Forbis*," could be; he was at length discovered to be a personification of the *cholera morbus*, which had just then made its appearance, and was raging with fatal violence.

'On another occasion, an English gentleman, who was going on a visit for a few days to a friend at Hooghly, left his bungalow at Aleppe, in the charge of his sircar, with strict directions to write, should any thing happen. A day or two had scarcely elapsed ere a letter came from blackee, who probably wrote from the dictionary, indited verbatim as follows:—

"My dear friend—We all wait you: come this day—the shutters got quite abroad, and a nullity thereabouts; last night they had very great palpitation—Come directly. From your loving friend and servant,

RAMCUNNY BUTTERJEA."

'On the receipt of this important epistle, the gentleman repaired to Aleppe, and found that the shutters of his bungalow had indeed had a "very great palpitation," for a hurricane had blown them completely off the hinges; and moreover, they had gone "quite abroad," or, in other words, were blown to the distance of twenty or thirty yards from the house. As for the "nullity thereabouts," he interpreted that to refer to the bare appearance of the walls.'—pp. 54—56.

With the assistance of his agent, our adventurer purchased a

'* The baboos of Calcutta are a very useful class of persons; their business is to dispose of the investments of European traders, to make purchases for them in the bazar, and, in short, to provide all their necessaries. They indeed, by their superior skill in the art of over-reaching, levy a duty on their employer beyond what he expected to be called upon to pay; but if *they* cheat him, they take care that no one else shall. The baboos of the lower description (or sircars), with the view of getting into their power any young European, fresh from Europe, readily come forward with advances of cash; in which case they seldom fail to realise a handsome interest on their money, charging an enormous profit of seventy-five or a hundred per cent. on every article furnished.'

'† One hundred lack *of rupees*.'

brig for five hundred pounds, and obtained a rich freight for different places, which cleared more than the cost and outfit of the vessel. Behold him, therefore, arrived at Madras, surrounded by all the pomp of a commander, though not yet arrived at his eighteenth year. We cannot resist the temptation of extracting his account of his reception in that luxurious capital.

'The business of entering my vessel at the custom-house, and making preparations for landing my freight, being settled, I returned to the hotel. No sooner was I seated in a spacious room, affording a pleasant prospect of Fort St. George, and of the esplanade in front, than a bevy of dubashes* surrounded me, each eager that his services should be accepted. At the recommendation of the master of the hotel, I selected one, named *Koondar Gruar;* he was a tall stately personage, intensely black; through his nose he wore a large gold ring; snd his fingers were covered with massy rings of the same precious metal, some of them set with topazes, pearls, and emeralds. Of his mustachios, which were enormously large, he seemed not a little vain, for he was continually smoothing them upwards with his fore-finger and thumb. He commented, in glowing terms, on the luxury of having the fingers jointed, the ears cleaned, and the nails paired, before dinner; and recommended me to undergo these operations, alleging that it was the *custom*, and very *refreshing*. Before I could well make a reply, an active little personage, also with a ring through his nose, began to pull my fingers, and made each of them crack to pretty quick time, and not without pain; he then, without ceremony, laid hold of my head with his two hands, turned it round, introduced a small instrument into my ear, and cleaned it out, almost before I was aware what he was about; to the other, he did the same: when he had finished, he placed his thumb inside the ear, and on withdrawing it, contrived, by some manœuvre, to produce a noise not unlike the report of a pop-gun, and nearly as loud. Then, taking my cheeks between his two hands, he suddenly twisted my neck over my right shoulder, and with such quickness and violence, that I almost imagined a dislocation to have been produced. I had little time, however, to consider, for the indefatigable operator twirled it round again, just as expeditiously on the other side; I was about to testify my dislike to these operations, when, with a sudden jerk, he restored my head to its natural position; and while I was doubting whether it was safe or not, he made a very low bow, holding out his hand for a *box* (or present), Koondar Gruar and his attendants, all the while, standing by and looking on with great gravity. I told Koondar Gruar to give him five *fanams* †, but, skilful as he was, resolved never again to put myself under his hands.'—p. 63, 64.

These personages were followed by a crowd of jugglers, dwarfs, and other exhibitants, eager to amuse the stranger, and to extract fanams from his purse. There was a remarkable feat performed by one of these gentlemen (p. 65), which we fear even to allude to, it is so shocking to the senses.

After discharging our cargo, our adventurer made several other

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'* Similar to the baboos of Bengal.'

'† *Fanam*, a silver coin, worth about twopence halfpenny.'

voyages, in which he continued "to increase his store." On every occasion, he appears to have mingled romance and commerce with almost equal attention. He gives a glowing description of the Mauritius, where it was natural enough, that he should visit the scenes so celebrated by the loves of Paul and Virginia. It was rather a redundancy, however, to introduce into this book so much as he has inserted of that unrivalled narrative, which every body who can read at all, must have deposited in his memory. The author mentions a singular fact, concerning two residents of this island, which we fear may be classed among "the prodigious!"

'In this island, reside two old men, who have long had the reputation of possessing the peculiar power of discerning objects at an immense distance—a power which is supposed to receive assistance from the refractive property of the atmosphere; but they will not reveal the secret without a considerable compensation.—"It arises not from mirage, which produces the fata morgana, and other illusions, because these phenomena are supposed to be only represented when the clouds are peculiarly composed; but the nephologi (if such they may be called) of this island are said to be equally favoured, whether the welkin be overspread or perfectly cloudless." One of these persons is said to have reported the approach of the English expedition, four days before it was seen by the rest of the inhabitants; and very recently, one of the old men announced that a ship with four masts was approaching the island: in five days after, two brigs arrived, one towing the other, which was in distress. The images of these objects, as discerned in the clouds, and which, it is said, are inverted, presented the appearance of a ship with four masts.'—pp. 89, 90.

Here, also, our wanderer found a Virginia for himself, in the shape of a young French lady, whom he paints in bewitching colours: he married her, and spent the honey-moon at sea.

'Virginia and I had a favourable voyage to Tappanooly, enjoying together every external comfort—society, music, golden prospects, and especially young love. The objects which pleased her most were, the voracious shark in his entanglement *—the varying and evanescent hues of the dying dolphin—the shoals of bonetas and albicores, which, in countless numbers, bounded swiftly by;—the flying-fish—and the luminous appearance of the sea at night: all these were to her new objects of surprise, and her enjoyment was mine: we were, indeed, happy!

'* The shark is invariably attended by a remarkable fish, called the "pilot-fish." Two or three of this species precede his course, at the distance of a few feet, and one or two swim on each side of him. The vulgar opinion is, that they supply the deficiency of smell in the shark, and cater his food for him; in return for which services, they are received into his jaws as a place of refuge on the approach of danger. When the shark is caught, I have seen the pilot-fishes swim about, seemingly in great distress, until he is hauled up, when they disappear. They are each from eight to twelve inches in length, marked with transverse streaks of blue and a yellowish brown; and from the deck of a ship their appearance is extremely beautiful.'

'In about seven weeks from our departure, we approached the west coast of the island of Sumatra; and when near to Tappanooly, rounded a small island, of a conical form, which rears its head about nine hundred feet above the surface of the sea; it is called "Munsular." The trees on it are decorated with leaves of an extremely small size and delicate texture, and disposed with admirable uniformity. As we approached this island from the southward, and sailed round its north-eastern extremity, a magnificent waterfall, the noise of which had caught our attention when we were some miles distant from it, suddenly burst upon our view. It takes its source at the mountain-summit of the island; it was at this time about twenty-seven feet in width, and rushed downwards to the sea, with a velocity and grandeur which so entranced us in enthusiastic admiration, as to prevent the expression of it. Its roar, as we approached nearer, became louder, and resembled continued reports from large cannon, reminding us of the truth of a remark by no means new, that the mighty scenes of nature cause to appear insignificant and feeble, not only the highest productions of the human mind, but the mind itself, unable as it is to comprehend those scenes. Here, as in the neighbourhood of the Isle of France, the transparent clearness of the sea enabled us to distinguish, with amazing facility, the bottom, at the depth of thirty or forty feet, with its beds of coral, to a considerable extent, and the fishes sporting among them; but, on the whole, we were not now presented with so transcendently grand a spectacle as on the former occasion.'—pp. 108, 109.

The fortunes of Naufragus were, however, soon destined to undergo a change. At Tappanooly he risked all his capital on a cargo of soft sugar, upon which he hoped to make magnificent profits in the Calcutta market. The circumstances, by which the approach of the disastrous cloud that was now about to overshadow his prospects is marked, are, in themselves, ominous and striking. On the morning previous to his departure, his boat was missing; then his anchor was supposed to be lost; next, an unfortunate Lascar fell overboard and was drowned. The coming on of the tempest, which was to destroy all his hopes, is also, perhaps, as finely described as any thing of the kind that has ever been touched.

'A rising breeze soon wafted us beyond Sumatra's shores, to a more northern latitude; it was the south-east trade-wind, carrying us nearly within the influence of the south-west monsoon; but we were not favoured with such propitious gales as formerly. Still our spirits being in the true vein for enjoyment, we expressed a hope, which Thomson heartily participated, that we might never be less happy than we then were! This hope was scarcely born, when the sun setting with more than usual brilliancy, and leaving its path marked with streaks of gold, a bird hovered over our heads, and suddenly alighted on our taffrail: it was one of "Mother Cary's chickens," which by mariners are considered as harbingers of ill, and generally, of a furious storm. At a warning of this kind I did not then feel disposed to take alarm; but there were other warnings not to be slighted —the horizon to the east presented the extraordinary appearance of a black cloud in the shape of a bow, with its convex towards the sea, and which *kept its singular* shape and position unchanged, until nightfall. For the

period too of twenty minutes after the setting of the sun, the clouds to the north-west continued of the colour of blood: but that which most attracted our observation was, to us, a remarkable phenomenon—the sea immediately around us, and as far as the eye could discern by the light of the moon, appeared, for about forty minutes, of a perfectly milk white. We were visited by two more chickens of Mother Cary, both of which sought refuge, with our first visitor, on the mainmast. We sounded, but found no bottom at a hundred fathoms: a bucket of the water was then drawn up, the surface of which was apparently covered with innumerable sparks of fire—an effect said to be caused by the animalculæ which abound in sea-water: it is at all times common, but the sparks in general are not so numerous, nor of such magnitude, as were those which then presented themselves. The hand too, being dipped in the water, and immediately withdrawn, thousands of them would seem to adhere to it. A dismal hollow breeze, which, as the night drew on, howled through our rigging, and infused into us all a sombre, melancholy feeling, increased by gathering clouds, and the altogether portentous state of the atmosphere and elements, ushered in the first watch, which was to be kept by Thomson.

'About eight o'clock, loud claps of thunder, each in kind resembling a screech, or the blast of a trumpet, rather than the rumbling sound of thunder in Europe, burst over our heads, and were succeeded by vivid flashes of forked lightning. We now made every necessary preparation for a storm, by striking the top-gallant-mast, with their yards, close reefing the topsails and foresail, bending the storm-staysail, and battening down the main hatch, over which two tarpaulins were nailed, for the better preservation of the cargo. We observed innumerable shoals of fishes, the motions of which appeared to be more than usually vivid and redundant.

'At twelve o'clock, on my taking charge of the deck, the scene bore a character widely different from that which it presented but three hours before. We now sailed under close-reefed main-topsail, and foresail. The sea ran high; our bark laboured hard, and pitched desperately, and the waves lashed her sides with fury, and were evidently increasing in force and size. Over head nothing was to be seen but huge travelling clouds, called by sailors, the "scud," which hurried onwards with the fleetness of the eagle in her flight. Now and then the moon, then in her second quarter, would shew her disc for an instant, but be quickly obscured; or a star of "paly" light, peep out, and also disappear. The well was sounded, but the vessel did not yet make more water than what might be expected in such a sea; we, however, kept the pumps going, at intervals, in order to prevent the cargo from sustaining damage. The wind now increased, and the waves rose higher; about two o'clock *a. m.* the weather main-topsail-sheet gave way; the sail then split to ribbons, and before we could clue it up, was completely blown away from the bolt-rope. The foresail was then furled, not without great difficulty, and eminent hazard to the seamen, the storm staysail alone withstanding the mighty wind, which seemed to gain strength every half-hour; while the sea, in frightful sublimity, towered to an incredible height, frequently making a complete breach over our deck.

'At four *a. m.* I was relieved by Thomson, who at daylight apprised me that the main-topmast was sprung, and that the gale was increasing. Scarcely had I gone on deck, when a tremendous sea struck us a little

"abaft the beam," carrying every thing before it, and washing overboard hencoops, cables, water-casks, and, indeed, every moveable article on the deck. Thomson, almost by miracle, escaped being lost; but having, in common with the lascars, taken the precaution to lash a rope round his waist, we were able, by its means, to extricate him from danger; at the same time, the vessel made an appalling lurch, lying down on her beam-ends, in which position she remained for the space of two minutes, when the main-topmast, followed by the fore-topmast, went by the board, with a dreadful crash; she then righted; and we were all immediately engaged in going aloft, and with hatchets cutting away the wreck, each of us being lashed with a rope round the waist: ropes were also fastened across the deck, in parallel lines, to hold on by; for such was the violence of the vessel's motion, that without such assistance, it would have been impossible to stand. As for my Virginia, she was in her cot, hearing all that was going forward on deck,—sensible of her danger, and a prey to the apprehension of meeting a death similar to that of her prototype, and equally dreadful.'—pp. 119—121.

The storm continued for five days; during that period the sugar became dissolved, and was all pumped out with the water that flooded the well. The whole scene, the roaring of the elements, the despair and difficulties which beset the commander and the crew on all sides, and the joy that gave them all new life, when the first symptoms of the cessation of the tempest were perceived, are admirably depicted. The vessel arrived at Calcutta, but the cargo of sugar was gone. Our adventurer sold his wreck as he could, and with a little more than a hundred pounds in his pocket, he went with Virginia to reside in the interior of the Presidency.

The author's descriptions of the manners of the natives, as well as of the British settlers in the different parts of the Presidency which he visited, are replete with interesting particulars, for which we must refer to the volume itself. It is with much pain we observe, that the morals of our countrymen in that region, are by no means of the best description. It would seem that her husband had much difficulty, and that upon more than one occasion, in preserving Virginia, not only from the secret arts and temptations, but the open violence, of persons moving in a respectable station of mercantile life. We shall conclude our extracts with the author's account of one of these perils; as for the ghost-story with which it concludes, we may be permitted to offer no opinion upon it, particularly as it is related with so much sincerity. It is necessary to premise, that a person named Dennison, proposed to employ the author to superintend a charcoal manufactory, which he intended to set up in the interior of the Presidency, and that upon its being mentioned to Virginia, she strongly deprecated the scheme.

'"Rejoiced am I to see you alive, Naufragus!—I weep, through fear of your safety—nothing more; but if your regard for me is really sincere, *prove it, by complying* with my request. Leave this horrid place imme-

diately, and return to Chandernagore. Believe me, we are not safe here; we are on the brink of destruction, and in the hands, I have reason to think, of murderers!"—"How so?"—"That, I will tell you hereafter," said she; "first set my heart at rest—give me your promise to return to-morrow."—"You are unreasonable," I replied; "this is some silly whim of yours. Is it because you see me happy among cheerful and hospitable friends, that you wish me to return? Do you grudge me the few hours of social enjoyment, almost the first that chance has thrown in our way, since our marriage? or, would you blast the golden harvest that awaits us? But you know not what is in contemplation: we are going far into the interior, where there is a promising field for the exercise of industry, and abundance of wealth to reward it,—wealth, which will afford us the means of passing the summer of our existence happily together, either in your native land, or in Europe."

'"Your happiness and welfare are mine, Naufragus; can I do otherwise than desire both, as they are both interwoven with my own? Do not suppose this, nor disregard my counsel: at least hear my reasons. This morning, previous to Mr. Dennison's walk with you, I overheard a conversation between him and Riago. It almost petrified me. Dennison said he would get you out of the way, and possess me, if he perished in the attempt; and the villain Riago encouraged him to do so!" This intelligence surprised me; but with the view to pacify her, I replied, that I thought she might be mistaken, but that I certainly would consider.

'We dined as usual at five. My thoughts busied on various subjects, I spoke but little; while Dennison and Riago were in deep discourse by themselves. After tea, however, we conversed on the golden prospects before us, until ten, when the ladies retired to bed, leaving me and my two companions together. In a few minutes, I too retired; and on reaching the verandah, observed that the full moon had risen, and was shining with a brilliancy so luminous, that by its aid I could, with perfect convenience, have read the smallest print. I threw myself on the bed, and was in the act of commending myself to the care and protection of that Providence which had never yet forsaken me, when, as I knelt, with my face to the east, I beheld a figure approaching, which I naturally concluded to be no other than my bed-fellow, Riago. Why I was averse to being seen in the posture of prayer, I leave others better versed in human nature than myself to determine; certain it is, I no sooner observed the figure, than I crouched down, gradually, until I lay on my back, in the hope of having escaped observation, and in momentary expectation of Riago's appearance. The figure approached; still supposing it to be Riago, I did not then look at it attentively, but lifted the curtains, which were of white gauze, so fine as scarcely to be perceptible, for Riago to come in. The figure paused for the space of about a second, and, to my astonishment, proceeded onwards towards the termination of the verandah, whence there was no outlet. Amazed, I now looked stedfastly at it, when, for a moment or two, it appeared to be stationary, at the distance of about six paces from me, presenting the appearance of a person not unlike in stature to Riago, but so peculiarly enveloped in, apparently, the folds of a light-coloured mantle, as to render it impossible for me to distinguish its features; it immediately disappeared, or, rather, vanished from my fixed gaze. My agitation was excessive; I *instantly bounded* off the bed, and entered the hall, where I

found Dennison and Riago, still conversing, as when I left them. No sooner did I communicate what I had observed, than they both evinced evident signs of perturbation, and we all three walked into the verandah. The ladies, who had overheard our discourse, speedily attired themselves, and came into the hall, where we all sat up during the night, riveted to our seats by an inconceivable dread, against which neither the iron nerves of Dennison nor of Riago were proof.

'The question which naturally arises is, what could this phenomenon be? The answer, I cannot pretend to furnish; but, content with having stated the fact, I leave the reader to form his own conclusions on the subject, only observing, as far as regards myself, that I have never been either credulous or superstitious. That I actually saw the figure, is certain; it is equally certain, that I saw it vanish; neither deception from without, nor imagination working within, could have produced the effect. No human being, except ourselves, was then at the bungalow, nor for many weeks had been there. Had the personage been human, we must have detected him. In mentioning this curious fact, and ascribing it to supernatural agency, I am fully sensible of the hazard of ridicule which, in the present state of public opinion, I am incurring. But although I do not lay claim to the praise which Doctor Johnson yields to an author for his "magnanimity" in relating a "fact, however strange, if he himself believes it," I am acting on the principle, that every man should possess, at least, that moral courage which simply takes its stand on a fact, without either drawing from it any general inference, or placing it in direct opposition to the speculative opinion of another.'—pp. 190—193.

Naufragus lost no time in quitting this place; and after many more adventures, and much suffering, he returned to England, where he and Virginia, we rejoice to hear, have found at length a secure harbour. We have given sufficient specimens of this work, to enable the reader to judge of its various merits. In the first fifty or sixty pages, we remarked some little flights of fancy, which betray an ardent imagination and an unpractised pen. But, in general, we have been pleased with the style of the author's narrative, for its natural fluency and grace, warmed as it is throughout with a spirit of romance, which makes its way readily to the heart. We are rather surprised that the publishers did not adopt a more popular form, for a book so well calculated to meet the taste of the day.

ART. VIII. *Essai Historique sur la Revolution du Paraguay.* Par J. R. Rengger, Docteur. 8vo. pp. 294. Paris: M. Lachevordiere. 1827.

THROUGHOUT the annals of mankind, there will not be found any thing like a precedent for the political and personal character of the existing governor of Paraguay. The frightful eccentricities of the imperial tyrants of Rome, become almost the sober, consistent acts of reason, when compared with the excesses of Doctor *Francia's* administration.

It argues no small degree of capacity and influence in this singular person, that he should have succeeded so long in keeping the affairs of Paraguay absolutely impenetrable to all foreign inquiry. At every point beyond the circle of his empire, in the Brazils, at Buenos Ayres, along the banks of the river Parana, and even of the Great Paraguay, all was ignorance or gross error respecting his acts. Nay, his own lieutenant, Artigas, who, at the head of an Indian force, maintained the frontier stations at Corrientes in his behalf, knew of the protraction of Francia's existence, at times, only by inferring it from the circumstance, that he himself was left undisturbed in his lieutenancy.

With the impressions of intense curiosity, which accounts such as these left upon their minds, Doctor Rengger, and his companion, Mr. Longchamps, both of whom had repaired to South America for purely scientific purposes, determined, on their arrival at Buenos Ayres, to proceed up to Paraguay. Sailing by the Parana to Corrientes, and thence ascending the noble stream of the Paraguay, they reached the city of Assumption, the capital of Francia's territory, in the latter end of July, 1819. They were naturally surprised at the facility with which they were allowed to sojourn at this place: it was not until they attempted to retrace their journey, that Francia's authority was found in the least inconvenient. They were, in effect, retained for six years in a sort of decent captivity, which, though it was attended by personal inconvenience, and even danger to these gentlemen, has yet enabled them to produce, with the authenticity that belongs to the testimony of eye witnesses, a highly curious and important narrative.

When Messrs. Rengger and Longchamps arrived at Assumption, Doctor Francia had been some years in the exercise of supreme power. It is necessary to consider under what circumstances he was successful in acquiring it. The affairs of Paraguay were always administered by a government of its own, though the Viceroy of Buenos Ayres claimed jurisdiction over it. When, however, in 1810, the latter state changed its form of government, Paraguay refused to follow the example. Buenos Ayres sent an army of 1000 men to force its neighbour into dependence. The only effect of this measure was, a communication by the invaders of those principles of independence and freedom by which they were animated, to the minds of the principal creoles of Paraguay. A conspiracy of those persons was soon formed against the established order of things—a congress was called, which deposed the governor, and transferred his functions to a junta of four—a president, two assessors, and a secretary. The person appointed to this latter office, was Don Jose Gasperd Rodriguez de Francia. The father of this singular man was a native of France, but early in life he retired to Portugal, whence he proceeded to Paraguay, where he *formed a union with* a creole woman. Young Francia

was destined at first for the church; but in the course of his studies at the university of Cordova, the capital of a neighbouring intendency, he discovered a preference for the law, and finally adopted the profession of the bar*. During his practice in the courts of justice at Assumption, he was distinguished by the rectitude and intrepidity of his conduct. To shield the oppressed—to sustain the weak against the strong—to dismiss the poor client with a grateful sense of the liberality which refused the proffered fee; but for the loss of which, the advocate indemnified himself by his exactions from the wealthy and litigious—these were the habitual practices of his professional life, by which Francia raised for himself treasures of respect and esteem in the hearts of his countrymen.

But he was of a solitary, brooding disposition. He led a life of uninterrupted celibacy: neither love nor friendship entered into his scheme of earthly happiness. Such being the nature of Francia, he was always characterised by stern pride, by unbending obstinacy, by all those vices, in short, which commonly grow up in minds that have not been exposed to the benefit of an intercourse with the world. He was also subject to fits of melancholy, which sometimes degenerated into madness. No doubt could be entertained of the hereditary nature of the malady; for his father, whilst he lived, was remarkable for great eccentricity of behaviour; and the brother and sister of Francia were long under restraint for confirmed lunacy.

Notwithstanding all these obstacles to the personal favour of his fellow citizens, the young advocate had obtained so much consideration with them, as to be appointed successively to some of the principal municipal offices in Assumption; and the manner in which he administered these trusts, was such as to confirm the former impressions of his virtue and capacity. When, then, a crisis arose in the political affairs of Paraguay, which called for the exercise of firmness and ability, it was not likely that such a man as Francia would be overlooked. We have seen, accordingly, that he was selected to take a principal share in the new government, which sprung out of the revolution of his native country in the year 1811. Whilst he endeavoured to lay the foundation of some settled policy for Paraguay, his colleagues appeared to think, that the possession of office was worthless, except as a means of facilitating the enjoyment of the most ridiculous amusements. Francia, looking at the accumulation of disorders and abuses, which the follies and the corruption of the other members of the junta so much encouraged; but which, with the fragment of power in his hands, he was unable to keep down, threw up his employment, and retired to the country in disgust. It was soon apparent, that the whole con-

'* It was at this university, that Francia obtained the title of "doctor" *in theology*, a distinction which he afterwards retained.'

stitution of the government must be subjected to revision; and the junta, voluntarily abdicating the supreme authority, called a fresh congress. The notions respecting a representative form of government, which were developed by the better sort of the inhabitants of Paraguay during the succeeding election, were sufficiently ludicrous. A captain of militia, a zealous revolutionist, in the course of an electioneering address to some of his countrymen, defined liberty to be a compound of faith, hope, and charity. The leaders of the revolution declared for a republic; but of the nature of that species of government they were in utter ignorance. Luckily, a copy of "Rollin's Ancient Roman History" was within reach: they consulted its pages, and had not proceeded far in the process of reference, before they were so struck with the plan of temporary magistrates, that they, one and all, concluded in favour of the institution of annual consuls. Francia, and Don Fulgencio Yegros, were the persons chosen for the consular office. It is a characteristic trait in the conduct of the former, that when the two curule chairs were placed in public for the use of the new officers, he seated himself in that which had the name of *Cæsar* written upon it, leaving to his colleague Yegros, the other that bore the title of *Pompey*. Francia now applied himself, with the utmost success, to improve the internal state of the country, and to remodel the state of its relations with the neighbouring provinces. But it was not in his nature to endure a permanent division of the sovereign power, particularly with a man, whose mind he held in deserved contempt: and on the re-assembling of the congress in the year 1814, a very short argument sufficed to convince that body, of the propriety of conferring the whole powers of government upon a single person, who should be called a dictator. His next care was to have himself appointed to that supreme office; and this object he accomplished by address, by intrigue and intimidation; for the proofs were numerous, that the independent choice of the congress rested on Yegros.

Francia having now attained the summit of power, determined to give an example of virtuous austerity of manners. From an early hour in the morning, until evening, he was employed almost unremittingly in the details of public business. The evenings he devoted to the study of the mathematics, history, geography, belles lettres, and the arts. Medicine, which was in a very primitive state at the time in Paraguay, called for no small share of his attention. The "Domestic Medicine of Buchan" appears to have been held in great esteem by the dictator. But his chief care was bestowed on the organization of the army, which he now sought by every description of means to gain over to his person. He surrounded himself with a grenadier guard, the members of which were ready to act in any capacity, which the convenience, the fears, or the whims of their master might require. In the civil and religious establishments of the country, he introduced several salu-

tary regulations; but in all his measures affecting those departments, he craftily blended, with an obvious reform, the silent increase of his own patronage.

Whilst he took these slow steps to the ultimate consolidation of his power, he felt it necessary to meet with vigour the immediate symptoms of danger to his safety. Libellous caricatures directed against his person, were punished with undue severity; and suspicion was, in too many instances, the only warrant for the arrests which he had commanded.

'Thenceforth'—observes Doctor Rengger, 'he was escorted whenever he went out on horseback by three hussars—two before and one behind. These attendants took care that all persons should stand by in the most respectful manner, while the Dictator passed. At a subsequent period, the escort had orders to turn the people back on the highway, and to enforce that measure if necessary, by striking the passengers with the flat part of their sabres. The consequence, at last, was, that everybody fled from the streets as soon as the escort was seen to approach—so that the Dictator passed through the city as if it was a perfect desert.'—p. 38.

The growth of tyranny proceeds upon the rules of the swiftest progression. Francia began to punish on suspicion of guilt—he ended by oppressing his subjects in wantonness, adding insult and mockery to imprisonment and chains.

Such was the miserable aspect of affairs at Paraguay, when Messrs. Rengger and Longchamps disembarked at Assumption. They landed at that city on the 30th of July, 1819, and in a few days afterwards, were presented to the Dictator. The following is the account of this interesting interview.

'Doctor Francia is a man of middle stature, with regular features, and those fine black eyes which characterise the Creoles of South America. He has a most penetrating look, with a strong expression of distrust. On this occasion, he wore the official costume, which consisted of a blue laced coat (the uniform of a Spanish general), waistcoat, breeches, stockings of white silk, and shoes with gold buckles. The Dictator was then sixty-two years of age, though he did not appear to be more than fifty. He asked me with a studied haughtiness of manner, several questions, by which he sought to embarrass me; but he soon after changed his tone. Having opened my portfolio to take out some papers which I had to present to him, he perceived a portrait of Bonaparte, which I, knowing his admiration for the original, had designedly placed there. He took it up, and examined it with great interest, when I told him whose likeness it was. He then began conversing familiarly upon the affairs of Europe, with which he seemed to be better acquainted than I could have supposed. He asked me for news from Spain, for which country he expressed the most profound contempt. Louis the eighteenth's charter was not to his taste; he admired much more the military government and conquests of Napoleon, whose downfal he deplored; but the principal subject on which he talked was the monks. He reproached them with pride, depravity of manners, and every *species of intrigue*; and declaimed particularly against the tendency which

he clergy in general have to throw off the authority of government. The
etter to make known his principles upon this point, he said, "If his
Holiness, the Pope, should come to Paraguay, I should make him merely
ny almoner."—Foreseeing the return of fanaticism and superstition in
Europe, he insisted upon the necessity of crushing the monkish spirit in
America, before the country became infected with the new contagion. • He
ould not, however, believe in the establishment of the Jesuits, which we
nformed him had been partly achieved; so pernicious did such an attempt
ppear to him. In speaking of the emancipation of Spanish America, he
warmly declared his devotion to the cause, and his firm resolution to defend
t against all attacks, no matter from what quarter. The ideas he expressed
elative to the manner of governing these new states, as yet but little
dvanced in civilization, appeared to me sufficiently reasonable; but,
nfortunately, he had himself put none of them into practice. He conde-
cended to shew me his library; it was scanty, it is true, but it was almost
he only one existing in Paraguay. I saw in it, together with the best
panish authors, the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Rollin, La
Place, &c. all of which he had procured since the revolution. He possessed
lso some mathematical instruments, globes and maps, amongst others,
he very best map of Paraguay that is to be found in the country. From
he knowledge of the constellations, which he acquires by means of his
elestial globe, and of the localities of his own territory by the map, it
as imagined by the people that he was an astrologer. But he himself
ever encouraged these notions: on the contrary, I can take upon me to
ay, that he endeavoured as much as possible, to remove the prejudices
ith which the minds of his countrymen were imbued. He dismissed us
ith these words, "Do here whatever you please—profess the religion you
ish—no one shall molest you; but take care not to meddle with the
ffairs of my government." We followed this advice all the time we were
n Paraguay; and the Dictator, on his part, faithfully kept his promise.
On coming away, I left the portrait of Buonaparte on his table, thinking he
ould have been glad to have it; he sent it after me by an officer, with
n order to ask the price I set on it. As I did not wish to accept money
or it, it being of little value, and as the Dictator had made it a rule never
o accept a present, the minature remained in my possession. This sur-
rised me the more, as Dr. Francia had shewn me in his closet a carica-
ure of his hero, published at Nuremburg, and which he took for his por-
rait, until I explained to him the German inscription that was under the
retched engraving. It must have been the caricature that suggested to
im the idea of completing his costume by the addition of an enormous
adge or star; an imitation of that with which Buonaparte was there repre-
ented.'—pp. 54—60.

The government of Paraguay was now, in effect, nothing else
han the will of Doctor Francia. Every day witnessed fresh mur-
ers and confiscations of property, under the abused name of law.
o little confidence had the tyrant in the fidelity of even his own
reatures, that the ball cartridges which were employed in the
xecutions of his victims, were daily distributed by his own hand.
wo horrible circumstances mark the history of this carnival of
lood. The site *where these* immolations took place, was under

the window of Dr. Francia.—He was generally within hearing of, and sometimes present at, the revolting ceremony that passed there. And then, by an atrocious application of economy, he would allow only three shots for each of the prisoners whom he sentenced to death—so that, whenever it happened that this limited means of destruction failed of full effect, the execution must be completed by the bayonet!

At the very time that the Dictator was thus engaged in reducing, by wholesale, the amount of the population, he most preposterously, but with prodigious advantage to the community, took measures to increase the quantity of the food of life. He assumed the management of the whole farming business of the country—and having laid down the plan upon which it was to be conducted, he enforced its adoption by an exercise of authority that was the least likely to be resisted. That part of the population which was in the habit of performing annual migrations to foreign countries at the season of labour, he compelled to work at home; and that industry, which had been hitherto wasted in the comparatively worthless employment of gathering the "herb of Paraguay," he directed to the cultivation of the soil. The effect of his policy was surprising. The plain, which had been supposed to be barren—the mountain to which indolence had turned with despair, now teemed with the varied abundance of the harvest. It only remained for Francia to secure to his agricultural subjects, the full enjoyment of those fruits which their well directed industry had been the means of collecting. He formed a chain of military stations along the bank of the Paraguay, where, at certain seasons, the low water of that river facilitated the passage of the predatory Indians, who had so often disappointed the hopes of the husbandman. By these provisions, he effectually guarded his territory against the destructive incursions of this rapacious tribe.

In the improvement of the mechanical arts, those especially which were immediately connected with the convenience of life, he was quite as successful. He very soon created a race of eminent artizans in every branch of art. His methods of stimulating proficiency were altogether his own—but they were not the less effectual. Faults of taste, want of skill—mere awkwardness in a tradesman, were visited with imprisonment, or chains—A misfit in a tailor or shoemaker, brought down perhaps a sentence of hard labour for life.

But it was next to impossible, that a government such as that of Francia should not have provoked disaffection. A formidable conspiracy, chiefly fomented by an agent from Buenos Ayres, was organized against him in the capital of the state, and might have proved fatal to his empire, and perhaps to his existence, but for the treachery of one of the conspirators, who disclosed the plot. The discovery led to numerous arrests, amongst which was that of *Francia's late* colleague in the consulship, Don Fulgencio Yegros,

and to more rigid measures of security. The mixture of the terrible and the ludicrous in those measures is so surprising, that nothing but the highest claims to credibility on the part of the witness who relates them, could satisfy any rational person that he was listening to the truth.

'This conspiracy rendered Doctor Francia much more difficult of access. He now saw only traitors and conspirators in the persons of those who sought to approach him. Woe to those who fell in his way—imprisonment or hard labour was sure to be their portion. The Dictator punished every thing, the most trifling accident as well as the most deliberate fault. Thus, one day the sight of an old barrel frightened his horse. He immediately caused the master of the house, before which the barrel was placed, to be arrested. Having learned from the statements of the informer, that it was the intention of the conspirators to assassinate him in one of his daily rides through the city, he thought that the narrow winding streets, and the orange trees that bordered them, were favourable to such a design—He had them demolished. The trees were nearly all cut down, without the slightest consideration being given to the useful protection which their boughs afforded against the burning sands of the capital. But the Dictator soon perceived, that in order to regulate the streets, he must adopt some certain plan—and seeing the extent of the irregularity which had been committed, he absolutely disclaimed the functionary who had immediately superintended the above-mentioned demolitions, and he obliged the proprietors to reconstruct at their own expense, the facades of the houses that had been destroyed. In the next place, he provided for himself a residence in a barrack, situated without the city, whither he retired occasionally, in order that no one might know where he slept. For the present, he contented himself with imprisoning the conspirators, and confiscating their effects—but he caused the house where they held their councils to be razed to the ground.'—p. 84—86.

But after the lapse of a very little time, these unhappy persons being suspected of holding a traitorous correspondence with one of Francia's enemies abroad*, he was resolved to get rid of them. They were first, however, submitted to the examination by torture. The Dictator gave each day, a set of written questions to his prime secretary, who read them to one of the prisoners, in the presence of an officer and a register, and carried back the answers to his master without delay. If these answers were unsatisfactory, the prisoner was conducted into the "Chamber of Truth," where he received on his back from one to two hundred lashes of a leather whip—and this operation was repeated every two or three days, until such answers were returned as the Dictator might pronounce to be

* This person was Ramirez, a lieutenant under the command of Artigas, the governor of Entre Rios, who had, just at that period, revolted, and driving Artigas from that province, seized the government himself. He sent two deputies to Francia with amicable propositions one of these deputies was an Irishman, of the name Campbell.—As soon as they arrived at Assumption, they were thrown into prison, by order of the Dictator.

satisfactory. The inquisition over, orders were given to proceed to the execution of the prisoners. They were shot by four or eight at a time: they all died courageously, some even crying out with their last breath, "long live the country." One of these victims, a young man named Montiel, whose body had not been reached by the first discharge, with wonderful fortitude rose to order the executioners to make a second. Another of the prisoners traced upon the walls of his dungeon, this sentence: "I know that suicide is contrary to the laws of God and of man; but it is not upon my blood that the tyrant of my country should feed." The bodies of those unfortunate persons were laid before the door of the Dictator, exactly in the attitude which death had given them. There they remained until the close of day, when they were delivered to the relations of the deceased. The excessive heat of the climate had already produced putrefaction in these corpses—and during the time that they lay exposed in this manner, vultures were seen hovering round the dwelling of the Dictator. These terrific scenes were repeated every two months, until the middle of the year 1822, when forty victims perished in this manner, in one execution.

Francia contrived to have it circulated throughout Paraguay, that the object of this conspiracy was, to place the whole power and patronage of the government in the hands of an oligarchy. It was natural, thus, that all those persons who held office under him, and the body of the people, from whom those officers were chosen, should support a man whom they believed to be the champion of their interests, against the ambition of the great. Henceforth Francia had reason to apprehend danger only from without.

Nevertheless, the reign of terror proceeded with increasing rigour. The constitution of society was totally changed: coldness and distrust took the place of that harmony and mutual confidence which were the distinguishing features of the Paraguaise, above all the inhabitants of South America. Pleasures and amusements were suspended; even the guitar, the hitherto inseparable companion of every person in the country, was abandoned to profound silence. A sort of stupor fell upon the members of all classes, which rendered them insensible to whatever might happen.

Up to this time, the edge of his cruel persecutions had been directed by Francia, almost exclusively against the Creoles. It was necessary, in order to obviate the charge of partiality, that he should turn his attention to the Spaniards. These he persecuted in a thousand ways. He confined numbers of them for longer or shorter periods. He fined them also to an extent, which could only be meant as a speedy way of ruining them—and in fact as a body, they were ultimately reduced to such a state of poverty, that even the Creoles forgot their natural hatred of the Spanish race, and succoured their distress.

At this time the number of strangers resident in Assumption was

about forty—all of them, with the exception of an English physician, named Parlet, and the two authors of the interesting volume before us, having been brought there for commercial purposes. In general they were treated with forbearance, during their detention in that city; and it was not until the end of 1821, when M. Bonpland, the scientific companion of the celebrated De Humboldt, was placed in captivity by order of Francia, that they began to experience any alarm for their safety. This gentleman had formed an establishment on the frontier of Paraguay, for the preparation of the "herb of Paraguay;" but upon some frivolous pretence, he was obliged to remain in a particular part of Francia's territory, without any other means of subsistence than what he was enabled to derive by the application of his own labour to the cultivation of a small spot of land. Every attempt which has been hitherto made to procure his enlargement, has not only failed, but in several instances has been the cause of aggravating his condition—and to this hour, M. Bonpland is still a captive on his little farm, separated from all the objects of his affection, frequently in need of the common necessaries of life, unable to pursue his favourite studies, with scarcely any society except that of the agents of the Dictator, or the poor Indians; in short, dragging out existence in the most deplorable manner.

In consequence of the measures resorted to by the Dictator, to stop all communication between Paraguay and every other country, commerce was completely suspended—and quantities of merchandise went to decay in the warehouses of the capital. Francia at length opened an intercourse with Brazil, but it was so clogged with conditions, that nothing was gained by trade, from the measure.

Ever since the detection of the conspiracy which had been formed against him, Francia meditated an improvement in the police of the capital. But, unfortunately, the irregular manner in which the streets were laid out, was an insurmountable obstacle to the execution of his favourite design—he resolved to remodel the whole city—Every thing, private convenience—the most sacred rights of property, were laughed at by the Dictator. He pulled down houses—he built them up again—demolished, and reconstructed a second time, just as whim suggested; and all in a great measure at the expense of the citizens themselves. The materials and the labour necessary for building, were sometimes procured by methods which deserve no better title than that of plunder.

It is consolotary to find at last, that even such a mind as that of Francia was not inaccessible to the influence of remorse. At all events, in the middle of the year 1824, a striking amelioration took place in the system of government. It was believed that the suicide of one of his favourite civil officers had been the origin of this change. This young man filled the office of secretary of state; but finding that he had committed some trifling fault, which would draw upon him the resentment of the Dictator, and unwilling, as he stated in *a letter to Francia, to* dishonour his country and his name, by

flight, he took the rash step of drowning himself. From the moment that he heard this event, the character of the dictator began sensibly to change for the better.

At length, in the beginning of the year 1825, Mr. Parish, the British charge d'affaires at Buenos Ayres, notified to Francia that a treaty of commerce had been concluded between England and Buenos Ayres, the effect of which was the recognition of the independence of the South American states. Mr. Parish, under these circumstances, solicited the permission of the Dictator for the English merchants then detained in Paraguay, to depart with their property. Francia was so well pleased with this political intelligence, that he not only complied with the demand, but returned an answer to the British agent, in which he condescended to justify the course he had pursued towards those persons. However, sometime afterwards, when Mr. Parish made an application to the Dictator to set M. Bonpland at liberty, he returned the note in a blank envelope, with this laconic address:—"To Parish, English consul at Buenos Ayres."

The act of grace which had been thus exercised in favour of one class of strangers, was followed by similar indulgence to others; and on the 25th of May, 1825, Messrs. Rengger and Longchamps took their departure from Assumption, amidst the good wishes of thousands, who assembled to see them embark.

'It is due to truth,' says the former, 'to state, that during the six years' residence which I made in Paraguay, doctor Francia never placed the slightest impediment in the way of our pursuits; on the contrary, we experienced frequent marks of kindness from him. With respect to the inhabitants of Paraguay, both Creoles and Spaniards, we cannot justly speak of them in any other than terms of praise; we shall ever preserve a grateful sense of the hospitable reception which they afforded us'—p. 170.

We have thus far confined ourselves to the details which immediately relate to doctor Francia himself. We are obliged to pass over that division of the work, which is taken up with more general matters—the constitution and effect of Francia's government, his laws, civil and criminal, his various regulations of internal economy, the nature of his police, his military resources, his religious reforms and his financial arrangements: in the management of which, the peculiar character of the Dictator is so visible.

We must also refer to the work itself for many extraordinary anecdotes, and a variety of interesting traits of character and manners; as we presume that another month will not elapse, before a version of this work in our own language, will give the English reader an opportunity of perusing the contents of one of the most singular productions of modern times.

After having seen so much of Francia in the public exercise of his usurped power, and having witnessed the varied effects which resulted to the state from the activity of so strange a combination of *wickedness* and natural sagacity as constitutes his character, it

only remains for us to fill up the picture, by supplying the particulars relating to the private life of the Dictator, with which we are furnished by Dr. Rengger.

'Dr. Francia had taken up his residence, at the commencement of his government, in the habitation of the ancient governors of Paraguay. It was built by the Jesuits, and is one of the noblest edifices in Assumption. This structure he repaired and embellished; and he further detached it from other houses in the city, by interposing wide streets. Here he lives, with four slaves—a negro, one male, and two female mulattoes, whom he treats with great mildness. The two men perform the functions of valet de chambre and groom. One of the two mulatto women is his cook, and the other takes care of his wardrobe. He leads a very regular life—the first rays of the sun very rarely find him in bed. As soon as he rises, the negro brings him a chafingdish, a kettle, and a pitcher of water, which is heated in his presence. The Dictator then prepares, with the greatest possible care, his *maté*, or Paraguay tea. Having taken this, he walks under the interior peristyle that looks upon the court, and smokes a cigar, which he first takes care to unroll, to ascertain that there is nothing dangerous in it, though it is his own sister who manufactures them for him. At six o'clock the barber arrives, a filthy, ill-clothed, and drunken mulatto; but the only member of the faculty in whom he confides. If the Dictator is in good humour, he chats with him, and often, in this manner makes use of him, to prepare the public for his projects: this barber may be said to be his official *gazette*. He then puts on a dressing gown of printed calico, and repairs to the outer peristyle, where he walks up and down, and receives at the same time those persons who are admitted to an audience. Towards seven he enters his closet, where he remains until nine, when the officers and other functionaries come to make their reports, and receive his orders. At eleven o'clock, the *fiel de fecho* (principal secretary), brings the papers which are to be submitted to his inspection, and writes from his dictation until noon, when all the officers retire, and Dr. Francia sits down to table. His dinner, which is extremely frugal, he always orders himself. When the cook returns from market, she deposits her provisions at the door of her master's closet. The Doctor then comes out, and selects what he wishes for his own use. After dinner he takes his *siesta*. On awakening, he drinks his *maté*, and smokes a cigar, after taking the same precaution as that observed in the morning. From this, until four or five, he is occupied with business, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives. The barber then enters and dresses his hair, while his horse is saddling. During his ride, the Dr. inspects the public works, and the barracks, particularly that of the cavalry, where a habitation is preparing for him. While riding, though surrounded by his escort, he is armed with a sabre, and a pair of double-barrelled pocket pistols. He returns home about nightfall, and sits down to study until nine; when he goes to supper, which consists of a roasted pigeon and a glass of wine. If the weather is fine, he again walks under the peristyle, where he often remains until a very late hour. At ten o'clock he gives the watchword. On returning into the house, he fastens all the doors himself. For several months in the year he resides at the cavalry barrack, which is outside the city, about a quarter of a league from his usual residence; but there his *manner of living is* the same, except that he sometimes takes

the pleasures of the chase. In the apartment that he occupies, there are always arms within his reach. Pistols are hung upon the walls, or placed upon the table near him; and sabres, the greater number unsheathed, are to be found in every corner. This fear of assassination is also shown in the etiquette preserved at his audiences. The person admitted, must not approach nearer the Dictator than six paces, until he makes him a sign to advance; and even then, he must always stop at a distance of three paces. His arms must be held close to his body, and his hands open and hanging down, so that it be evident that he has no concealed arms. The officers even are not permitted to enter his presence with swords by their sides. Nevertheless, he is pleased that the person addressing him should look him straight in the face, and return prompt and positive answers. Speaking on this subject one day, as I was about opening the body of one of the natives, he told me to see if his countrymen had not one bone more than the usual number in their neck, which prevented them from holding up their heads and speaking out. At the commencement of a conversation he strives to intimidate; but if his first attack be met with firmness, he softens down, and finishes by conversing very agreeably; that is, when he is in good humour. It is in such ways, you perceive him to be a man of great talents; he turns the conversation upon the most varied subjects, evinces considerable powers of mind, great penetration, and very extensive acquirements for one, who, it may be said, has never quitted Paraguay. Divested, himself, of the numberless prejudices with which his countrymen are imbued, he often makes them the subject of his wit, or sarcasm. During a conversation I once had with him, he turned into great ridicule the commandant and priest of Curuguaty, who had sent to him a poor woman in chains and decorated with an immense rosary, whom they accused of being a sorceress. He then went into an account of the chains and spells in use in Paraguay, pointing out the particular virtues of some of them in effecting cures. He concluded thus:—"You see what priests and religion are good for—they make us believe more in the devil than in God." When the Dictator is attacked by an access of hypochondria, he either shuts himself up altogether, or vents his ill-humour on those around him. It is during these paroxyms that he is most prone to inflict imprisonment, and the severest punishments. He thinks nothing of issuing a sentence of death at such a moment. It is remarked, that when the north-east wind blows, which always brings on sudden and frequent rains, the Dictator is affected by his malady; but his good humour is restored when the wind changes to the south-west. Then he sings, laughs to himself, and chats very readily with all persons who approach him. But he instantly forgets all benefit and service, all claims of relationship, in any one who fails in paying due respect to his authority and person. Not to give him the title of "Most Excellent Signor," is a crime never to be forgiven. He opens no letter that is not exactly addressed—"The Most Excellent Signor, Don Casper Rodriguez de Francia, Supreme and Perpetual Dictator of the Republic of Paraguay." So self-confident is he, that he consults no person. If sooner or later he yields to that lot which appears to be reserved for all oppressors of their country, he will have only himself to blame.'—pp. 280—293.

ART. IX. 1. *Letters from his late Majesty to the late Lord Kenyon, on the Coronation Oath, with his Lordship's Answers: and Letters of the Right Hon. William Pitt to his late Majesty, with his Majesty's Answers, previous to the Dissolution of the Ministry in* 1801. 4to. pp. 45. 8*s*. London: Murray. 1827.

2. *A Letter on the Coronation Oath. Second Edition. With Notice of recently published Letters from the late King to the late Lord Kenyon, &c.* By Charles Butler, Esq. 8vo. pp. 15. London: Murray. 1827.

THE Catholics and the Dissenters owe an incalculable debt of gratitude to Lord Kenyon, for the publication of the correspondence which we have now before us, through the medium of the Rev. Dr. Phillpots. Both his lordship, and his eminent and learned coadjutor, intended, we suspect, to silence for ever the petitions of those numerous and deeply aggrieved portions of our countrymen for the restoration of their civil rights, by unfolding the authentic record of the obstacles which existed against them in the mind of the late king, arising out of his conception of the obligations imposed by the coronation oath. But the inferences to which these letters necessarily and directly lead, instead of militating in any manner against the claims of those petitioners, tend on the contrary, to afford them new strength, and to place them upon higher grounds than they had ever found before.

"Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat."

Had we not the most unquestionable evidence of the opinions entertained on the subject of religious disabilities by Dr. Phillpots, and by the noble lord who has enabled him to lay these letters before the world, we should have concluded, that the object of the publication was to advance the good cause of freedom. By what fortunate fatuity they have been induced to adopt a measure, that renders their political party utterly desperate, and completely destroys some of the most powerful resources of argument, or rather of prejudice, upon which they had long depended, we are at a loss to divine. It bears about it all the marks of that involuntary homage to truth and virtue, which is sometimes extorted from criminals of the deepest dye. It is one of the most unequivocal signs we have yet seen of that great revolution, according to the eternal order of justice, which is manifestly on the eve of taking place; and which will, at length, accomplish the hopes of all the great and good men who have ever adorned this country, by abrogating the unwise distinctions which they have so eloquently denounced; and by producing that cordial union through the whole mass of the community, which they have so warmly, and long so vainly, advised.

It was a serious misfortune to this empire, that his late majesty, in some *moment of loose* reflection, guided, perhaps, rather by the

cunning counsels of others, than by the natural lights of his own mind, which were not inconsiderable, should have taken up the erroneous notions that haunted him throughout his political life, concerning the obligations of the coronation oath. It was his sacred duty to inform himself correctly, upon a point that affected the interests of so large a portion of his subjects; and if to some extent he performed that duty, by requiring the assistance of the late lord Kenyon, he was bound to proceed farther, and act upon the enlightened and manly opinions, which that noble and learned person delivered on that memorable occasion. These opinions deserve to be recorded, and to be treasured up as signal proofs of the integrity and independence, which, in modern times, so happily characterise our benches of justice. But, on the sovereign who received them, and who, after perusing them, continued to adhere to his ignorance, or his error, a degree of moral responsibility attached, upon which it would be useless now to dwell. The deferential character of courtly manners forbade then, as it would forbid now, the idea of treating the king's personal wishes, and even his tenacity, upon certain points, otherwise than with tenderness and respect. But it is obvious, that this sort of proceeding cannot go on for ever. The house of Hanover was not seated on the throne of England for its own aggrandisement, but for the good of the people; and to say, that the misapprehensions of one individual, even if that individual be the sovereign, should be covered under an inviolable veil of mystery, while they are working the misery of millions of the community, is to propound a doctrine sufficiently polite indeed, but utterly at variance with the sound principles of the constitution.

His peculiar notions, about what he called "the implied obligations" of the coronation oath—as if the obligations of an oath ought ever to be other than those which are decidedly and directly expressed in the terms of it—appear to have been first taken up, shortly after Earl Fitzwilliam was abruptly recalled from the government of Ireland. It is matter of history, that that excellent nobleman, during the short period of his administration in that country, held out hopes to the Catholics, that he was the harbinger of their emancipation, and that they looked upon him as the olive branch, sent at last from a country that had always oppressed them. In consequence of the agitation of the question, and of the hopes which were raised upon it in Ireland at that period, the king addressed the following letter to the late lord Kenyon, which, as well as the queries accompanying it, the intelligent reader will perceive not to be written either very clearly, or very grammatically:

'TO THE LORD KENYON.

'Queen's-House, March 7, 1795.

'*The question* that has been so improperly patronised by the Lord Lieu-

enant of Ireland in favour of the Papists, though certainly very properly silenced here, yet it seems not to have been viewed in what seems to me the strongest point of view, its militating against the Coronation Oath and many existing statutes. I have therefore stated the accompanying queries on paper, to which I desire the Lord Kenyon will, after due consideration, state his opinion in the same manner, and should be glad if he would also acquire the sentiments of the Attorney-General on this most serious subject.

GEORG. R.'

The following are the queries referred to in the above letter: they are printed from the original in the king's hand.

'The following queries on the present attempt to abolish all distinctions in religion in Ireland, with the intention of favouring the Roman Catholics in that kingdom, are stated from the desire of learning whether this can be done without affecting the constitution of this country; if not, there is no occasion to view whether this measure in itself be not highly improper.

'The only laws which now affect the Papists in Ireland, are the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity, the Test Act, and the Bill of Rights. It seems to require very serious investigation, how far the king can give his assent to a repeal of any one of those acts, without a breach of his Coronation Oath, and of the articles of union with Scotland.

'The construction put on the Coronation Oath by the Parliament at the revolution, seems strongly marked in the Journals of the House of Commons, when the clause was proposed by way of rider to the bill (28th March, 1689, *Commons' Journals**), establishing the Coronation Oath, declaring that nothing contained in it should be construed to bind down the king and queen, their heirs and successors, not to give the royal assent to any bill for qualifying the Act of Uniformity so far as to render it palatable to Protestant Dissenters, and the clause was negatived upon a divi-

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* The extract from the Common's Journals alluded to by his Majesty:—

'Jovis, 28 die Martii. 1 Willielmi et Mariæ." (A. D. 1689).

'Coronation Oath.—The bill for establishing the Coronation Oath was read the third time.

'A proviso, engrossed, was offered as a rider, to be made part of the bill, which was read the first time, and is as follows:—

"Provided always, and be it hereby declared, that no clause in this act shall be understood so to bind the kings and queens of this realm, as to prevent their giving their royal assent to any bill which shall, at any time, be offered by the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, for the taking away or altering any form or ceremony in the established Church, so as the doctrines of the said Church, a public Liturgy, and the Episcopal government of it be preserved."

'A debate arose thereupon.'

'The debate upon the proviso offered to be made part of the bill for establishing the Coronation Oath was resumed, and the question being put—"That the proviso be read a second time," it passed in the negative.'

'Resolved, "That the bill do pass; and that the title be,' An Act for establishing the *Coronation Oath.*"'

sion. This leads to the implication that the coronation oath was understood at the revolution to bind the Crown not to assent to any repeal of any of the existing laws at the revolution, or which were then enacted, for the maintenance and defence of the Protestant religion as by law established.

'If the oath was understood to bind the Crown not to assent to the repeal of the Act of Uniformity in favour of Protestant Dissenters, it would seem to bind the Crown full as strongly not to assent to the repeal of the Act of Supremacy, or the Test Act, in favour of the Roman Catholics.

'Another question arises from the provisions of the act limiting the succession to the Crown, by which a forfeiture of the Crown is expressly enacted, if the king upon the throne should hold communications with, or be reconciled to the Church of Rome. May not the repeal of the Act of Supremacy, and the establishing the Popish religion in any of the hereditary dominions, be construed as amounting to a reconciliation with the Church of Rome?

'Would not the Chancellor of England incur some risk in affixing the Great Seal to a bill for giving the Pope a concurrent ecclesiastical jurisdiction with the king?

'By the articles of union with Scotland, it is declared to be an essential and fundamental article, that the king of Great Britain shall maintain the Church of England as by law established, in England, Ireland, and Berwick-upon-Tweed.

'The bargain made by England in 1782, by Yelverton's act, gives rise to the question, whether the repeal of any of the English statutes adopted by that act would not be a direct violation of the compact made by the Parliament of Ireland with Great Britain.'

To these queries, lord Kenyon returned the subjoined answer; and it will be observed, that it must be taken not only as the answer of his Lordship alone, but as that also of the then Attorney-General, Sir John Scott, since Lord Chancellor, and now Earl of Eldon. We may here observe by the way, that the latter noble and learned Lord, to the best of our recollection, has never deviated from the opinion here expressed concerning the extent of the coronation oath. We may add, that the same opinion appears to have been uniformly held by the earl of Liverpool, who went even so far in the debate on the Catholic Bill of 1825, as to say, that the objections to the measure which were founded on the coronation oath, were not deserving of a moment's serious consideration. We return to lord Kenyon.

'Lord Kenyon received your Majesty's commands when he was in the country. He came immediately to town, and encloses what has occurred to him upon the question. He has conferred with the Attorney-General, and believes there is not any difference in opinion between them.

'They are neither of them apprized what was the extent of the alteration meditated to be made in Ireland.

'Your Majesty's most obliged and dutiful subject,

11th March, 1795. KENYON.'

'*The act* for the union of England and Scotland has made the church

stablishments in the two countries essential and fundamental parts of the nion, and has declared, that the acts of the two countries for securing the espective Church Government, shall be and continue, at all times coming, art of the terms of the union: that I understand to be the necessary onstruction of the words of the 11th * section of the act.

'The Coronation Oath, enacted in 1 William and Mary, requires the ing to maintain the Protestant reformed religion established by law.

'The 8th † section of the Act of Union shews, that by religion estabished by law, is meant the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government f the church. This includes the king's supremacy and the various orders f ministers, and the provision which the state makes for the decent suport of the clergy. The doctrine and discipline are regulated, *inter alia*, y the Acts of Uniformity, and the Liturgy as it stands enacted by the tatute of 13 and 14 Car. II.

'To overthrow any part of the church establishment, as I have now tated it, would, as it seems, militate against the Coronation Oath, as ettled in the stat. 1 W. & M., and the Act of Union, and contravene an ssential and fundamental part of the Act of Union.

'In order to preserve the established church, several laws have been

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'* 5 Anne, c. 8, s. 11. "And be it hereby further enacted, that the aid act, passed in this present session of Parliament, entitled 'An Act or securing the Church of England, as by law established,' &c., and lso the Act of Parliament of Scotland, entitled 'An Act for securing he Protestant Religion and Presbyterian Church Government,' &c., be, nd shall for ever be, held and adjudged to be and observed as fundamental nd essential conditions of the said Union, &c. &c.; and the said act assed in the present session of Parliament, &c. and also the said Act assed in the Parliament of Scotland, &c., are hereby enacted and ordained to be, and continue in all times coming, the complete and entire Union of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland."

'† S. 8. "And be it further enacted, that for ever hereafter every King r Queen succeeding and coming to the royal Government of the kingdom f Great Britain, at his or her coronation, shall, in the presence of all ersons who shall be attending, &c., take and subscribe an oath to maintain and preserve inviolable the said settlement of the Church of England, nd the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law stablished, within the kingdoms of England and Ireland, the dominion of Vales, and town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and the territories thereto elonging."

'The 7th section recites part of the act entitled, 'An Act for securing the hurch of England, as by law established,' of which the following is an xtract:—"That an act made in the 13th year of the reign of Queen lizabeth of famous memory, entitled 'An Act for the Ministers of the hurch to be of sound religion;' and also another act made in the 13th ear of the late King Charles II., entitled 'An Act for the uniformity of he Public Prayers,' &c., and all and singular other acts of Parliament ow in force, for the establishment and preservation of the Church of ngland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, hall remain *and be in full force for ever.*'

enacted, subjecting those who dissented from the established church to penalties or disabilities: and these have pressed sometimes upon one denomination of sectarists, and sometimes upon another, as the temper of the times or the supposed necessity of the case required—Papists and Conventiclers have in their turns felt the rigour of statute law.

'The statute of 22 Car. II., c. 1, for preventing conventicles, and other statutes of like tendency, existed at the time when the Coronation Oath was framed and enacted by 1 W. & M., c. 6; yet in the same session of Parliament the law called the Toleration Act was made. Several indulgences both in England and Ireland have been since granted to several denominations of persons dissenting from the church of Engand. Those regulations have been supposed by the makers of them not to be hostile to the church of England as by law established, but merely to repeal or lessen the rigour of penal statutes, which, though thought necessary at one season were deemed inexpedient at another time, and under different circumstances.

'So long as the king's supremacy, and the main fabric of the Act of Uniformity, the doctrine, discipline, and government of the church of England, are preserved as the national church, and the provision for its ministers kept as an appropriated fund, it seems that any ease given to sectarists would not militate against the Coronation Oath or the Act of Union.

'The proviso, which was rejected on 28th March, 1689, as appears in 10th vol. of *Commons' Journals*, p. 69, might possibly be rejected as being thought unnecessary; for it is observable from printed history, that in that very year a commission issued, authorising several bishops and other learned men to revise the Liturgy and Canons, and prepare such alterations as they should think expedient.

'Though the Test Act appears to be a very wise law, and in point of sound policy not to be departed from, yet it seems that it might be repealed, or altered, without any breach of the Coronation Oath, or Act of Union. The temporary bills of Indemnity, which have so frequently passed, have, in effect, from time to time, dispensed with it in some degree.

'It should seem that the Chancellor of Great Britain would incur great risk in affixing the great seal to a bill giving the Pope a concurrent ecclesiastical jurisdiction with the King. It would be contrary to the Coronation Oath, and subversive of a fundamental part of the Act of Union.'

We own we do not very well understand, what either his Majesty or lord Kenyon means, by the risk that would be incurred by the Lord Chancellor, in affixing the great seal to a bill giving the Pope a concurrent ecclesiastical jurisdiction with the king. Supposing for a moment, that such a bill had passed both houses of parliament, and obtained the assent of the sovereign, how could any peculiar responsibility for such a law attach to the Lord Chancellor? We cannot answer the question. It is a mystery to our humble comprehension. Besides, what necessity would there be, in case the claims of Catholics were satisfied, for the enactment of any such law at all? It is not improbable, that something in the shape of a concordat between the government of this country *and his Holiness*, might be found expedient for the arrangement of *the Catholic hierarchy* in Ireland; but it is certain, that under that

at, nothing like a general ecclesiastical concurrent jurisdic-
h the king could be given to the Pope, without changing
blished religion of this country; which we presume, nobody
plates. Upon all other points lord Kenyon's answers are
y clear, and shew the scruples of the king to be mere chi-
f the brain. The correspondence, however, does not termi-
re: we shall give it in the order in which it occurs.

king is much pleased with the diligence shown by Lord Kenyon
ring the questions proposed to him; but as he seems not fully ap-
f the extent of the present application of the Roman Catholics of
the king has thought it best to inclose the petition received yes-
and the state of the question as drawn up by a right reverend pre-
hat kingdom; on which the king wishes to have the Lord Kenyon's
pinion in writing.
en's-House, March, 14, 1795. GEORG. R.'

Phillpots does not favour us with a copy of the petition:
is Majesty was pleased to call 'the state of the question,'
r, is subjoined. We regret that we cannot add to it the
f the right reverend prelate, who was the secret adviser of
jesty on this occasion.

as been confidently reported in Ireland, that, in compliance with
ounded requisition of the Roman Catholics, a bill had been pre-
capacitate them to sit in parliament, without making or subscrib-
declaration against popery, or taking the oath of supremacy. This
to be a direct violation of the English act of 30th Charles II., st. 2,
; which enacts, that no person shall sit or vote in parliament, until
have taken the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and made, and
ed, and audibly repeated, the declaration against popery therein
ed. Which act, as far as it relates to the said oaths and declara-
as made the law of Ireland, by the Irish act of the 21st and 22d of
III., chap. 48, sect. 3. It also appears to be a repeal of the de-
n of the Bill of Rights, which are expressly enacted and established,
nd and remain and be the law of the realm for ever." It seems to
eal of the Act of Settlement, "whereby all the laws and statutes of
m for securing the established religion were ratified and confirmed."
which statutes so confirmed, we must place the preceding statutes
les II., and the declaration of the Bill of Rights. It appears also
direct violation of the Act of Union (5 Anne, chap. 8.), by which
olate maintenance and preservation of the established religion in
is secured, by providing "that all and singular the acts of parlia-
en in force for the establishment and preservation of the church,
remain and be in full force for ever. And it is further therein
, that this act, and all and every the things therein contained, be,
ll for ever be holden to be, a fundamental and essential part of the
It seems also that an inviolable observation of all these statutes is
bligatory upon every king and queen of the realm, by the Corona-
th.'

right reverend prelate ought to have known, that the 30th

Charles II., stat. 2, chap. 1, was first extended to Ireland in 1692, by 3 Wm. and Mary, chap. 2, and afterwards confirmed by the act which he mentions. Lord Kenyon, in the admirable paper in which he answers this 'state of the question,' omits to observe, that the coronation oath was established in 1689; and that at the very moment it was passed into a law, Catholic peers and Catholic commoners were not prevented by law from sitting in the parliament of Ireland. Is not this simple fact a complete answer to all scruples upon this point, founded on the coronation oath? We cheerfully leave the other parts of the question to lord Kenyon.

'It is a general maxim, that the supreme power of a state cannot limit itself.

'Either of the houses of parliament may, if they think proper, pass a bill up to the extent of the most unreasonable requisition that can be made; and, provided sound policy, and a sense of the duty they owe to the established religion of the country do not operate on their minds, so as to prevent their doing what is improper, there is no statute law to prevent their entertaining and passing such bill, to abolish the supremacy and the whole of the government and discipline of the Church of England, as now by law established. Our ancestors did not suppose, at the time of the Revolution, that any danger was to be feared from these quarters; and, therefore, the Statute-Book does not exact any promissory oath from the members of the houses of parliament, binding them not to receive or pass bills hostile to the reformed religion as by law established. But that is not the case of the king. Recent misconduct in the reign of king James II. had raised great jealousy; and, therefore, the Coronation Oath exacts from the king an oath to maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law, &c. &c.

'The state of the question with which I have been honoured supposes, that the requisition now made is a direct violation of the statute of 30 Car. II., stat. 2.

'It certainly is inconsistent with that law; and if it shall be yielded to, will, in effect, repeal it; though that law, when it was made, was looked upon by the legislature as necessary for the more effectually preserving the king's person and government, by disabling papists from sitting in either house of parliament. How far that law still continues a fence for the Church as by law established, must be judged of by those who are to act on the proposed repeal, if such a measure should be brought forward. Those who think it is an important and necessary part of the defence of the Established Church, may also think that the Coronation Oath was meant to provide against the king's consenting to the repeal; for though an act for repealing the statute of Charles II. would not in itself break in upon the Established Church, yet it would facilitate steps which might afterwards follow for that purpose, as by this means Papists might constitute a majority of each house of parliament.

'It cannot well pass observation, that the whole system of laws, as to the purpose of present inquiry, was to guard against the possible introduction of popish influence into any branch of the legislature. As far as respects the sovereign, he is guarded by the oath he takes; and with respect to the houses of parliament, by the declaration in 30 Car. II.

'I am not aware what clauses in the Bill of Rights are supposed to be broken in upon, by what is suggested as likely to be proposed.

'The statute of 12 and 13 William, c. 2, shews the great anxiety the legislature then had to guard against popery. But here again the question recurs, how is the supreme power of the country bound?—The two houses of parliament are not under any promissory oath—that obligation has been extended to the king only. This statute of William III. has done no more, as far as respects the present question, than the former statutes had done.

'The paper I before sent stated, I believe, what then occured, and all that at present occurs on the statute of the Union.

'In short, the question resolves itself to this:—Will the proposed act violate that oath, which promises to maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church of England, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as it was at the time of the Union by law established within the kingdoms of England and Ireland, &c.

'The petition expresses apprehension of proscription, persecution, and oppression. All grounds of such apprehensions, if such there really are, may be safely removed, if the late benefits, which the petition admits, have not removed them, without endangering the Established Church, or violating the Coronation Oath.

'I will, out of anxiety, add one word more. It seems to me, that the judgment of the person who takes the Coronation Oath, must determine whether any particular statute proposed does destroy the government of the Established Church. It seems that the oath, couched in the general terms in which it is found, does not preclude the party sworn from exercising a judgment, whether that which he is bound to maintain will be essentially, or in any great degree, affected by the proposed measure.

If any thing be necessary to be added to his Lordship's reasoning on this subject, we should find it in the clear and masterly tract on this question, which Mr. Butler has just republished.

'By the first clause of the Coronation Oath, his Majesty swears "to govern the people according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the laws and customs of the realm." This was evidently meant to denote, not only the statutes, laws, and customs then existing, but those also which should afterwards become part of the national law, in consequence of any subsequent legislation of Parliament.

'In the next clause, his Majesty swears "to maintain the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law, and to preserve to the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their care, all such rights and privileges as by law did or should belong or appertain to them or any of them." This could only mean the Protestant Reformed Religion, the churches, the rights, and the privileges, which, from time to time, should, under the actual or any future legislation of Parliament, form the church establishment of the realm.

'Even if the Coronation Oath should be thought to preclude the monarch from such a concurrence, it would be no objection to his repealing the laws now solicited to be repealed, as the repeal of these laws will not interfere with the legal establishment of the church, with its hierarchy, with

any of its churches, or with any of their temporal or spiritual pre-eminences, rights or privileges.' *Letter on the Coronation Oath*, p. 8.

Mr. Butler has another observation on this subject, which appears to us unanswerable. It throws the whole question into a nutshell.

'*Is it not universally allowed, that in every case where one person takes an oath to another, the person to whom, or in whose favour the oath has been taken, may, at his pleasure, release, either wholly or partially, the person taking the oath, from all the obligations to which he bound himself by it?*

'THE CORONATION OATH IS MADE TO THE PEOPLE, AS REPRESENTED BY PARLIAMENT. May I not therefore ask, whether, upon the supposition that the Coronation Oath really extends to the present case,—(which, however, I must respectfully repeat that it does not),—the people represented by the Parliament, being the persons and the only persons entitled to the benefit of the oath, have not full power and authority to release the monarch who took the oath, and all his successors, from its obligations?'—*Letter, &c.* p. 9.

We come now to that very important portion of the correspondence which passed between his late Majesty and Mr. Pitt; and again have to express our surprise that such decided and inexorable enemies to Catholic emancipation, as the present lord Kenyon and Dr. Phillpots, could have been prevailed upon to give documents to the world, which put a complete extinguisher upon some of the most favourite arguments of their party. It was but two or three weeks ago, that lord Eldon was represented to have expressed himself at the Pitt dinner, to the following effect: "His Lordship pronounced a pathetic eulogium (he has been lately in "the melting mood"), upon the memory and principles of Mr. Pitt; but remarked, with reference to their toast of Protestant Ascendancy, that he never could obtain from his lamented and illustrious friend, any adequate explanation of what were his securities for this Protestant constitution, in the event of Catholic emancipation." We have no doubt of the correctness of this report, as we have ourselves heard his Lordship utter similar observations on more than two or three occasions. We conclude, therefore, that the noble and learned lord never was in the confidence of Mr. Pitt; and that he never saw the letters which we shall now extract, before they were published by Dr. Phillpots.

'LETTER OF MR. PITT TO THE LATE KING.

'Downing-street, Saturday, Jan. 31, 1801.

'Mr. Pitt would have felt it, at all events, his duty, previous to the meeting of parliament, to submit to your Majesty the result of the best consideration which your confidential servants could give to the important questions respecting the Catholics and Dissenters, which must naturally be agitated in consequence of the Union. The knowledge of your Majesty's *general indisposition* to any change of the laws on this subject, would have

made this a painful task to him; and it is become much more so, by learning from some of his colleagues, and from other quarters, within these few days, the extent to which your Majesty entertains, and has declared, that sentiment.

'He trusts your Majesty will believe, that every principle of duty, gratitude, and attachment, must make him look to your Majesty's ease and satisfaction, in preference to all considerations but those arising from a sense of what in his honest opinion is due to the real interest of your Majesty and your dominions. Under the impression of that opinion, he has concurred in what appeared to be the prevailing sentiments of the majority of the cabinet—that the admission of the Catholics and Dissenters to offices, and of the Catholics to parliament (from which latter the Dissenters are not now excluded), would, under certain conditions to be specified, be highly advisable, with a view to the tranquillity and improvement of Ireland, and to the general interests of the United Kingdom.

'For himself, he is, on full consideration, convinced that the measure would be attended with no danger to the Established Church, or to the Protestant interest in Great Britain and Ireland;—that now the Union has taken place, and with the new provisions which would make part of the plan, it could never give any such weight in office, or in parliament, either to Catholics or Dissenters, as could give them any new means (if they were so disposed) of attacking the establishment:—that the grounds, on which the laws of exclusion now remaining were founded, have long been narrowed, and are since the Union removed;—that those principles, formerly held by the Catholics, which made them be considered as politically dangerous, have been for a course of time gradually declining, and among the higher orders particularly, they have ceased to prevail;—that the obnoxious tenets are disclaimed in the most positive manner by the oaths, which have been required in Great Britain, and still more by one of those required in Ireland, as the condition of the indulgences already granted, and which might equally be made the condition of any new ones;—that if such an oath, containing (among other provisions) a denial of the power of absolution from its obligations, is not a security from Catholics, the sacramental test is not more so;—that the political circumstances under which the exclusive laws originated, arising either from the conflicting power of hostile and nearly balanced sects, from the apprehension of a popish queen or successor, a disputed succession and a foreign pretender, and a division in Europe between Catholic and Protestant powers, are no longer applicable to the present state of things; that with respect to those of the Dissenters, who, it is feared, entertain principles dangerous to the constitution, a distinct, political test, pointed against the doctrine of modern jacobinism, would be a much more just and more effectual security than that which now exists, which may operate to the exclusion of conscientious persons well affected to the state, and is no guard against those of an opposite description;—that with respect to the Catholics of Ireland, another most important additional security, and one of which the effect would continually increase, might be provided, by gradually attaching the popish clergy to the government, and, for this purpose, making them dependent for a part of their provision (under proper regulations) on the state, and by also subjecting them to superintendence and control;—that, besides these provisions, the general interests of the Established Church, and the secu-

rity of the constitution and government, might be effectually strengthened by requiring the political test, before referred to, from the preachers of all Catholic or Dissenting congregations, and from the teachers of schools of every denomination.

'It is on these principles Mr. Pitt humbly conceives a new security might be obtained for the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of this country, more applicable to the present circumstances, more free from objection, and more effectual in itself, than any which now exist, and which would, at the same time, admit of extending such indulgences as must conciliate the higher orders of the Catholics; and, by furnishing to a large class of your Majesty's Irish subjects a proof of the good-will of the United Parliament, afford the best chance of giving full effect to the great object of the Union—that of tranquillizing Ireland, and attaching it to this country.

'It is with inexpressible regret, after all he now knows of your Majesty's sentiments, that Mr. Pitt troubles your Majesty, thus at large, with the general grounds of his opinion, and finds himself obliged to add, that this opinion is unalterably fixed in his mind. It must, therefore, ultimately guide his political conduct, if it should be your Majesty's pleasure, that, after thus presuming to open himself fully to your Majesty, he should remain in that responsible situation, in which your Majesty has so long condescended graciously and favourably to accept his services. It will afford him, indeed, a great relief and satisfaction, if he may be allowed to hope, that your Majesty will deign maturely to weigh what he has now humbly submitted, and to call for any explanation, which any parts of it may appear to require.

'In the interval which your Majesty may wish for consideration, he will not, on his part, importune your Majesty with any unnecessary reference to the subject; and will feel it is duty to abstain, himself, from all agitation of this subject in parliament, and to prevent it, as far as depends on him, on the part of others. If, on the result of such consideration, your Majesty's objections to the measure proposed should not be removed, or sufficiently diminished to admit of its being brought forward with your Majesty's full concurrence, and with the whole weight of government, it must be personally Mr. Pitt's first wish to be released from a situation, which he is conscious that, under such circumstances, he could not continue to fill but with the greatest disadvantage.

'At the same time, after the gracious intimation, which has been recently conveyed to him, of your Majesty's sentiments on this point, he will be acquitted of presumption in adding, that if the chief difficulties of the present crisis should not then be surmounted, or very materially diminished, and if your Majesty should continue to think that his humble exertions could, in any degree, contribute to conducting them to a favourable issue, there is no personal difficulty to which he will not rather submit, than withdraw himself at such a moment from your Majesty's service. He would, even, in such a case, continue for such a short further interval as might be necessary, to oppose the agitation or discussion of the question, as far as he can consistently with the line to which he feels bound uniformly to adhere, of reserving to himself a full latitude on the principle itself, and objecting only to the time, and to the temper and circumstances of the moment. But he must entreat that, on this supposition, it may be *distinctly* understood, that he can remain in office no longer than till the

issue (which he trusts on every account will be a speedy one) of the crisis now depending shall admit of your Majesty's more easily forming a new arrangement; and that he will then receive your Majesty's permission to carry with him into a private situation, that affectionate and grateful attachment, which your Majesty's goodness for a long course of years has impressed on his mind—and that unabated zeal for the ease and honour of your Majesty's government, and for the public service, which he trusts will always govern his conduct.

'He has only to entreat your Majesty's pardon for troubling you on one other point, and taking the liberty of most respectfully, but explicitly, submitting to your Majesty the indispensible necessity of effectually discountenancing, in the whole of the interval, all attempts to make use of your Majesty's name, or to influence the opinion of any individual, or descriptions of men, on any part of this subject.'

'THE KING'S ANSWER.

'Queen-House, Feb. 1, 1801.

'I should not do justice to the warm impulse of my heart, if I entered on the subject most unpleasant to my mind, without first expressing, that the cordial affection I have for Mr. Pitt, as well as high opinion of his talents and integrity, greatly add to my uneasiness on this occasion; but a sense of religious, as well as political duty, has made me, from the moment I mounted the throne, consider the oath that the wisdom of our forefathers has enjoined the kings of this realm to take at their coronation, and enforced by the obligation of instantly following it in the course of the ceremony with taking the sacrament, as so binding a religious obligation on me to maintain the fundamental maxims on which our Constitution is placed, namely, the Church of England being the established one, and that those who hold employments in the State, must be members of it, and consequently obliged not only to take oaths against popery, but to receive the holy communion agreeably to the rites of the Church of England.

'This principle of duty must, therefore, prevent me from discussing any proposition tending to destroy this ground-work of our happy Constitution, and much more so that now mentioned by Mr. Pitt, which is no less than the complete overthrow of the whole fabric.

'When the Irish propositions were transmitted to me by a joint message from both houses of the British parliament, I told the lords and gentlemen sent on that occasion, that I would with pleasure and without delay forward them to Ireland; but that, as individuals, I could not help acquainting them, that my inclination to an Union with Ireland was principally founded on a trust, that the uniting the Established Churches of the two kingdoms, would for ever shut the door to any further measures with respect to the Roman Catholics.

'These two instances must shew Mr. Pitt, that my opinions are not those formed on the moment, but such as I have imbibed for forty years, and from which I never can depart; but Mr. Pitt, once acquainted with my sentiments, his assuring me that he will stave off the only question whereon, I fear, from his letter, we can never agree,—for the advantage and comfort of continuing to have his advice and exertions in public affairs, I will certainly abstain from talking on this subject, which is the one nearest my heart. I cannot help if others pretend to guess at my opinions,

which I have never disguised; but if those who unfortunately differ with me will keep this subject at rest, I will, on my part, most correctly on my part, be silent also; but this restraint I shall put on myself from affection to Mr. Pitt, but further I cannot go, for I cannot sacrifice my duty to any consideration.

'Though I do not pretend to have the power of changing Mr. Pitt's opinion, when thus unfortunately fixed, yet I shall hope his sense of duty will prevent his retiring from his present situation to the end of my life, for I can with great truth assert, that I shall, from public and private considerations, feel great regret, if I shall ever find myself obliged, at any time, from a sense of religious and political duty, to yield to his entreaties of retiring from his seat at the Board of Treasury.'

'MR. PITT, IN REPLY.

'Downing-Street, Tuesday, Feb. 3, 1801.

'Mr. Pitt cannot help entreating your Majesty's permission to express how very sincerely he is penetrated with the affecting expressions of your Majesty kindness and goodness to himself, on the occasion of the communication with which he has been under the necessity of troubling your Majesty. It is, therefore, with additional pain he feels himself bound to state, that the final decision which your Majesty has formed on the great subject in question (the motives to which he respects and honours), and his own unalterable sense of the line which public duty requires from him, must make him consider the moment as now arrived, when, on the principles which he has already explained, it must be his first wish to be released as soon as possible from his present situation. He certainly retains the same anxious desire, in the time and mode of quitting it, to consult as much as possible your Majesty's ease and convenience, and to avoid embarrassment. But he must frankly confess to your Majesty, that the difficulty even of his temporary continuance must necessarily be increased, and may very shortly become insuperable, from what he conceives to be the import of one passage in your Majesty's note, which hardly leaves him room to hope, that your Majesty thinks those steps can be taken for effectually discountenancing all attempts to make use of your Majesty's name, or to influence opinions on this subject, which he has ventured to represent as indispensibly necessary during any interval in which he might remain in office. He has, however, the less anxiety in laying this sentiment before your Majesty, because, independent of it, he is more and more convinced, that your Majesty's final decision being once taken, the sooner he is allowed to act upon it, the better it will be for your Majesty's service. He trusts, and sincerely believes, that your Majesty cannot find any long delay necessary for forming an arrangement for conducting your service with credit and advantage; and that, on the other hand, the feebleness and uncertainty, which is almost inseparable from a temporary government, must soon produce an effect, both at home and abroad, which might lead to serious inconvenience. Mr. Pitt trusts your Majesty will believe, that a sincere anxiety for the future ease and strength of your government, is one strong motive for his presuming thus to press this consideration.'

It has been frequently declared by public writers, that those persons who assemble annually to celebrate the memory of Mr.

Pitt, and to uphold his principles, have, in their latter years, very generally libelled the one, by coupling it with sentiments of intolerance, and misrepresented the other, by insisting that Catholic emancipation had really never entered into his plans for the government and conciliation of Ireland. The clubs, clamorously, and sometimes, when warm in their cups, intemperately answered, that they were the true depositories of the principles of Mr. Pitt, and that no other persons could even pretend to guess at them. These letters must convince the world, that the clubs were in point of fact wholly ignorant of Mr. Pitt's true policy; and if ever they open their mouths again on the subject, except for the purpose of solemnly retracting all that they have ever written and spoken concerning it, they must be the most besotted, or the most ignorant of mankind. It can never henceforth be disputed, that Mr. Pitt and a majority of his cabinet, in 1801, were of opinion that the admission of Catholics to parliament, would, under certain conditions, be highly advisable; that such a measure would be attended with no danger to the established church; that the grounds of the laws of exclusion had been removed; and that the 'certain conditions,' above referred to, are actually enumerated in Mr. Pitt's letter, though lord Eldon never could get his illustrious friend to state them. It is further evident, that Mr. Pitt held that the measure of Catholic emancipation, instead of being injurious to the church establishment, would really be productive of '*a new security for the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of this country, more applicable to the present circumstances, more free from objection, and more effectual in itself, than any which now exists.*' It is clear, also, that the object of the union with Ireland, was not to subdue that country by the sword, as the Duke of Wellington and others have imagined, but to 'tranquillise and attach it to this country.' Upon these grounds did Mr. Pitt warmly recommend the measure to His Majesty; and when he saw His Majesty opposed to it, he gave the last proof of his sincerity, by withdrawing from the service of the crown. We need scarcely add that the king reluctantly accepted his resignation. His Majesty's letter on this subject, is to be found in the correspondence, and also, a short note, written by the late Duke of York, declaring his coincidence in opinion upon the whole matter with his royal father.

Upon the authenticity of these letters, there can be, we think, no doubt whatever. Dr. Phillpots, in a short preface states, that he received them from the present lord Kenyon, and that they are printed with fidelity from the manuscripts entrusted to him.

ART X. *Ancient Scottish Ballads, recovered from Tradition, and never before published; with Notes, Historical and Explanatory: and an Appendix, containing the Airs of several of the Ballads.* 8vo. pp. 233. 7*s*. 6*d*. Longman and Co. 1827.

THAT the poetic genius of Scotland is essentially lyrical, cannot rationally be denied: it would scarcely be saying too much, if we should add, that it is *exclusively* so. The observation will apply to the examples of the modern, as well as of the olden times. The long cherished existence of a national music, familiar to their hills, and to the ears of their very peasantry, as it is perhaps the source of this bias of the poetic faculty of the country, has been also the cause of the traditionary preservation of many of their ancient lays and ballads, which might otherwise, in all probability, have had but an ephemeral popularity. To this traditionary minstrelsy may perhaps be attributed, in a considerable degree, the general literate character of the Scottish nation—for though we may smile at the vanity which arrogates to Edinburgh the name of the modern Athens, prejudice and ignorance can alone deny the much more extended aspiration to some degree at least of literary attainment among the Scottish, than has ever yet appeared among our English population, and consequently, a much larger proportion of what may be called, *scholars by profession*, among the better conditioned—the secondary and upper grades of society. That these circumstances should have fed and characterised the national pride, in which our northern brethren are proverbially not deficient, was in the nature of things; and of such a feeling it was also a natural consequence, that the literary industry (another characteristic, that is national also), which employs itself in the profitable trade of book-making, should plentifully supply the general market of the united nation, and indeed of the reading world, with the treasures, and relics, of that legendary lore which long tradition had (perfectly or imperfectly) preserved and handed down from generation to generation. That national egotism may not sometimes have over estimated the value of this species of literature, we shall not very resolutely affirm. But cynical insensibility to the simple charms of national feeling, and the wild, sweet strains of a heart-touching melody, can alone deny that to this direction of the editorial industry of the north, we are indebted for an accumulated store of lyrical literature, delightful alike to the poet and the antiquary—to the taste that luxuriates in the pleasures of imagination, and to the curiosity that would explore the habits and characteristics of former generations.

It ought to be observed, however, that the collections of northern minstrelsy, are not as exclusively national, in the contracted sense of the word, as the Scottish literati in general would wish them to be supposed; and that the admission of an immeasurably superior

claim of the "northern" over the southern "countrie," to a successful devotion to the lyrical muse, must not be too strictly taken as exclusively applicable to that portion of our isle, which bears the name of Scotland: for many of the ballads, &c., embodied in the collections of Scottish songs, were not originally of Scottish growth, nor could so have been—as internal evidence would sufficiently evince, and as the volume before us bears irrefragable proof. In fact, the national music of Scotland, has not only preserved its own ballad lore; it has adopted and preserved some portion, also, of our own; and, though the bagpipe, and the minstrel habitudes it encouraged, have disappeared from the *English* portion of the North, it is evident, that where the mountainous region began, began also, in older times, the region of popular, or ballad minstrelsy. Perhaps, a glance over the literary and musical history of the world, might justify the opinion, that there is some principle of association in the very nature of things—or between the external phenomena of the material world, and the interior operations and propensities of our intellectual being, that would sufficiently account for this circumstance, and make the mountain, the native region of brief and simple, and energic song—such as may trill from every voice, and have a charm for every ear. Does not a wild and mountainous country, with all its rude sublimities and diversified phenomena of mists and hues, necessarily foster a certain wildness of imagination? Does not the very *physique* of such a country, longer preserve the simplicity of habits favourable to the ballad and minstrel tone of thought and feeling? Do not the habitudes of life, necessary to the state of society most conformable to the romantic diversity of rock and heath, and glen and rapid stream, naturally dispose the mind to those brief excursions of vivid thought and solace, which characterise the species of compositions to which we are referring? Could the genius of Burns have manifested itself in those shapes, which so justly command our peculiar admiration, had he been nurtured in those flat and fertile districts, over which (while they present so little excitement to the excursions of the imaginative faculty), a more levelling artificial species of civilization so easily and almost spontaneously diffuses itself. In short, dispose of the problem as we may, in our systems of speculative philosophy, the fact, at least, is beyond all question, that to the mountainous regions of this, our isle, we are indebted for that accumulation of lyrical traditionary lore, which has of late been presented to us in so many collections of Scottish songs, Scottish ballads, minstrelsy of the borders, &c. &c.; which have afforded so much profit to editors and booksellers, and so much amusement to the *reading public;* and which, we confess, have been to us, in many instances, highly interesting.

But, be a subject every so copious, it may be exhausted; or ever so interesting, it may lose its zest by repetition. That this is, in some degree, the case with respect to the traditionary ancient

Scottish minstrelsy, we think there are some symptoms in the volume before us: for it is, upon the whole, not only one of the least interesting collections of this description that has come under our review; but the profession, in the title page, of ballads 'never before published,' is not, in the spirit at least, fulfilled by the contents;—it being made up, in a considerable degree, of ballads, and fragments of ballads, of which somewhat different, and, generally speaking better, versions have been presented to the public, by the diligence of former collectors: so that no inconsiderable portion of the volume (if every accessible fragment of this description be deemed too precious to be lost), should have been reserved for notes and addenda to "a collated *variorum edition* of the entire remnants of Scottish minstrelsy;" if in the present rage for editorial commentary and bookmaking, a voluminous work of such a description should be projected.

In a very indifferently written 'Prefatory Notice,' the editor tells us—that,

'In laying this work before the public, he deems it unnecessary to make any apology for rescuing from oblivion those remains of our ancient Scottish ballads, which have escaped the researches of former collectors.'

And a little further on, he adds.

'After the successful and important labours of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Jamieson, and *others*, it might have been thought, that *the harvest* had been so *thoroughly reaped*, as to leave but a bare and *arid field* behind. Yet, though the collections of those eminent individuals stand unrivalled in excellence, and contain *the best*, perhaps, of our ancient ballads, *the harvest was too rich*, and the field too wide, *not to allow a few scattered particles to escape untouched* for future collectors to gather in*. Whilst, *therefore*, the works alluded to are chiefly confined to the south of Scotland, the present collection is almost entirely composed of ballads obtained in the '*North Countrie*,' a district hitherto but little explored, though by no means destitute of traditionary poetry.—They have all been taken down from recitation; and so far as the editor is aware, have *never before been published*: and though *some of them* will be found to be different versions of ballads already given to the public, yet, *in general*, the difference is so marked and essential, that, in *some instances*, they might almost rank as separate and distinct compositions.'—p. 10.

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* That the reaping of the harvest should leave the field *arid*, unless it were originally so, we do not very readily comprehend: and if it were originally so, we do not better understand how the harvest it yielded should have been rich and abundant. At any rate, it requires but little acquaintance with practical agriculture, from which the editor has thought fit to borrow his metaphor, to be aware that how wide soever might be the field of operation, the richness of the harvest would be the very reverse of rendering it likely, that any scattered particles should be allowed to escape untouched.—Rev.

From the contracted application of the term "North Countrie," in this extract, we might have expected a collection of ballads, in the highland, or Gælic language, rather than in that elder idiom of the *English* (or Norman-Anglo-Saxon) *tongue*, which constitutes what is called the *Scottish* dialect. But, in any sense in which the words are to be taken, the editor cannot be admitted to have adhered very strictly to what he here professes: for not only are many of the specimens produced (as we have already observed), mere variorum transcripts of ballads, or fragments of ballads, of which we were previously in possession; but several of these ballads are so far from being referable to more northern districts of Scotland, than those from which Sir Walter Scott, Jamieson, and others collected theirs, that they are absolutely and palpably of English growth. The editor, indeed, somewhat prepares us for this deviation, by what immediately follows.] 'The same remark,' he continues, 'applies to many English ballads current in Scotland, which have assumed a dress and character so different from their own, that but for some striking peculiarities, it would be scarcely possible to discover to which country they had originally belonged'! But the editor presents us with some ballads, which, in whatever part of Scotland they may occasionally be sung or recited, are in his version so unchanged, even in idiomatic dress and character, that no one can doubt, for an instant, of their English origin. We may instance, for example, the song (p. 118), 'Queen Jeanie,' the only alterations in which, from the English original, consist in verbal inaccuracies, that destroy the rhymes, and alterations and interpolations that destroy the metre:—defects attributable, we should suppose, to the imperfect memory and earless ineptitude of successive reciters; and which, at any rate, we should have thought it no unjustifiable liberty in the editor to have rectified.

'Queen Jeanie, queen Jeanie, travel'd six weeks and more,
Till women and midwives had quite gi'en her o'er:
"O if ye were women, as women should be,
Ye would send for a doctor, a doctor to me."

'The doctor was call'd for, and set by her bed *side*:—
"What aileth thee, my ladie, thine eyes seem so *red?*"
"O doctor, O doctor, will ye do this for me?
To rip up my two sides, and save my babie."

'"Queen Jeanie, queen Jeanie, that's the thing I'll ne'er *do*,
To rip up your two sides to save your *babie*."'—p. 118.

We have some nursery recollections of a more pathetic version of this ballad, or rather of a more pathetic ballad upon this subject, which used to be sung, with a multitude of other ditties of the olden time, by a servant girl from a more proximate part of the 'North Countrie'—either Cumberland or Westmoreland; and who, in this age of *inquiry after* legendary lyrics, would have been a

treasure to editors and publishers. One couplet, in the colloquy between the queen and Henry, urging the Cæsarian operation, we particularly remember, which will bear advantageous comparison with that above.

> "King Henry! king Henry! I have one thing to crave,—
> Let my right side be opened, my baby to save."

That the verses which we have above cited are of very bad English composition, will be readily admitted; but (to say nothing of the *subject*), that they have any thing characteristic of Scottish idiom in them, will be as readily denied. Nor is there any pretence for inserting this production in a collection of 'Ancient Scottish Ballads,' beyond the circumstance that some old woman was met with in Scotland, who had an imperfect remembrance of the words, and could sing them to a Scottish tune. The same may be said of several others. In 'Queen Eleanor's Confession,' indeed (p. 247), we have Scotticisms in the rhymes of the first two stanzas—and we have *frae* for *from*, &c.

> 'The queen fell sick, and very, very sick,
> She was sick and like to *dee*;
> And she sent for a friar oure *frae* France,
> Her confessor to be.
>
> 'King Henry when he heard o'that,
> An angry man was he;
> And he sent to the Earl Marshal,
> Attendance for to *gie*.'—p. 247.

And we have elsewhere *ba'* for *ball*, and *a'* for *all*.

> 'O do you see yon pretty little boy,
> That's playing at the ba'?
> He is the Earl Marshal's only son,
> And I loved him best of a'.'- -p. 250.

The legend of this ballad, is indeed a curious specimen of traditionary defamation; which, in olden as in modern times, could make "royal scandal its delight supreme:" for king Henry compels the Earl Marshal to take the disguise of a father confessor, while he himself in like monkish cowl, lurks in a corner to overhear what passes; and the queen is made to confess her intrigues with the Earl, and to avow that her favourite child is the issue of that adulterous connexion. The scene, with some modifications, might, in the hands of some of our playwrights, have admirable dramatic effect. The ballad, however, had no claim to insertion in the volume before us. The whole of the Scotticism of idiom given to this palpably English theme, consists in slight alterations of the rhyme and spelling. In 'Lord Beichan and Susie Pye,' (a strange name for a daughter of *the grand Signior*), p. 260—the indications of Scottish idiom are equally slight; and of Scottish characteristics,

the turn of thought, or structure of the poem, we have absolutely thing. It is in the pure, simple, old English ballad style.

'Young Beichan was in London born,
He was a man of hie degree;
He past thro' monie kingdoms great
Until he *cam* unto Grand Turkie.

'He view'd the fashions of that land,
Their way of worship viewed he;
But unto onie of their *stocks* [idols]
He wadna sae much as bow a knee.'

If, however, Scottish tradition have preserved some fragments nd specimens of our English lyrical poetry, which we had not the race to treasure for ourselves, we have reason to be thankful to it,— pecially when traces enough are left remaining by which the ori- nal ownership may be reclaimed. For whatever is valuable in is volume (and parts undoubtedly are so), and not essentially eserved in former collections, the editor is, also, entitled to mmendation. We cannot, indeed, but think that the act of -printing several of those ballads, of which we have other tran- ripts, merely on the score of some deviations (generally for the orse), in the language, and other trivial circumstances, in the pies here presented, has more the appearance of an avidity for ook-making, than of zeal for the honour of ancestral genius and the aditional poesy of the "North Countrie." For our own parts, at ast, we confess, that, with respect to the discrepancies between the emorial records of the same ballad in Mearns-shire and Roxburgh- ire, or any other shire, we should be perfectly satisfied with aving the transcript that in point, diction, imagery and metrical armony was the best, without encumbering our shelves with all e various readings, that can be collected from the accumulated unders or innovations of illiterate reciters in the respective dis- icts. The best way of obtaining the most worthy transcripts of ch traditionary lore, we should think, would be, to take them hen practicable) from the recollections of persons of some taste d education; and from such, some of the specimens before us ve been derived: but there are others, the palpable blemishes in e language and versification of which, must unquestionably be cribed to the ignorance of those from whose recitation they have en taken down, or through whom they have been successively ansferred. Either from indifference, or perhaps necessity, the esent editor seems not to have been very nice in this respect; d any old woman who fancied she had something of the sort in r memory, seems to have served his turn. One of the ballads he Duke of Athol,' (p. 170), is professedly 'taken down from e recitation of *an Idiot Boy*, in Wishaw.' And it is worthy of te, that, though it has its evident inaccuracies, it is by no means e of the most imperfect in diction and metre:—a circumstance,

however, not surprising: for if an idiot happen to have memory at all, it is pretty sure to be literally and mechanically correct; and so far as the poem came to him in a perfect state, it would be so retained and repeated*.

As the ballad in question is not only a curiosity, on account of the channel through which it was preserved; and though not one of the very best, yet, certainly, very far from being one of the worst in the collection; and as it is also one of which, we do not remember to have met with any other copy, we will quote it entire.

'"I am gaing awa, Jeanie,
I am gaing awa,
I am gaing *ayont* the saut seas, [beyond]
I am gaing sae far awa."

'"What will ye buy to me, Jamie,
What will ye buy to me?"
"I'll buy to you a silken plaid,
And send it wi vanitie."

'"That's na love at a' Jamie,
That's na love at a';
All I want is love for love,
And that's the best *ava*. [of all]

'"Whan will ye marry me, Jamie,
Whan will ye marry me?
Will ye tak me to your countrie,—
Or will ye marry me?"

'"How can I marry thee, Jeanie,
How can I marry thee?
Whan I've a wife and bairns three,—
Twa wad na weill agree."

'"Wae be to your fause tongue, Jamie,
Wae be to your fause tongue,
Ye promised for to marry me,
And has a wife at hame!

'"But if your wife would dee, Jamie,
And sae your bairns three,
Wad ye take me to your countrie,—
Or wad ye marry me?

'"But sin they're all alive, Jamie,
But sin they're all alive,
We'll tak a glass in ilka hand,
And drink, Weill may they thrive."'

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* There was to be met with, not a great many years ago, an idiot in the streets of London, who could not only repeat the Old and New Testament, word for word, but, if any text were repeated to him, could tell *chapter and* verse where it was to be found.—Rev.

'"If my wife wad dee, Jeanie,
And sae my bairns three;
I wad tak ye to my ain countrie,
And married we wad be."

'"O an your head war sair Jamie,
O an your head war sair*,
I'd tak the napkin frae my neck,
And tie down your yellow hair."

'"I hae na wife at a', Jeanie,
I hae na wife at a',
I hae neither wife nor bairns three,
I said it to try thee."

'"Licht are ye to loup Jeanie,
Licht are ye to loup,
Licht are ye to loup the dyke,
Whan I maun *wale a slap*." [choose a gap].

'"Licht am I to loup Jeanie,
Licht am I to loup;
But the hiest dyke that we come to,
I'll turn and tak ye up.

'"Blair in Athol is mine, Jeanie,
Blair in Athol is mine;
Bonnie Dunkel is whare I dwell,
And the boats o' Garry's mine.

'"Huntingtower is mine, Jeanie,
Huntingtower is mine,
Huntingtower, and bonnie Belford,
And a' Balquhither's mine."'—pp. 170—173.

A third part of the ballads in the present volume, are perhaps of about equal value with the above, and there are some, as we have already admitted, of superior merit; but one of the most beautiful, according to our taste, in the collection, is the ballad of 'Lord Henry and Lady Ellenore' (p. 219). But for its length we should be tempted to quote the whole of it. We must be content, however, with transcribing so many of the most picturesque and affecting stanzas, as may serve at the same time to do justice to the simple graces of the composition, and put our readers in possession of the general story. The editor is assured, he tells us, that this ballad, though apparently of a modern cast, is of considerable antiquity. It is given from the recitation of a lady, who learned it forty years ago from a very old woman, who, in her turn, had it from tradition.

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* Meaning, we suppose, if he had the head-ache.—The loving lassie would scarceiy allude to any more national species of *sairness* of the head.

'Lady Ellenore and lord Henry
Liv'd in the North countrie,
And they hae pledg'd their faith and troth
That wedded they would be.

'Her father was a baron bauld,
Her brother a valliant knicht,
And she, her father's ae dochter,
A maid of beautie bricht.

'But they disliked her ain dear choice,
For he had nae stately bield;
He had but a true and loving heart,
And honour in the field.

'But love is like the rapid stream,
That rushes down the hill;
The mair they vow'd against her love,
The mair she loed him still.

* * * * *

'But late on a September night,
Thir lovers did agree, [these]
To meet as they were wont to do
Under the aiken tree

'Lady Ellen, trusty to the hour,
Did to the grove repair;
She waited lang, and very lang,
But nae Henry came there.

'"O what has stay'd my Henry dear,
That keeps him sae frae me;
There is the stream, and there's the rock,
And here's the aiken tree."

'But loud, loud blew the tempest round,
And rustling came the rain;
She call'd aloud on Henry dear,
But a' her calls were vain.'

A transient gleam of the moon from 'behind a dark, d cloud,' discovers to her what she deemed 'twa shepher youths.

'To them she did repair.

'But sic a sicht to Ellen fair!
She saw her lover laid
A corpse beside her brother dear,
Row'd in his tartan plaid.

'Weel, weel she kenn'd his lovely form,
His yellow locks like gold,
That still wav'd in the surly blast,
A sad sicht to behold!

'Her brother still held in his grasp
A dirk wi' blude all dyed!
Her spirit fled, she dropped down,
Close by her lover's side!'

These stanzas, in the touching simplicity of their language, bring the tragic picture distinctly and affectionately into view; but some additional touches of graphic and pathetic colouring are afterwards added, when, in the morning, lady Ellen being missed in the breakfast-hall, the anxious quest made by her father (who does not seem to have partaken *in an equal degree* of the animosity of her 'brother's proud heart'), brings us again to the fatal scene.

'The storm was o'er, the morn was fair,
They soon did them espie,
All in a hollow of the hill
The three corpses did lie.

'O bluidy, bluidy were the youths,
All dy'd from head to heel;
They still kept in their deadly grasp
Their dirks o' trusty steel.

'But Ellen lay as one asleep,
Her jetty tresses flow
Around her now pale death-cold cheek,
And o'er her noble brow.'

The desolation of lady Ellen's father is thus described:

'His lady fair had long been laid
Down by yon willow tree,
That now waves o'er her daughter's grave,
With her loved Henerie.'

And the following pathetic stanza concludes the poem:

'Lang may lord Henry's mother look
Her ain dear son to see;
He lies beside his Ellen dear,
Beneath the willow tree.'—pp. 219—224.

These are the simple and natural strains that give their deepest interest to collections like the present; and notwithstanding what we have said of the comparative merit of the present with some former collections, there are specimens enough of this description to secure it a circulation among the lovers of this species of poetry. The generality of the ballads are preceded by brief historical notices, and some of them are followed by illustrative notes and references. The obsolete words, and some that we should have thought scarcely to be regarded as obsolete, are explained at the bottom of the page. Of the airs of several of the ballads subjoined in the appendix, some are very beautiful. We may particularise, as included in this commendation, 'The Shep-

herd's Daughter,' 'The Gardener,' 'The Provost's Daughter,' and 'Jock o' Hazelgreen.' The last of which is certainly very superior to the air adapted to the song of the same name, by Miss Payton, from the first part of the "Tarry Sailor."

ART. XI. *Le Globe Journal Philosophique et Litteraire.* Paris: Santelet. Londres: Rolendi; Treuttell et Würtz. 1827.

ALTHOUGH in a former article* we gave a descriptive enumeration of upwards of fifty periodical works, which are at present published in France, yet we have as yet by no means exhausted the catalogue. The farther we have pushed our inquiries on this subject, the more we have been surprised, in the first place, at the prodigious number of such productions, among our literary neighbours; and in the next place, at the general ignorance that prevails amongst ourselves, as to the existence of the greater part of those abundant and eminently useful channels of public opinion and knowledge. We shall now proceed to those works which come under the head of 'the moral and economical philosophical sciences.'

PHILOSOPHY.

1. *Le Producteur* (monthly).
2. *Le Globe* (three times a week).

It is the object of the 'Producteur,' to promote a union between learned men, artists, and the industrious classes, by means of philosophical doctrine in harmony with the actual state of civilization, by favouring the future progress of humanity, in the pursuit of science, and the attainment of moral and industrious knowledge. Its plan is, to establish some fundamental principles of social science, to recall them incessantly to the attention of governments, of philosophers and writers, and finally, of all men who are capable of profound reflection. With this view, its editors endeavour to raise the industrious classes to the highest point of consideration and importance; and if the principles which they proclaim were admitted, disengaged from the exaggerations of the sects, and some erroneous principles of political economy, and confined within reasonable limits, they would probably operate a powerful influence on the happiness of the human race. They would insensibly ameliorate the condition of the great majority of mankind, by banishing inveterate prejudices, rectifying public opinion, and improving the morals of every class.

'The Globe' being less dogmatical than the 'Producteur,' and less passionately devoted to its philosophic opinions, has acquired a powerful ascendancy over the public mind. This journal considers philosophy as the basis of moral and political science; as the principle of the arts of thinking, speaking, and writing; and, by applying it to literature in general, its investigations extend equally

* See Monthly Review, vol. iv., p. 460.

to the moral sciences, as well as to the departments of physical and mathematical knowledge. The editors were formerly pupils of the Normal schools, which were so justly celebrated, and in which the various branches of science were publicly taught by the most eminent men in France; and they have given, during the last three years, repeated proofs of talent, integrity, and independence. No violent party spirit, no fanaticism, either religious or political, disfigures their pages. If they contend for liberty, it is not for the particular interest of any privileged class, but for the general benefit of all; and if they advocate liberty of conscience, it is in favour of all religious sects, without any distinction. The editors exhibit occasionally considerable penetration and learning: they discuss and analyze, with calmness and impartiality, the various subjects of philosophy, morals, and literature; and if, sometimes, we meet in their writings with the passionate emotions of eloquence, it is only when they have to combat (as latterly, in the case of the liberty of the press), the enemies of reason and liberty.

RELIGION.

1. *Le Catholique* (monthly).
2. *Le Memorial Catholique* (do.).
3. *L'Ami de la Religion et du Roi* (twice a week).
4. *Le Médiateur* (daily).
5. *Tablettes du Clergé et des Amis de la Religion* (monthly).
6. *La revue Protestante* (do.).
7. *Archives du Christianisme* (do.).
8. *Journal de la Societé de la Morale Chretienne* (do.).
9. *Bulletin de la Société Biblique Protestante* (do.).
10. *Journal des Missions Evangeliques* (quarterly).

We must content ourselves with merely mentioning the titles of these publications, as it is no part of our duty to mingle in the strife of religious parties. The 'Archives du Christianisme,' the 'Journal de la Societé de la Morale Chretienne,' the 'Bulletin de la Societé Biblique, and the 'Revue Protestante,' are in the interest of the Protestant church in France. The remainder are Roman Catholic in their principles, and one or two of them are, we believe, principally supported by the Jesuits.

EDUCATION.

1. *Journal d'Education* (monthly).
2. *Journal Grammatical* (do.).
3. *L'Essential d'une Education soignée* (do.).
4. *L'ami de la Jeunesse* (do.).
5. *Journal de la Jeunesse* (weekly).
6. *Le Bon Génie* (do.).
7. *L'Abeille des Demoiselles* (do.).
8. *Journal de l'Instruction des Sourds et muets et des Aveugles* (monthly).
9. *Journal des Prisons, Hospices, et Ecoles* (do.).

There are published in London sixteen Journals devoted to the subject of education; while there are only nine of that description printed at Paris, and these are, almost entirely, inferior to the former. The general defect in the French works that are devoted to education, is, that they are drawn up more with a view to the opulent classes than to the humble ranks of society, and that they tend more to adorn the fancy, than to form the hearts of youth. The 'Journal de l'Instruction des sourds-muets et des Aveugles,' however, forms an exception to these remarks.

The 'Globe,' alludes to it in the following terms. 'The benefits conferred by the genius of the Abbé de l'Epée, and by the persevering spirit of the Abbé Sicard, on the deaf and dumb, are no longer confined to a single institution, founded and protected by the government. Most of our great towns now possess their free and municipal schools: intelligent and zealous instructors attached to them, find, at the same time, the means of doing good, and for themselves a decent and honourable support in the efforts of their labour. Various methods are tried and adopted, and new experiments are made every day. A Journal of this description is, therefore, an enterprise of merit and utility, as it collects all the various observations that are thrown out on the subject, and traces the progress of a method of instruction so beneficial to humanity as that of the deaf and dumb and the youthful blind. When we reflect that there are in Europe, thousands of unhappy beings affected with these infirmities, blessings should be heaped on that estimable man who has recently appealed to the public in their favour; and who, by repeated discussions and experiments, accelerated the perfection of the method now generally adopted for their instruction.'

There is another publication, which reflects no less honour on France than the preceding: it is termed, the '*Journal des Prisons, Hospices, et ecoles primaires, et etablissemens de bienfaisances*,' and is conducted by M. Appert. The author, who is a man of courage and humanity, and who following the steps of our virtuous Howard, has devoted himself, during ten years, to the modest, but respectable employment of teacher and protector of prisoners, has been led to believe, that by forbearing to attack the vices of the prison system, as well as those of the hospitals and primary schools, he might induce the French government to consent to an amelioration, that is demanded by all the friends of humanity, and of which the greatest want is felt in the prisons and hospitals, where every thing requires to be changed; and in the system of the primary schools, which is still so incomplete.

PUBLIC ECONOMY.

1. *Annales des Sciences Economiques* (every two weeks).
2. *Bulletin de la Societé d'Avances mutulles sur garanties* (monthly).
3. *Journal des Connoissances Usuelles* (do).

The first of these three journals, treats of the economical sciences;

of finances, with their various relations to commerce, industry, agriculture, insurance companies, &c.: and the second is published by the society, whose title it bears, being particularly devoted to repel the attacks made on the society, and to unfold the principle which is aiming at the gradual reduction of the interest of money to 3 per cent. per annum, and to establish a new system of credit, which might prove highly beneficial to commerce and industry. The third again, as its title indicates, does not proceed in quest of novelty, but devotes its principal attention to utility. The end which the editors propose to themselves, is to popularize instruction, and to diffuse over all the classes of society, but more particularly among those who cannot spare time for study, that positive information of every kind, which may be rendered applicable to the general purposes of life. They, therefore, draw on the physical and mathematical sciences, on chemistry, mechanics, natural history, medicine, domestic economy, both industrious and rural, for those simple notions, which are easy of comprehension to all capacities. Yet we do not think that the article on Sound, inserted in the 12th number of this repository, can be easily comprehended by the class to which it is addressed; but it rarely occurs, that the editors display their erudition in such a manner, at a clear loss.

LEGISLATION AND JURISPRUDENCE.

1. *Bulletin des Lois* (weekly).
2. *Recueil Complet des Lois et Ordonnances du royaume* (every two months).
3. *Thémis* (monthly).

Before the revolution, France did not possess a fixed and recognised body of laws. All transactions were then regulated by means of more than two hundred written customs, which were feudal, barbarous, and incomplete:—a system of jurisprudence, that varied with the times, persons, and jurisdictions—was favourable to chicanery, and rendered law proceedings numerous, indefinite, and oppressively expensive. The Roman law, which was followed by the majority of the tribunals, not as law, but as written reason, *non ratione imperii, sed rationis imperio*, added still more to the general confusion, and rendered the science still more obscure, perplexed, and difficult. But the revolution began, what Napoleon afterwards completed. That great event extricated France from the chaos of the ancient law, obliterated the endless diversity of customs, and levelled to the ground the ancient edifice. Napoleon reconstructed it on a more regular and modern plan, and promulgated the well known five codes.

The 'Bulletin des Lois,' the existence of which can be traced back to the year 1793, announces the promulgation of all the laws that are binding on the citizens of France. It is also a repository of all the acts that emanate from the public authorities. It

contains, however, several defects: in order to remedy which, M. Isambert, an advocate equally distinguished and intrepid, of the bar of Paris, has published his 'Recueil des Lois et Ordonnances du Royaume.' From this work he has retrenched all the lumber that fills the bulletin, such as letters of naturalization, ordonnances, and regulations, connected with merely local, or private interest.

The 'Thémis,' is edited by the professors of the school of law at Paris. It does not give the text of the laws promulgated by the government; but it frequently contains dissertations on some very interesting points of law, and the history of jurisprudence.

4. *Journal special des Justices de Paix* (monthly).
5. *Journal des Juges de Paix* (do).
6. *Le Correspondant des Juges de Paix* (weekly).
7. *Annales Universelles de Legislation Commerciale* (monthly).
8. *Journal des Audiences de la Cour Royale de Paris* (do).
9. *Mèmorial de Jurisprudence des Cours Royales* (do).
10. *Journal des Audiences de la Cour de Cassation* (do).
11. *Bulletin de la Cour de Cassation* (do).
12. *Journal du Palais* (do).
13. *Jurisprudence Generale du Royaume* (do).

It was the law of 24th August, 1790, that laid the foundation of the new judicial organization of France; subsequent laws have since cleared away all the scaffolding, seignorial and ecclesiastical, royal and provincial, which existed under the ancient regime, arising from the struggle of private interests, and not from a desire of satisfying the wants of the mass of the population. The new legislators of France have restored the judicial order in general to its true destination, by completely separating it from the legislative, as well as the administrative power. They suppressed the venality of the offices of judicature, and decreed, that the judges should distribute justice gratuitously, and that they should be paid by the state. For each canton of the kingdom, they appointed a judge of the peace, who disposes without appeal, of all causes to the value of 50 francs, and with the right of appeal, to the value of 100 francs. He is, moreover, a sort of arbitrator, before whom all are obliged to present themselves, who wish to bring a civil action within the competence of the tribunals of the Premiere Instance.

The three first repositories mentioned above, embrace in their plan every thing that tends to enlighten the judges of the peace, who frequently have not made any previous study of the law, in order to enable them to fulfil with more propriety, the difficult functions in which they are engaged. The 'Journal Spécial de Justices de Paix,' is conducted by M. Poulan; and in this journal the justices of the peace are considered under the two-fold relation of civil jurisdiction, and administration of police.

In every arrondisement, there is a tribunal of commerce, the

judges of which are selected from the commercial classes, and are bound to decide on all commercial transactions, subject to the same restrictions as the tribunals of the Premiere Instance. The 'Annales Universelles de Legislation Commerciale,' make a collection of all the important decisions that take place in these courts. In each arrondisement, there is a tribunal of the Premiere Instance, charged with hearing appeals from the justices of the peace; also with judging without appeal in all matters of personal and moveable property, not exceeding 1000 francs, or an income of 50 francs, and with the right of appeal for all sums and actions whatsoever. For every two departments, or nearly so, a Royal Court is established, which is empowered to judge appeals from the decisions of the tribunals of the Premiere Instance, and de Commerce, in cases in which the latter courts are not competent to give final judgment.

The 'Journal des Audiences de la Cour Royale de Paris,' and the 'Mémorial de Jurisprudence des Cours Royales,' have both for their object, to promote the knowledge of the jurisprudence established in these superior courts. Finally, there is a Court of Cassation, including all France in its jurisdiction, the principle attributes of which are, to annul sentences as an ultimate court; and also the decrees of the royal courts, when they exceed their powers, violate the text of the law, or infringe the legal forms prescribed under pain of nullity. The 'Bulletin de la Cour de Cassation,' is the official journal of this court; it contains all the decrees that set aside the decisions submitted to its revision. The 'Journal des Audiences,' collects the decrees that annul as well as those that confirm. The 'Journal du Palais et de la Jurisprudence Générale du Royaume,' furnish both the jurisprudence of the Court of Cassation, and that of the Royal Courts, on the application of the five codes. These repositories bear a strong resemblance to our books of reports.

14. *Recueil de Jurisprudence Annuelle et Spéciale Concernant les Huissiers* (monthly).
15. *Journal des Avoués* (do.).
16. *Journal des Notaires et des Avocats* (do.).
17. *Mémorial du Notariat, et de l'enregistrement* (do.).

The officers who are attached to the courts and tribunals which we have previously noticed, are the *huissiers*, who are similar, in some respects, to our bailiffs, and who are charged with summoning the plaintiffs and defendants to appear in court, to execute the arrests, and put the sentences of the tribunals in force: the *avoués*, a species of attornies, attached to the tribunals of the Premiere Instance and the Royal Courts, who are exclusively commissioned to prepare the papers of process, and to represent the parties under all the *phases* of the proceedings: the *avocats*, who correspond to our barristers, and possess the exclusive privilege of

making speeches before the Court of Cassation; and, lastly, the *notaires*, a species of voluntary magistrates, who have nothing in common with our notaries. They draw up various classes of instruments, to which they have the privilege of attaching the character of authenticity; and persons are bound by these documents, without any previous notification of the obligation through any decision of a court of justice. The *notaires*, and especially the *avocats*, are highly respected in France. Within the last few years, the bar of France has manifested a zealous attachment to principle, and the spirit of independence. M. M. Isambert, Barthe, Marilhou, Odillon, Barot, Laromigniere, and many others, by an incorruptible integrity, profound learning, and a degree of courage that bids defiance to the frowns of power, do honour to a profession which is the most brilliant, noble, and useful, when it is exercised with becoming dignity and independence.

The four preceding repositories sufficiently indicate by their titles the subjects which they discuss, and the purposes to which they are applied.

18. *Recueil des Arrets du Conseil d'Etat* (monthly).
19. *Annales Maritimes et Coloniales* (do.).
20. *Bulletin des Douanes de France* (do.).
21. *Journal de l'Enregistrement et des Domaines* (do.).
22. *Le Controlleur de l'Enregistrement* (do.).
23. *Memorial de Precepteurs* (do.)
24. *Annales Administratives de l'Emigration* (do.)

Besides the four kinds of jurisprudence which we have introduced to the readers, France reckons a fifth, in addition to these, which forms a contrast with the simplicity of the preceding courts. This extraordinary jurisdiction is termed *administrative*, and has for its organs, 1st, the 'Conseils de Prefecture' of each department, the members of which are selected, and removed by the government; and the 'Conseil d'Etat,' or privy council of the king, nominated by the sovereign, and dependent on him. The 'Conseils de Prefecture,' determine in the Premiere Instance, and the 'Conseil d'Etat,' as an ultimate court, in cases of appeal. Their jurisdiction extends to the applications of private citizens, petitioning for the diminution of their direct contributions; to the difficulties that may occur to the undertakers of public works, concerning the meaning and performance of their contracts; to the claims of proprietors for indemnities; to the regulation of the high-roads, the national domains, &c. The seven repositories above mentioned, discuss all the numerous objects that lie within the competence of the administrative tribunals. The 'Recueil des Arrets du Conseil d'Etat,' is edited by M. Macarel, and contains the decrees of the council of state, especially the affairs of administrative justice; while other works, as for instance, the 'Bulletin des Douanes,' the

al d'Enregistrement,' &c., treat of matters especially con-
with a single branch of the administration.

25. *Recueil General des Lois et Arrets* (monthly).
26. *Gazette des Tribunaux* (daily).
27. *Spectateur des Tribunaux* (do.)
28. *Journal Judiciare* (do.).

'Recueil des Lois et Arrets,' is edited by M. F. B. Sirey,
a la Cour de Cassation; and is, with respect to jurispru-
what the Bulletin Universel of M. Ferrusac is with regard
nce, and what the 'Revue Encyclopedique,' so ably edited
Jullien, is with respect to science and literature in general.
ıblication of M. Sirey unfolds the jurisprudence of the Court
ısation, the Royal Court, and the Council of State, respect-
the matters which these courts embrace within their juris-
ı. This journal, which made its first appearance in 1800,
one through several editions, and is circulated to a great
in France. The editor does not only give the text of the
s, but generally accompanies it with critical observations,
ven with consultations, so that it possesses a superiority over
her repositories on the same subject. The 'Gazette,' and
pectateur des Tribunaux,' are drawn up on the same plan;
ect is to give the greatest possible publicity to the proceed-
f the courts, in order that jurisprudence may cease to be a
e of mystery, and the peculiar property of the gentlemen of
ıg robe.

'Spectateur' is superior in point of talent to the 'Gazette;'
f them furnish abundant materials for the French murders
obberies, which are of late frequently to be found in the
ns of the "Morning Herald."

'Journal Judiciare,' nearly resembles our "Law Chronicle,"
Law Advertiser," published in London; it contains adver-
ents, and other information respecting judicial affairs.

ther investigation would no doubt enable us to swell the list
periodical publications of France, very considerably. But
ve already carried our inquiries on this subject, beyond the
to which we had originally intended. Our purpose is suffi-
y answered, if we have succeeded in directing the attention of
aders to the literary industry of our neighbours, which is, un-
onably, much more active in the diffusion of sound and use-
formation, than most persons on this side of the Channel
clined to believe.

ART. XII. 1. *Vivian Grey.* Vols. 3—5. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* London: Colburn. 1827.
2. *The Prairie, a Tale.* By the author of "The Spy," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 4*s.* London: Colburn. 1827.
3. *Karmath, an Arabian Tale.* By the author of "Rameses," an Egyptian Tale, &c. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 341. 8*s.* boards. London: F. Cock. 1827.
4. *The Busy Bodies, a Tale.* By the authors of "The Odd Volume." 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* London: Longman & Co. 1827.

NOVELS of every description have of late crowded so fast upon us, that we are obliged to review them in groups, without reference to the classes of fiction to which they aspire to belong. If some of them deserve notice for the talents which they display; others, and we regret to say, the greater number of those which have been lately ushered into the world, call loudly for the severest castigation which fair and temperate criticism can inflict.

Of the first part of Vivian Grey we spoke* rather in mercy than justice. We must now balance the scales; and we may do so the more easily, as between the former tale and this, its declared sequel, there is not the slightest connection of events, except in the presence of the same hero. The story, if story it can be called, is held together only by the single thread of his identity. In the general strain and tone of the work, however, it must be confessed, that its parts are abundantly consistent. We have here a repetition of all the cant of mannerism and affectation of sentiment, all the false glare and hollow philosophy, all the arrogant pretension and real vulgarity, with which the former volumes so largely overflowed. In the conduct of his narrative, too, the author has shewn, in this sequel, even less originality and inventive resource than in the earlier volumes of his work: his serious incidents are altogether improbable, and destitute of rational interest; and the few scenes in which he has designed to be humorous, are full only of laboured burlesque, and outrageous extravagance. And yet with all this, and with a great deal more of bad taste and worse feeling, there is a certain air of flippant cleverness and assurance in the author's manner, which often gives to it an epigrammatic attraction, and makes his thoughts pass current for much more than they are really worth. In the creation and developement of fictitious character, he has no power whatever: his invention is poor, and his delineation feeble. But for coarse and broad satire, he possesses considerable talent: he has a lively perception of the ridiculous; and where he succeeds best is, in caricaturing the prominent foibles and eccentricities of living individuals, whom it is evident that he has selected for the originals of his portraits. Thus his only wit is

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* M. R. vol. ii., p. 329.

mimicry; and his finest vein of humour, no more than the indulgence of gross personality.

In the former portion of the novel, Vivian Grey was represented as a young man of great talents and unrestrained passions, who plunges, early and deep, into public and parliamentary life; is duped in his political intrigues, and kicked by a political associate; challenges the offender, of course, and shoots him through the heart; and finally retires to Germany, stricken with remorse at this catastrophe, and disappointed and disgusted, before his time, with the world, or rather with the consequences of his own precocious vices and follies. The opening of the present three volumes, then, finds this exemplary hero a sojourner in Germany—'feeling himself a broken-hearted man, and looking for death, whose delay was no blessing.' But it seems that 'the feelings of youth, which had misled him in his burning hours of joy, equally deceived him in his days of sorrow. He lived; and in the course of time found each day of life less burdensome.' 'The truth is,' adds the author, 'that if it be the lot of man to suffer, it is also his fortune to forget.' Vivian Grey felt that he might yet again mingle in the world, though he must meet mankind with other feelings than those of his youth. His character was changed: he had awoke to conviction of the worthlessness of human fortunes, and to indifference for the future which awaited him.

In other words, in short, it suiting the worthy author's and his publisher's speculations, to lead his old hero through a new dance of intricate adventures, he must needs begin by healing and new shaping this man of broken heart, and reconciling him to renewed communion and indifferent converse with mankind. The manner in which this design is prosecuted is unquestionably, if not the most original, at least the most convenient in the world. Vivian Grey wanders through Germany, mixing with society as he meets it: the author therefore dismisses his other characters, and introduces a fresh collection, just whenever it pleases him. Nothing more natural than the entrance and the exits of new persons, with new situations—nothing more easy than the stringing together of a series of unconnected and disjointed scenes, by means of a locomotive hero, who keeps continually on the wing, and who is himself ever before us, whatever may become of his ephemeral interlocutors. Thus, in the third volume, we encounter again not a single person whom we have encountered in the first and second; in the fourth and fifth, we are relieved altogether from the presence of every individual who has appeared either in the first, second, or third; with the exceptions only of the eternal and thrice broken-hearted hero, a most monstrous absurdity of a mountebank valet, and a most dull and bibacious magistrate from the Danube, who is, for an instant, forced in a second time at the end of the book, to serve no earthly purpose that is discoverable.

At the opening of the third volume, Vivian Grey enters Frank-

fort on the Maine, during the great fair of that city; and from thence, after witnessing the humours of its bustling gaiety, he adjourns to the baths at Ems, where the scene is laid throughout the remainder of the volume. The description of this German watering-place of fashionable resort, its localities, its visitors, and its pleasures, forms by far the best part of the whole work; and whatever merit may be found in the continuation of Vivian Grey, is comprised in this single volume.

The opening of the fourth volume abruptly discovers Mr. Grey and his mountebank servant benighted in a forest, in the south of Germany; and from this point to the close of the work, we are whirled through a confused series of scenes and adventures, which are at once laboriously coloured, absurdly improbable, and most tamely uninteresting. The action of the novel is, in these two volumes, laid principally at the court of one of the small states of southern Germany; which, under the title of the grand duchy of Reisenburg, can be intended, we presume, from the introduction of some historical circumstances, for no other than that of Baden—or possibly, Darmstadt. The question of the author's intention is, however, most completely immaterial: for though he has dwelt upon the pleasures and politics of this petty court with elaborate minuteness, and doubtless purposed to represent particular personages and places under some of his fictitious titles, truth and fiction are confused and blended in such injudicious proportions, as to render it impossible to distinguish which part of the mixture is designed for the delineation of real life, and which for the mere fanciful product of invention. Political details, without the slightest interest, are given with almost interminable prolixity; and, in the story which is founded upon them, we are alternately provoked by extravagance, and wearied with dull dissertation.

There is a prime minister of the grand duke of Reisenburg, a Mr. Beckendorff, wkose character, it is plain, is one of the author's most favourite conceptions: this person is represented as, at the same time, a man of exalted genius, and a crack-brained humourist; a profound statesman, and a fiddling charlatan; and a more precious compound of contradictory absurdities, it never entered into the imagination of novel-wright to amalgamate. It had been through the skilful measures of this miracle of a minister, that, during the ascendency of Napoleon, his master and pupil, the former margrave of Reisenburg had been raised to the grand ducal dignity, and received large accessions of territory; and by a well-timed change in his consummate policy, during the rapid decline of Buonaparte's fortunes, he had also secured to the grand duke the favour of the holy alliance and the preservation of all his newly acquired dominions. Though living in retirement, and rarely visiting the court, this Mr. Beckendorff still rules the sovereign and the state of Reisenburg with despotic influence; and Vivian *Grey is* accidentally introduced to him in his solitude, during a

long and petty intrigue, which has for its result, the conversion of a mediatized and despoiled prince of the extinguished German empire, from a proud and disaffected patriot, into the obsequious grand marshal of the palace at Reisenburg. Subsequently, Mr. Grey becomes rather awkwardly involved in an intrigue of another kind, also under circumstances of extreme probability. An Austrian archduchess, the destined bride of the hereditary prince of Reisenburg, is introduced at that court incognito, by Beckendorff, that she may judge for herself of the qualities of her future husband. The result of the imperial lady's observation is unfavourable to the prince, and very flattering to Mr. Grey, for whom she conceives a violent preference. On the good feeling and propriety of introducing by name a princess of a particular house, in the imaginary character of a very wanton young lady, we shall not stop to remark. The Austrian archduchess "tells her love" by no very equivocal expressions; and her passion is as warmly returned by the sorrowing and widowed lover of Violet Fane! A terrible scene, however, ensues, in which Grey is discovered by Mr. Beckendorff on his knees before the unknown princess, and, for his presumption, most unpleasantly collared and shaken by that enraged minister. On the discovery of this indiscreet attachment, the lovers are of course cruelly separated for ever: the lady is removed to her friends, as usual in such cases; and the gentleman, being secretly dismissed from the court of Reisenburg, takes the road to Vienna, overwhelmed with astonishment, indignation and grief, and, for the third time only, most piteously broken hearted. A furious and nondescript kind of tornado, which overtakes him on his road, and kills his mountebank servant, concludes the whole business in a very appropriate and melo-dramatic style.

Such is the miserable farrago, of which the business of the two last volumes of this work is worthily compounded. As an exhibition of the characteristics of an author's mind, we seriously believe that there does not exist, in all our language, another such egregious specimen of mingled pretension and ignorance as this continuation of Vivian Grey. Nothing in the world would be a greater mistake, than to suppose that the author is contented to be taken for a mere novelist. He is, on the contrary, oracular on all subjects: on matters of metaphysical sentiment, philosophy, science, politics, art, fashion, and taste. On all, he holds forth with the same confidence and complacency; and indubitable it is, that never man stood on better terms with himself. Thus, at the very outset, he obtrudes himself upon our notice ostensibly to vindicate his injured modesty from the suspicion of having, in the first part of his magnum opus, described his own character under that of his respectable hero; but in reality, to indulge his ineffable vanity, by talking of himself. Who cares one farthing, whether he meant to paint his own character or not? But, he placidly observes, 'this charge is an inconvenience, which I share in com-

pany with more celebrated writers.' A new "Childe Harold!" Verily, the association is diffidently claimed: for "what is he to Hecuba, or Hecuba to him?" Next he ingeniously complains (p. 10), that he has been blamed for 'the wicked wit' of his hero. It would be well for him, if there were as little foundation for all other reproach: for here, at least, he is utterly guiltless of offence. But if he is thus quick-sighted in attributing condemnation to himself on a charge of 'wicked wit,' of which no other person ever dreamt of accusing him, he recompenses his candour with self praise, which is just as little merited. At the close of a long and presumptuous depreciation of the genius of Michael Angelo, forcibly introduced (p. 47), merely to shew his very original taste in art, he observes of this trash, which he has himself put into the mouth of the speaker, 'the baron's lecture was rather long, but certainly unlike most other lecturers, *he understood his subject.*' Yet, in the dogmatical assertions of this very sapient lecture, there is an historical error, which any school boy might have blushed to commit: two distinct periods in Italian history are confounded; and Verona, in whose streets the iron despotism of Venice had for a whole century suppressed every breath of popular commotion, is declared (p. 55) to have been in Michael Angelo's age, 'the constant seat of sedition.'

But this error is worth notice only as one proof, how well the author has 'understood his subject.' A fastidious Italian scholar too is he, who, in the cant vocabulary of art, cannot (p. 42, vol. 3), permit himself to use the word chiaroscuro, without the needless intermediate apostrophe (chiaro'scuro), and yet can talk by the hour of the *Medicis*;—who must needs Italianise the recognised English of punchinello, and yet has not Italian enough to save him from repeatedly (pp. 80, 318) writing the word pulcinello for pulcinell*a*. These are trifles which we should scarcely take the trouble to particularise, if they were not marks of affectation, as well as of ignorance. But our all accomplished author's Italian is quite as accurate as the German, with which he is careful to proclaim his learning, by interlarding his speech. We take leave to assure him, that *heer* for *herr* (p. 62), is not German, but Dutch, a language of which, indeed, he does seem to have a little smattering: for when Vivian talked of a *kermis* for a fair, he might have been comprehended at Amsterdam, where it does signify something of the kind; but assuredly could not have been understood by a Frankfort mob, as the word happens to have, in German, no signification at all. Equally accurate, as we once before observed, is his interpretation of the common German term of respect, *Euer Gnaden*, or "your honour," which he renders 'your highness,' and makes Vivian's servant ridiculously so use it throughout the whole work. These mistakes, too, perhaps, are trifles; nor is it reasonable to expect a writer to be accurately acquainted with *other* languages, who is shamefully ignorant of his own: who

habitually talks of things in *kine* for in *kind* (pp. 28, 118, vol. 3), and prattles of interesting *relicts* of the middle ages!!

But, moreover, for a work of so especial a pretender to fashionable refinement, and as a boasted exhibition of the conversation and manners of high life, the dialogue of these volumes contains a surprising measure of positive vulgarity and offence against grammatical purity. Thus we hear, from the lips of a gentleman (p. 35), of 'a business being managed *exceedingly bad*.' Thus too, Miss Violet Fane, who is designed for the very personification of grace, talks and acts much more like a forward milliner, or pert chambermaid, than a highly educated and diffident young lady: 'St. George! thou holy man!' said Miss Fane; 'me thinks you are very impertinent. You shall not be my patron saint, if you *go on so*.' This most elegant phrase is apparently a favourite form of speech with our author's personages: 'Now, Violet, how can you *go on so?*' (p. 148).

So much for our author's familiar manner of dissertation and dialogue. His grand and elevated style is something still better, and forms a most curious alternation of pure bombast and metaphysical fustian. That we may not be compelled to multiply examples of his inimitable fine writing, we take at random from the third volume, the following delectable rhapsody:

'O! Music! miraculous art, that makes the poet's skill a jest; revealing to the soul inexpressible feelings, by the aid of inexplicable sounds! A blast of thy trumpet, and millions rush forward to die: a peal of thy organ, and uncounted nations sink down to pray. Mighty is thy threefold power!

'First, thou canst call up all elemental sounds, and scenes, and subjects, with the definiteness of reality. Strike the lyre! Lo! the voice of the winds—the flash of the lightning—the swell of the wave—the solitude of the valley!

'Then thou canst speak to the secrets of a man's heart, as if by inspiration. Strike the lyre! Lo!—our early love—our treasured hate—our withered joy—our flattering hopes!

'And, lastly, by thy mysterious melodies, thou canst recall man from all thought of this world, and of himself—bringing back to his soul's memory, dark, but delightful recollections of the glorious heritage which he has lost, but which he may win again. Strike the lyre! Lo! Paradise, with its palaces of inconceivable splendour, and its gates of unimaginable glory!' —vol. iii., pp. 197, 8.

In the same 'Ercles' vein' we have a perpetual recurrence of the most inflated and overstrained images, maudlin tropes and similes, and lack-a-daisical efforts to be poetical and imaginative. But even all this "stuff o' the brain," is more endurable than the jargon in which the author is eternally attempting to clothe his delineations of feeling and passion. Here he endeavours to emulate the morbid sensibility of Rousseau, and the cynical melancholy of Byron, without possessing one spark of the genius of either. His

conceit is to be metaphysical and gloomy; and his lot is, accordingly, to pour forth most sentimental and mysterious nonsense. As for example:

'Oblivion and sorrow share our being in much the same manner, as darkness and light divide the course of time. It is not in human nature to endure extremities, and sorrows soon destroy either us, or themselves. Perhaps, the fate of Niobe is no fable, but a type of the callousness of our nature. There is a time in human suffering, when succeeding sorrows are but as snow falling on an iceberg. It is true, that it is horrible to think that our peace of mind should arise, not from a retrospection of the past, but from a forgetfulness of it; but, though this peace of mind is produced at the best by a mental laudanum, it is not valueless; and *oblivion, after all, is a just judge.*'

This is that true no-meaning, which puzzles more than sense; and Mr. Grey's philosophy only becomes intelligible when it is impious: when it informs us that all truth is despair, and that Vivian 'looked up to heaven with a wild smile—half of despair and half of DEFIANCE.' If this were written in delusion, or insanity of spirit, it would be fearful and pitiable: but it is only conceived in palpable affectation; and for such affectation, what feeling shall remain but utter disgust and unmitigated contempt?

Of the next work upon our list, 'The Prairie,' we have to speak in somewhat more favourable terms. We have more than once recorded our opinions of Mr. Cooper's works. Their pervading defect is in their dramatis personæ.—They have no moral characteristics; and their physical peculiarities, aided by costume and artificial manners, shew them like men in a masquerade, who have all the external requisites to support their assumed parts, but want the essentials which constitute them. They are people almost without souls—they seem to breathe no living breath, and to be surrounded by no atmosphere of humanity. They all resemble each other, and stand in the same relation to the human race, that the faces in the late Mr. West's pictures bear to the human countenance; they want individuality of character. They are *represented* as possessing strong and wilful passions—marked distinctions of character; while, in reality, they only act a part in the novel. They are formed in the same mould, and of the same material. We look in vain for those fine shades of difference, those deep sources of sympathy, which embody the fictitious persons in the Waverley novels with existing humanity. The females talk like coquettes; the men like diplomatists; and the studied cleverness of the dialogue, only serves to shew the artificiality of the sentiments. In short, the author neither possesses an intuitive knowledge of character, nor has he a plastic imagination. He is more an adept in technical matters, than in the mysteries of the human heart.

The scene of this novel is laid in the Prairie of North America, an almost boundless wilderness, the monotony of whose undulating surface is unbroken either by wood or rock; and the events are

described as happening subsequently to the cession of that vast tract of country to the United States, and before it became tenanted by demi-civilised emigrants from the latter territory. The scene opens with the description of an emigrant party, engaged in the task of seeking for a spot in the Prairie where they might settle. In their progress, they fall in with an old 'trapper,' who directs them to a 'bottom,' suitable for their encampment. Here we are introduced to a girl, somewhat unromantically named Ellen Wade, who, after the arrangements of the party are completed, and the individuals who compose it are settled into slumber, leaves the encampment to meet her lover Paul Hover, who has been *hover*ing about the train of emigrants, without daring to shew himself for fear of their leader Ishmael Bush, denominated the squatter. By thus strolling from her companions, she attracts the notice of a band of savage Indians, called Siouxes, who immediately discover the encampment of her friends, and plunder them of their cattle. At this part of the narrative the reader is introduced to Doctor Batt, or Battius, a sort of botanical "Dominie Sampson," who, for no apparent cause, is entertained in the camp of the Squatter; and with the assistance of an ass is made to seem ridiculous, and to play alternately the part of butt, doctor, conjuror, and 'scape-goat. We cannot help regarding the doctor as one of those failures in an attempt to delineate an original character, which confirms our remark upon the author's deficiency in this respect.—There is also another, and a different character, whose positively evil qualities have no redeeming traits; and who is always in the way, without either retarding or advancing the course of the incidents. This person, named Abiram, brother of the Squatter's wife, is a malign and heartless wretch, without any feeling but a jealous consciousness of his own villainy. The only pretence for his introduction into the story, exists under the folds of the tent, which envelope a beautiful girl, whom Abiram, had kidnapped; and whom the Squatter carefully conceals under this tent-cloth, for what object, not only the reader, but even he himself, as is subsequently shewn, cannot divine. She is treated with the mysterious attention that we may suppose a distinguished female captive would receive, at the hands of an Arab who was conveying the precious burthen to his chief.

After this, and various other encounters with different tribes of Indians, who rove through the Prairie, and after several domestic broils, the whole party, amongst whom a schism has sprung up, turn their backs upon that region. The Trapper, Paul, Ellen, Doctor Battius, the mysterious tenant of the tent, and a stranger who had joined them, together with a faithful red Indian, make their escape, and are pursued by the Squatter and his family, and by a band of Sioux Indians, whom they induced to assist them. The fugitives are overtaken, and here commences the principal interest of the novel. The subsequent scenes with the savages, present pictures *of Indian life*, manners and principles, equal to any thing

of the kind we have ever read; superior even to those of a similar sort in the Mohicans. They shew how accurately the writer has noted Indian peculiarities; as well as the taste and judgment with which he has delineated the prominent and distinguishing marks of a strong natural feeling, tinctured with wildness, and subdued by compliance to arbitrary customs.

But, although Mr. Cooper has succeeded in depicting the habits of the roving Indians, we think that upon the whole, the novel is rather heavy. The two first volumes are particularly unpromising. The incidents are few and unimportant, and the dialogue even in the midst of action "drags its slow length along," in a torpid tiresome garrulity. The minor details are too elaborate; in the intensity and minuteness with which they are given, the author seems to lose sight of the story, and this occasions a disproportion between the members and the body of the narrative. The desultory conversations, introduced for the purpose of giving a natural air to the tale, occupy too prominent a position; the progress of events is not accelerated by them, and the scenes seem occasionally to stand still, waiting for the termination of these secondary dialogues before they can proceed. It requires strongly marked and original characters, as well as a lively and varied dialogue, to bear up the interest of a mere narrative of fiction, against the want of a plot and the deficiency of incident: and the work before us possesses neither in the requisite degree. The heavy and laboured dialogue, and tedious incidents, are in too strict keeping with the dull monotony of the Prairie, and the sluggish character of Ishmael and his sons. Every occurrence is described like an operation; and the details read like evidence taken in short-hand.

The mysterious interest that was involved in the folds of the tent, which seemed to the emigrant Squatter and his family little inferior in sacredness of character to the tabernacle of the ancient Israelites, is suffered to languish, and is prematurely terminated by the appearance of its fair tenant; thus leaving the story exactly as though no such interest had ever been excited. Now, as this is the only secret of the novel, it should, by all the rules of romance and novel writing, have been carried on to the *denouement*, and have constituted the *nucleus* of the plot, the clearing up of which, would have been the solution of all the difficulties and perplexities of the story; instead of which, it appears that the author had created an interest almost amounting to the supernatural, which, in the sequel, he is unable to sustain.

It is a relief to turn from the course of the narrative, to those brief portions of the history of the states, and of the inhabitants of the country where the scene is laid, which are related in a style at once clear, precise, and fluent. In this respect the work has powerful claims upon our admiration: the author has here given us many vivid and faithful descriptions of trans-atlantic scenery and *manners*; his Indians are real savages, and speak like men who

have the sky for their roof, earth for their carpet, war for their business, and the chase for their food and pastimes.

We believe that we are indebted to Mr. Upham for the next tale on our list: it is a brief, but elaborate picture of Arabic manners. Karmath was the founder of a numerous and powerful sect of Ismaelites, in Arabia. A spirit of revenge, and the impulse of ambition, drove him to rebel against the Caliphate, during the prosperous and happy reign of Harûn-Al-Raschid. The reformer possessed all the abilities, conduct and address, necessary to gain and keep command. But the genuine cause of the astonishing ascendancy which he held over his followers, was his reputed perfection in the mysteries of the occult arts. All the secret practisers of magic, with which Arabia abounded, and whom it was the policy of the government to endeavour to destroy by fire and sword, gathered from all quarters to the standard of Karmath: they made the dark forest and the inaccessible mountain their home, whence they issued only to murder and lay waste. The details of the slow, but skilful plan, by which that adventurer raised himself to empire, form the materials of the present narrative. But, to our apprehension, they are disfigured and lost in the homely garb of prose.

The character of Karmath, half sorcerer, half demagogue; the supernatural agency, which is the great mover of the events here received; the very scenery, amidst which they appear to run their course, constitute together a description of subject, which can only be seen with pleasure, when it is presented to us half concealed, or thinly disguised and set off, by the raiment with which poetry can artfully clothe it. In its present shape the tale is altogether too profound, if not complicated, for the purposes of general entertainment.

The style is affectedly formal, with the view perhaps of making it consistent with the character of the subject—but the effect is, to obscure the meaning in particular passages, and to throw over the whole course of the narrative a mystical air, by which it is not a little confused. Magic being one of the governing principles of the story, details of its operations form no inconsiderable portion of the volume. The principal personage also, is forced to give way too long, and too often, to a subordinate agent, with whom we feel no corresponding disposition to protract our communion. The great fault of the work indeed, appears to us to be a total want of those elements of sympathy and interest, to which we, with our European habits and notions, would be ready to respond.

But the reader, who is curious about oriental story, and desires to be better acquainted than historians will enable him, generally speaking, to be, with the fortunes of one of the most extraordinary people that ever existed, will find in this little volume much more than is sufficient to repay him for the trouble of perusing it. It is evidently the production of an enthusiast in Eastern lore—of one, who has subdued *the powers* of a vigorous mind, and a fancy of no *ordinary reach, we think,* too tamely to the guidance of a reigning *passion.*

Our notice of 'The Busy-Bodies' must be short, and not very favourable. It is, in our opinion, unworthy the various abilities displayed in the "Odd Volume." It is deficient in the degree of invention, the discrimination of character, the genuine humour, and that general sustaining power, which marked the latter production. The chief incidents of this work scarcely rise superior to some of the most common accidents of daily life; they exhibit nothing that is calculated to touch the passions, to excite interest or gratify curiosity. The scene is laid in Scotland—not indeed in the midst of its "brown heaths," or "shaggy woods," or in the halls of its ancient castles;—for aught of advantage that is taken of national and local associations, the authors might as well have chosen for the theatre of their labours, the spot of the empire which was most barren of recollections. The history, personal and collective, of the members of a Scotch baronet's family, supplies whatever of plot and business may be discovered in this novel. Two young ladies, the one a daughter, the other a niece to the baronet, contend for the dignity of heroine. The latter is mild, unobtrusive and virtuous: the daughter is distinguished from her cousin by an opposite set of qualities. Her brother, a common-place person, becomes the husband of an English lady, whose dislike of every thing Scotch directs all the acts, and almost every expression, of her life.

In the concerns—the foibles and the merits—the feelings and conduct of personages, such as these are, it is that we are invited to take an interest. The course which they pursue, the accidents which befal them, are of a stamp as common-place as themselves. The annals of a boarding-house, in any of the frequented towns upon our coasts, would yield matter for a history of far superior importance and attraction. We cannot believe that genteel society in Scotland is so degenerate, as to be faithfully represented in a work consisting of a succession of scenes, in which the incessant bickering of relations, and the ill-breeding of ladies of respectable rank, form some of the most prominent features.

This novel is evidently intended as a satire on a certain class of society in Scotland; and, unless the extravagance of the caricature becomes, as in all probability it will, a complete antidote to its influence, the work, if it be read at all, will have the effect of depressing the character of Scotch domestic society in the general opinion.

Art. XIII. *Histoire de la Fronde.* Par M. le Comte de Sainte-Aulaire. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1827.

The levity and inconstancy of the French national character were never more conspicuously displayed, than during the civil troubles which attended the minority of Louis XIV. The impotent efforts of faction to remove an unpopular minister, the paltry intrigues of a corrupt and feeble government, the pride and vanity of a few

princes of the blood, and the restless machinations of others, were each causes, sufficiently powerful in their turn, to plunge a whole kingdom into bloodshed and anarchy. That an air of the ridiculous might not be wanting, to throw a mockery over the worst horrors of civil war, the frivolities of love were also mingled with the graver business of treachery and sedition; women were the real leaders and most active instruments of party; and political cabals were formed and broken, with the same facility as the amours upon which they were regulated. The heartless intercourse of dissolute pleasure was pursued amidst the unbridled license of rapine and slaughter; jests were broken, and throats cut, with the same easy gaiety; and *sobriquets* and murders, alternately marked the revolutions of popular feeling. Nick-names, epigrams, and witticisms, were, indeed, among the favourite weapons of the times: weapons often more popular than the arms of Turenne and Condé, who figured, little to their mutual honour, on the scene, as if it were necessary for the completion of this extraordinary picture of national burlesque, that the great masters of the art of war should be the rival heroes of the undignified contest. The objects for which the opposite parties contended, were often scarcely known to themselves. The civil war ended and commenced anew several times; nor was there a single person of distinction engaged in it, who did not repeatedly change his faction. In the midst of the public disorder, the French nobility called an assembly of their body, chose a committee of management, and held many sittings. It might be imagined, that the purpose of these formal proceedings was to reform the abuses of the state, to obtain the convocation of the disused states-general, and to settle the distraction of the monarchy: it was only to protest against the assignment of the *tabouret*, or privilege of being seated on a stool in the royal presence, to a lady to whom, without a sufficient title, the queen-regent had imprudently granted that marvellous distinction! "Peut être n'y a-t-il jamais," says Voltaire, very justly, "eu une preuve plus sensible de la légèretè d'esprit qu'on reprochait aux Francois."

The history of these discords and wars of the Fronde, has usually been written in a strain as volatile and reckless as the spirit in which its events were provoked. To the eye of sound philosophy, or generous patriotism, the spectacle of a vain contest, which was conducted in wantonness and caprice, and ended in rivetting the yoke of a despotism to the necks of successive generations, should excite only the graver emotions of compassion, contempt, or indignation. But to a true Frenchman, of the old school at least, life itself passed but for a jest; and a jest more or less brilliant and pleasant, according to the measure of the absurd and extravagant which should chance to be infused into it. The original story of the Fronde is to be found, as all the world knows, in the contemporary narratives of some of the actors; and the epigrammatic causticity of De Retz, or the feminine sallies of Madame de Mot-

teville, and the Duchess of Montpensier, have served to heighten the ridicule of the particular vices and follies which they celebrate. The genuine impulses of French national temperament, are there exhibited alike in the subjects and manner of their treatment; the beau ideal of memoir writing is to be found in those lively records of factious chicanery and amorous intrigue.

Such pictures of society were materials congenial to the mordacious and heartless humour of Voltaire; and he has painted the wars of the Fronde in all that spirit of contemptuous and satirical levity, which was never so much delighted as in exhibiting the foibles and baseness of his species. Keeping out of view the fact, that some principles of regard for the public weal were mixed up with the irregular opposition of the parliament of Paris to the court, he has represented the whole struggle as no more than one great farcical drama. Habituated to view with complacency the splendid tyranny of Louis XIV., and incapable of generous sympathy with the cause of public freedom, he has neither found any thing to applaud in the resistance of the national magistracy to absolute power, nor any thing to lament in the insolent despotism which finally extinguished the very breath of remonstrance. He has exposed all the absurdities which attended these civil commotions, much more sedulously than he has explained the serious points of dissention: he has passed lightly over the conduct and motives of parties, but has carefully accumulated all the good sayings and witticisms of the period.

In place of all the sarcastic levity which belongs to Voltaire's sketch of the subject, the volumes before us are composed in a widely different, and certainly, in a far worthier spirit. M. de Sainte-Aulaire has endeavoured to trace, in the history of the Fronde, higher and more consistent motives of action than former writers have succeeding in discovering. He has set out with the conviction, that 'the troubles in the minority of Louis XIV. were not devoid of analogy with those which have agitated France in this age; and that in the chartered institutions which were bestowed upon his countrymen in 1814, may be recognised those for which their forefathers struggled in 1648.' He claims for the magistracy and the commons of that epoch, the honour of having made both enlightened and courageous efforts to reconcile the liberties of the nation with the rights of the throne; and he accounts for their failure, by the ordinary transition of civil contests into that despotism, which is the sure and invariable punishment of anarchy.

We are certainly ourselves very far from admitting altogether the justice of these views, though they are not without a considerable portion of truth. M. de Sainte-Aulaire, in eager desire of vindicating his nation from the long reproach of an unresisting submission to despotism, has here been carried beyond the conclusions which historical evidence can possibly justify. Still less is there any reason or foundation for his extraordinary boast (Preface, p. viii.) that '*Frenchmen* have been free for fourteen hundred years.' But we

scarcely know how to censure an error, which has its origin in an elevated and laudable spirit of patriotism. For even this error is not one of the least curious and gratifying signs of the novel influence of free institutions, upon the national mind of his country; and the attempt to discover some prescriptive claim to constitutional rights, at least marks the price which is set upon the imaginary inheritance. But the fact is, that the French *people*,—the mass of the French population,—can scarcely be said, in any age of the monarchy until the present, to have possessed the slightest constitutional rights. The feudal system, so rigorously established in that kingdom, had, even as early as the beginning of the tenth century, and before the accession of the Capetian race to the crown, placed the whole class of the roturiers in subjection and servitude to the aristocracy; the successive lapse of all the great fiefs to the crown, next broke the power of the feudal nobility; and thus was the whole kingdom finally laid prostrate before the royal authority. The absence of all those fortunate accidents, by which the foundations of our own glorious constitution were securely and slowly planted, left, in France, no sufficient impediments to the consolidation of an absolute monarchy; and before the close of the fifteenth century, when Louis XI. levied taxes by the mere force of royal edicts, and without the consent of the states-general, the whole of the legislative, judicial and financial power of the state, had silently merged into the despotic sovereignty of the crown. The nobility and clergy had still, it is true, been permitted to preserve their feudal and ecclesiastical immunities and privileges, by sufferance and by custom; but the commons were totally destitute, either of prescriptive or chartered rights. Their property, their persons, and their lives, were at the mercy, so far as the want of all constitutional provisions could leave them, of the simple enactments of the royal will; nor was there a single recognised check upon the universal prerogative of the crown, which might shield the roturier from the oppression, or vindictive displeasure, of the king's government. The 'freedom of Frenchmen during fourteen centuries,' is, therefore, at best, but an idle and unfounded boast. Even the fundamental principle of our Great Charter, which guarded the personal liberty of all men, was unrecognised in the law courts of France: the nobleman himself had properly no legal security against the incroachments or the vengeance of royal tyranny; no protection except in his sword, no charter or bond but in conspiracy and insurrection; the roturier was still more hopelessly and helplessly subject, at the pleasure of the crown, alike to arbitrary imprisonment and arbitrary spoliation.

So far then, as M. de Sainte-Aulaire's assertions would seem to imply the possibility of deducing the regular and uninterrupted transmission of any constitutional rights, from the earlier ages of the French monarchy, to the epoch of the Fronde, no pretension could possibly be more futile and unwarranted. Nor has he suc-

ceeded in investing the circumstances of that civil war, between the parliament of Paris and the court, with the elevated and consistent character, as a pure contest for political and national rights, which he has laboured to assign to it. But he has, in some measure, exhibited the conduct and views of the popular party in a fairer and more satisfactory light, than Voltaire, and other writers of the last century. He has well shewn that, with all the inconstancy of the people in abandoning the cause of their freedom, with all the frivolous versatility and profligate selfishness of the nobles and princes of the blood in their quarrels with the court and each other, there were not wanting, in the parliamentary magistracy at least, more justifiable and patriotic views; and, if his mode of treating the whole subject has detracted from its lighter amusement, he has, on the other hand, imparted a higher political interest to some of its features than had previously been allowed to them.

This purpose he has effected by consulting many contemporary documents, which appear to have been hitherto forgotten or neglected. The history of the Fronde has always been written too exclusively after the memoirs of De Retz, and two or three others. M. de Sainte-Aulaire has pursued a plan altogether different. He has correctly held, that the memoirs of individuals, who relate only their immediate share in the scene, under all the excitement of passion and prejudice, cannot afford any complete views of affairs. They can usually describe no more than that which they have themselves done, or which has passed within the range of their own observation; and their power of judgment is always bounded by the narrow objects of party. In accepting such authors for witnesses of undeniable authority, on the circumstances of an adventure, or the truth of an isolated event, M. de Sainte-Aulaire declares that he has not extended to them the same confidence with relation to the general march of events. It is in the journals and deliberations of the parliament of Paris, in the gazettes and pamphlets, which were published in prodigious numbers between 1647 and 1653, that our author has sought to study the politics and the game of parties; and 'prepared by the attentive perusal of these documents, he has better understood the spirit of contemporary memoirs.' He has particularly benefited by a collection, in the library of Count Daru (the well known and able historian of the Venetian republic), which comprehends all the political pieces published during the Fronde, both for and against Cardinal Mazarine. This collection, which fills sixty-nine volumes in quarto, is probably the most perfect of its kind; having been formed by Mazarine himself, who seems to have endured and preserved the philippics of his enemies with a perfectly stoical indifference. M. de Sainte-Aulaire has not forgotten, with how much caution it behoved him to consult these productions, which reflect all the virulence and hatred of faction. But he justly remarks, that it is

no less by the attentive examination of such pamphlets, than by the study of more elaborate materials, that exact ideas are to be acquired, on the general spirit of the times, and the machinations of different parties.

Proceeding upon these principles, M. de Sainte-Aulaire has really thrown much research and originality into his history of the Fronde; and, with the few exceptions which we have taken against some of his historical assertions, his industry, good judgment, and impartiality, merit unqualified commendation. He has produced, in short, a very sensible book; liberal and temperate in its political opinions, simple, pleasing, and unaffected in its style, and, generally speaking, accurate and cautious in its facts and conclusions. It is a work which does no discredit, either to the French historical literature of this age, or to the enlightened principles and manly sentiments of a modern French gentleman.

A preliminary view of the condition of France, under the government of cardinal Richelieu, forms the natural and necessary introduction to the history of the Fronde; nor would the causes of the troubles, which followed the death of that celebrated statesman, be intelligible, without some previous explanation of the state to which his despotic administration had reduced the kingdom. Richelieu had evidently set out with the resolution to consolidate the indefinite, though arbitrary, power of the crown, into a thoroughly regulated system of unqualified despotism. He found the people without rights, and without power, but the aristocracy and the legal parliament, both formidable in their way: the former by their hereditary estates, and the possession of provincial governments, in which they were nearly independent; the latter, through the anomalous influence which they had been silently and irregularly establishing for ages, by opposing at intervals bold remonstrances and indirect impediments to the royal authority, chiefly during the weakness of minorities, or the distractions of feeble and unfortunate reigns.

The designation of *parliament*, for a body which was in its original composition and functions no more than a court of justice, has, to an English ear, so great a tendency to mislead the imagination, that it is difficult for us to avoid insensibly confounding the term with its application to our own representative and legislative assemblies. Hence, we are always involuntarily falling into the error of taking for granted a close analogy, where little or none exists, beyond in name. The parliament of Paris was, in its feudal origin, the king's judicial council, or court, of peers and great officers of his household, to whom a few lawyers were added, for advisers. As the feudal system declined, and appeals and suits of law before the parliament became more frequent and intricate, the number of these legal counsellors was increased, and the peers of the realm gradually withdrew from attendance, except on extraordinary occasions. The parliament became the systematic national

tribunal for the administration of justice; and the professional magistracy composed the great body of its members, though the peers of France might still exercise their right of sitting in the assembly. As the offices of parliamentary counsellors were both honourable and lucrative, they became eagerly sought after; and the monarchs of the house Valois began openly to make a sale to the commercial and legal orders, both of these appointments, and of others in the civil administration. New offices of all ranks, both financial and judicial, were thus continually multiplied, as a source of royal revenue; until, under Louis XII., when the system had reached its climax, the total number amounted to forty thousand. Under Henry IV., the chancellor Paulet rendered them hereditary; and thus was created in the state, what M. de Sainte-Aulaire has aptly characterised as a sort of civil order of feudalism. Forty thousand families, invested with offices of judicature and finance, were united in the bonds of a common interest and reciprocal dependence; and the magistracy were linked in a graduated association, which embraced all their ranks, from the comptroller of a fishing port, to the judge of a sovereign court. The metropolitan parliament of Paris formed the head of the whole order, and numbered about two hundred counsellors: but there existed also several provincial parliaments, independent of it, and exercising co-ordinate and equally sovereign jurisdiction over their respective parts of the kingdom.

But one remarkable function attributed to the parliament of Paris, had insensibly raised it far above its compeers, the provincial assemblies, and above the character of a mere judicial body. It had been for ages customary for the kings to send all royal edicts to the parliament of Paris for registry, probably for no farther reason, than as the most notorious mode of promulgating them. But this practice, thus begun as a formality only, had come to be held as a necessary act of publication, to give validity to a law; and from thence the parliament had learned to assert the option of refusing to register edicts, which it considered inimical to the public good. On one occasion (1615), it even claimed the right of deliberating on the propriety, and modifying the provisions, of all laws, creations of office, treaties of peace, and other state measures. Such were the pretensions which the parliament of Paris had set up: that they were founded either on any inherent right or formal compact, cannot with truth be maintained; but they had often been honourably exerted for the public benefit, and they formed the only existing checks, all imperfect and feeble as they were, to the violence and oppression of the crown.

The two bodies, then, of the nobility and the hereditary magistracy, were the only parts of the nation from whom a minister had any serious opposition to dread. Richelieu determined to crush them both, and for the term of his own life at least, he completely succeeded. Devoured by immeasurable ambition and pride, and

endued with a wonderful mental courage, which no danger could intimidate, he aspired to elevate beyond all precedent the authority of the throne, only that he might render it subservient to his own; and sacrificing all men and all things to his purpose, he audaciously pursued the favourite project of his life, without compunction and without fear. Knowing himself surrounded with secret hostility, and destitute of all support but in his own intrepid character; hated even by the feeble monarch over whose spirit he tyrannised; by the royal family, whom he took pleasure in outraging; by the princes and nobles, whose power he was violently breaking; by the parliaments, whose authority he was comtemptuously trampling under foot, and by the people, who reflected only the passions of their masters, he still undauntedly persevered in his designs, faced his enemies on all sides, and finally bore down every shew of resistance to his despotic and inexorable rule. His success, totally unaided as it was by the services of any particular party or interest in the state, must excite either our lasting astonishment at the prodigious energies of his lofty genius, or our thorough contempt for the people who could thus tamely bend before a tyranny, which a single united effort of national will must at once, and for ever, have annihilated.

When Richelieu had originally succeeded in securing to himself the king's favour, and the direction of the state, all the military governments of the provinces had fallen into the hands of princes of the blood and great lords, who exercised a scarcely less than feudal independence of the crown; while the lesser nobility, living on their domains, also aspired to an immunity from all restraints of the law. This latter part of the aristocracy Richelieu humbled at once, by obliging the civil intendants of provinces to proceed rigorously against all gentlemen who troubled the public peace; and if he had been contented or able to repress the insubordinate and insolent spirit of greater lords, by the same enforcement of legal restraints, or by any less unjustifiable means than he actually adopted, he would have performed a real service to his country, and merited the gratitude of subsequent generations. But the measures to which he resorted, may be ranked among the most iniquitous that ever were put into practice by an arbitrary government. The princes of the blood, and great nobles, were first goaded into conspiracies and revolt, by being deprived of their governments and influence, and then punished with merciless severity. Not satisfied with the spirit of the existing courts of justice, Richelieu instituted a special commission of his own creatures, for the trial of state criminals; and sentences of exile, confiscation or death, struck the first personages of the land, even to the blood relations of the monarch himself, at the mere pleasure of the imperious cardinal. Henry, duke de Montmorency, the first nobleman of the kingdom, and his cousin, the count de Montmorency, both perished on the scaffold; the mareschal de Marillac shared the same fate; *the count de Moret,* and the duke Vendôme, both natural brothers

of the king, the duke de la Valette, his brother-in-law, the dukes de Guise and d'Elbeuf, were all condemned to death by letters patent, and saved themselves in exile; the dukes of Rohan, Bouillon and Marsellac, and the duchess of Chevreuse, were banished; all the fortresses of the kingdom were full of prisoners of state, and almost every foreign court was thronged with French refugees.

Such were the violent proceedings by which Richelieu struck down the power of the aristocracy with a sceptre of iron. The line of conduct which he pursued towards the Parliament of Paris, though more in consonance with the established forms of the monarchy, was not less tyrannical. The policy by which he designed to annihilate the influence of the parliaments, was first evinced, by his withdrawing the collection of the revenue, and other offices of civil administration, from the hands of the hereditary magistracy. This was, in itself, a salutary reform: but the real intention of the minister was more openly betrayed on the first occasion, when the parliament of Paris attempted to exercise the sort of prescriptive right, which it had acquired by sufferance, of remonstrating against the registry of obnoxious edicts of the crown. On the parliament now refusing to register one of Richelieu's edicts of proscription against some nobles, the president Barillon, and several of the counsellors or members, were immediately exiled; the whole body of the parliament were compelled to go bareheaded through the streets of Paris to the Louvre; and there, *upon their knees before the king*, they were visited for their presumptuous and refractory proceeding, with a severe reprimand from the royal lips, in the course of which, Louis told them, that he had a great disposition to enrol seven or eight of their number in a regiment of his musqueteers, to be instructed in the duty of obedience. After this threat, the folio of their records, on which they had inserted their refusal to enter the obnoxious decree, was contemptuously torn to pieces before their eyes. The parliament, however, were not immediately intimidated by these severities; and for a short time they still endeavoured to maintain some shew of resistance: but before the unbending purposes of Richelieu, and the imprisonment and exile of several more of their members, their courage at last wholly failed them. The easy triumph of despotism was completed; the king held a solemn "bed of justice," of which the very term itself was a mockery; and the parliament tamely submitted to the registry of letters patent, which annihilated their political authority. In the preamble of this edict, the most pompous maxims of absolute power were laboriously set forth; and the rolls of the parliament were thenceforth to record the notable doctrine, that the essence of all monarchy, was the absolute and unlimited authority of an individual master.

Richelieu did not live long to enjoy this completion of his bold and unscrupulous system of absolute power. He died in 1642, *the year after* the formal proclamation of despotism; and Louis

XIII. shortly followed him to the grave. The new reign, which commenced with the minority of his infant son, immediately and naturally reunited, the broken elements of the parties which Richelieu had crushed. Anne of Austria, the queen mother and regent, who had herself long been the victim of Richelieu's oppression, and entered into many of the conspiracies of the nobles against him, was no sooner invested with the powers of government, than separating herself from her old adherents, she resolved to perpetuate and enjoy the despotism which he had consolidated. She chose for her minister, the cardinal Mazarin, who had been the creature of Richelieu, and perfectly understood his policy. The royal government was, therefore, still disposed to retain the aristocracy and the parliament alike in absolute subjection: but there were these differences in its position, that Mazarin wanted the uncompromising intrepidity, and the stern cruelty of his predecessor, and meditated only to preserve by intrigue, the power which Richelieu had won by force; that the queen was compelled in the outset to raise the parliament from its degradation, by employing it to cancel the restrictions which her husband's testament had imposed upon her own authority; and that the nobles, and the parliament, were equally emboldened to re-assert their lost privileges by the weakness of a new reign, a minority, and a female regency. The exiled and humiliated aristocracy re-appeared at the court, burning to recover their lost power and offices; the parliament resumed their courage and pretensions; and there were still, as before, the three same conflicting interests in the state—the absolute government, the noble aristocracy, and the hereditary and incorporated magistracy. The people, as they had ever done, passed for nothing in the scale, or were considered only as capable of being rendered the instruments of the contending factions.

It is well observed, by M. de Sainte-Aulaire, on the frivolous aspect of many events of the times before us, that very grave interests were concealed under the disguise of a reckless and trifling levity. By a singular chance, all the most considerable personages among the nobility were young, and the female court of the queen regent was a splendid galaxy of charms. Turenne, Condé, De Retz, and various other nobles, were under thirty years of age: the duchesses of Longueville, Montbazon, Bouillon, Châtillon, Chevreuse, Nemours, have all left a high renown for their beauty. The manners of a gay and youthful court gave the tone to political intrigue; and the first new struggle of the aristocracy for power, was disguised under a ridiculous quarrel, between the duchesses of Longueville and Montbazon, in which the parties of the government, and the discontented nobles, came to issue. The queen regent was firm, and the banishment or imprisonment of five or six dukes and duchesses, secured the triumph of the court.

But the regent and her minister were soon involved in a struggle with other enemies, who were less easily to be overcome. The

exigencies of the war against Spain and the empire, imposed the necessity of fresh taxes: the registry of a new money edict was necessary; and the disorder of the finances was immediately used by the parliament, as an occasion for its interference. The popular party in that body insisted upon an inquiry of reform; the adherents of the government resisted; and from that moment, an organized and resolute opposition in parliament against the court daily gained ground. For some reason, which never seems to have been satisfactorily explained, the opponents of the court acquired the absurd name of *frondeurs*, or slingers: in civil dissentions, some distinguishing epithets are indispensable to factions, and, whatever was the capricious origin of the term, the FRONDE thenceforth designated both the union of the party, and the troubles which it produced. Mazarin was utterly deficient in the inflexible, persevering firmness of Richelieu: he first temporised with the parliament, then arrested some of its members, then became intimidated, and finally released them. They gathered strength in the discovery of the irresolution of the court; and the pressing demand for new imposts and increased burthens upon the people, now enabled the magistracy to rouse the citizens of Paris, and induce them to make common cause with the parliament. The public mind throughout France became violently inflamed against the government, and against Mazarin in particular; and the parliament daily improved its advantages. Now ascending from the pretension of resisting isolated acts of tyranny, to that of controlling the royal prerogative by fixed principles, it proceeded of its own authority, in 1648, to pass resolutions forbidding the levying and collecting of taxes, unless sanctioned by its vote, on penalty of death: enacting, that no subject should be imprisoned without being delivered up within twenty-four hours, into the custody of the legitimate courts for judgment; and declaring void all appointments to financial and judicial offices, which should not have received its confirmation.

The queen, and her minister, had hitherto bent before the storm; but emboldened by the splendid victory of Lens, which the prince of Condé gained at this epoch over the Spaniards, they now determined upon more vigorous measures; and during the celebration of a *Te Deum* at Notre Dame, for the triumph of the French troops, several of the members of the parliament were arrested by the royal guards. This violence brought the disputes between the parliament and the crown to the crisis, which had long been impending. The citizens of Paris, who had for some time been taught to identify the cause of the parliament with their own interests, flew to arms; in an incredibly short space of time, barricades of casks of earth and iron chains were thrown across all the streets; the royal troops were expelled, with some bloodshed; and the court, after a temporary submission to the popular party, absconded from the *capital.* This was the signal of civil war.

It was now that the two most remarkable men of the age began to figure prominently on the stage of affairs. These were the prince of Condé and the archiepiscopal coadjutor of Paris, afterwards cardinal de Retz. The conqueror of Rocroi, Nordlingen and Lens, to whom the epithet of 'the great Condé' has been prostituted, was great only in the field. The most distinguished leader of the aristocratical party,—his capricious pride, his vanity, and his rapacity, were employed to aggravate the miseries, and confirm the servitude of his country. Allied in turn with the court and the parliament; careless alike, whether he roused the populace to anarchy and slaughter, or introduced foreign enemies into the kingdom, he sullied the military glories of his youth, by the political crimes of his middle life, and obtained for his latter years, the degradation of following the chariot wheels of a victorious despot.

Condé may be taken for a fitting personification for the general character of the French nobility of the age; but the famous Cardinal de Retz, stands alone in the history of his country and times. Gifted with resistless powers of eloquence and persuasion, a brilliant and original genius, he was, at the same time, unprincipled, faithless, and the slave of a vulgar ambition. Of the seductive influence of his talents, there cannot be a greater proof than the illusion with which his memoirs have still invested his character. M. de Sainte-Aulaire, led away by the indescribable charms of his narrative, has not scrupled to admit his pretensions to some share of patriotism; and he has blinded himself to the stubborn evidence, that self-aggrandisement, and the restless spirit of faction, were the sole springs of conduct with the noble and priestly demagogue. By the confession of De Retz himself, he was willing, before the civil war, to have served the court; by his own admission, it was the contemptuous treatment of the queen, who appears to have seen through his dangerous character, and to have distrusted his professions, which alone drove him to make common cause with the parliament: and it is his own boast, that his vengeance produced the barricades. The climax to his political infamy is to be found in the fact, that he subsequently joined the court, and that a cardinal's hat was the price of his perfidy.

We have traced the conduct of the parliament up to the commencement of the civil war, because, as we set out with observing, this is the only part of the history of the Fronde, which M. de Sainte-Aulaire has succeeded in exhibiting somewhat in a novel light. This portion of his work proves that the parliamentary leaders were actuated by principles, which would not have disgraced any period of the constitutional history of our own country. The impotent conclusion of their contest is too familiar to need illustration. The arts of De Retz procured to their cause the accession of a part of the aristocracy, who only entailed ruin upon their exertions, by seeking an alliance with foreign enemies, at which their better feelings revolted, and by thus compelling them to an insecure

peace with the court. On the renewal of hostilities, the parliament were betrayed again by their noble confederates, and deserted by the populace: the war of principles degenerated into a mere cabal for the elevation of Condé, and for the expulsion of Mazarin; and to escape from an universal anarchy, all parties, of the most inconsistent nation in the world, united in soliciting the recall of the obnoxious minister.

The history of the composition, the struggle, and the ultimate fate of the parliament of Paris, in the troubles of the Fronde, is interesting, as affording one more historical lesson of the hopelessness of all resistance to absolute power, which does not emanate from a representation of the people. However courageous and praiseworthy were the efforts of the parliament of Paris, to curb the spirit of despotism, that body was obviously in itself-incapable of maintaining the contest without extraneous aid; and the general strength of the commons of the realm was never obtained for its support, because the bonds of a representative union were totally wanting. Hence the magistracy were reduced to depend upon the tumultuary voice of the capital, and to become the tools and the dupes of a portion of the profligate and self-interested nobility. That the fickleness of the national character was of itself incompatible with any permanent union, may perhaps be suggested; but it is the effect and the blessing of a well-organised and established system of popular representation, to produce consistency and patriotism in the public mind. It might with more reason be objected, that, with an aristocracy so constituted and influenced as that of France, during the seventeenth century, the secure foundation of a limited and monarchical government was scarcely attainable. Certainly, neither the spirit of honour, nor the love of freedom, had any place in the hearts of princes and nobles, who were true to no obligations, and swayed by no principles. But there assuredly did exist in the *bourgeoisie* of France, at that epoch, a strong detestation of arbitrary government; and the provincial parliaments often acted in sympathy with the metropolitan assembly. It is strange that no design seems to have entered into the minds of the Parisian parliament, to cement the confederacy by convoking a deputation f all the parliamentary bodies.

The resolutions promulgated by the parliament in 1648, contained all the elements of a free constitution: the power of arbitrary taxation was withdrawn from the royal prerogative; the financial and judicial administration was rendered independent of the crown; and the personal liberty of the subject was secured from violation. If these provisions had been ratified in good faith by the government, France, so far as restraints on the royal authority were requisite, might have wanted no better charter. But it cannot be denied, that the parliament had no title to arrogate to itself the power which it desired to withdraw from the crown. The control of *taxation* was the inherent right of the nation, not of an oligarchy.

ıer noble or magisterial. It is singular how it should have ed M. de Sainte-Aulaire's penetration, to observe that the lishment of the provisions demanded by the parliament would have had the effect of transferring the whole power of the into their hands. They possessed all the judicial autho- of the kingdom; they insisted upon seizing the nomination new offices; and they claimed the exclusive management ıppropriation of the revenue. Their intentions were, beyond ion, in general meritorious: but the functions which they ıt would have been a tremendous deposit, in the hands of a eged and hereditary order of forty thousand families; and interests, if their success had been possible, would soon have as distinct from those of the people, as of the throne and ity. Their failure was produced by the absence of any peri- l representation of the people in their body; their triumph, s it had been shared by such a representation, would have been hing but desirable for the cause of freedom, and the welfare of country.

XIV. *Travels through the Interior Provinces of Columbia.* By P. Hamilton, late Chief Commissioner from His Britannic Majesty the Republic of Columbia. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* London: Mur- . 1827.

ll the new states of South America, Columbia is, perhaps, known by name to the English reader. The provinces of h it is composed, were the first in their resistance to the au- ty of Spain; the first in shaking off her iron yoke; the first derived assistance from our own country, and the first in re- ng from her the recognition of their independence. Yet, per- there are none of the Spanish American states, not even oting Mexico, or Guatimala, with the interior of which we are ttle acquainted, as that which forms the subject of these nes. It occupies, indeed, a very considerable portion of the rated work of de Humboldt; but that learned and indefati- traveller paid more attention to the mineralogical, botanical, zoological productions of the country, than to its social and ical aspect. Besides, when he travelled through those pro- s, which are now merged in the general name of Columbia, aw them drooping under the despotism of Spain, and found inhabitants cautious and gloomy, if not indifferent, upon all interests that raise men to moral dignity, and encourage their e characters to develope themselves in a manner calculated to e the sympathies, and win the respect and affection, of the favoured classes of their race.

was Colonel Hamilton's happy fate, to be to Columbia the *d of that enlightened* policy, which has of late years so

auspiciously governed our foreign relations. He was appointed the chief of a commission, sent out by Mr. Canning, in the autumn of 1823, to that country, for the purpose of inquiring into its actual situation, with a view to that recognition of its independence on the part of Great Britain, which soon after took place. He was associated in the commission with lieutenant-colonel Campbell and Mr. James Henderson; and accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Cade, a gentleman, whose name figures in almost every page of these volumes, in which even a glimpse of a lady is mentioned. The chief commissioner, we suspect, must have envied his secretary the many instances of good fortune with which he was favoured, for they are noted down with as much attention as if they had been affairs of state. We have, indeed, too much of this subject; for who is concerned in knowing, that Mr. Cade is a man of gallantry, and that he omitted no opportunity of conquest with which a fair, or brown, or even a black complexion, afforded him? It is, however, all in the colonel's way. He tells us every thing that occurred to him on his travels, whether it be trifling or important; whether it refer to a member of government, or to a monkey or parrot, or even to a snake or mosquitoe. His style is the familiar, easy chit-chat of an old acquaintance; the gossip of a good-natured military man, who has seen enough of battle and turmoil, to despise all meaner hardships. It is perfectly natural to such a traveller, to admire every bright eye and fine shape that catches his attention; and, if his own day of victory have passed, to chuckle the young fellows under the chin, and congratulate them on their happier prospects.

Our colonel appears also to be touched with a fancy for collecting birds and animals. One would think, from the lamentations which he makes on the loss of some favourite parrots and monkies, that his principal object in going to Columbia, was rather to provide curiosities for Mr. Bullock's museum, than facts for Mr. Canning's portfolio.

The commissioners, after rather a tedious voyage across the Atlantic, and a still more tedious navigation in boats up the Magdalena, as far as Honda, a distance of 800 miles, arrived at Bogota early in March, 1824. While proceeding up this river, the party usually stopped at night at villages on the banks, and the colonel was thus enabled to vary the monotony of the passage, by many pleasant little descriptions of the scenery, and of the manners of the inhabitants. The Magdalena is 'a river of the first class, even in South America;' it is 'the great water communication to the provinces of Santa Martha, Carthagena, Antioquia, Maroquita, and Neyva, and conveys boats within three days' journey by land to Bogota;' it is therefore a subject of great regret, that the Columbian government had granted to a German merchant, the exclusive privilege, for twenty years, of navigating this fine river *with steam* boats. We give a page or two, as an index to the

manner in which the colonel and his companions endeavoured to beguile their fatiguing progress up the Magdalena.

'We saw this day, for the first time, the cabeza negra black-head. It is a very large bird, standing full four feet in height, the body white, head black, and neck bright scarlet. It was so shy that we could never get within shot. We also saw flights of green paroquets, who make much noise in flying. The small fish were in such shoals on the shallows, that the canoe appeared to cut through them. This was near the village of Plato; here we counted thirty alligators, swimming within two or three hundred yards of our boat; in general their heads only appear above water. The Plato was a remarkably neat pretty village, we therefore resolved to take up our quarters there for the night.

'In the evening we rambled as usual about the village, and at a house fell in with two black boys playing on violins, a girl on a small drum, and a mulatto-boy on a triangle. We were much surprised to hear these swarthy musicians play some waltzes with great taste; and having expressed a wish to see some dancing, a circle was soon formed and dancers found. My young Secretary waltzed with two or three pretty mulatto girls, and some of the villagers waltzed away for an hour or two. It was quite pleasing to see how gracefully young girls of eight, or nine years old waltzed, placing their arms in a variety of elegant attitudes. The Creoles, Indians, and Negroes, have an exceedingly correct ear for music. I have since often thought with pleasure of this evening: the night was cool and refreshing, the moon shining full upon us; every one seemed to possess a gaieté de cœur and contentment. The groups of little naked laughing boys and girls, sitting cross-legged around us, as well as the dancers, seemed to enjoy the novelty of the scene; perhaps it may be doubtful whether the brilliant assemblage at Almack's ever felt the cheerfulness of these unsophisticated children of nature. Rum and cakes were handed round between the dances. Thermometer this day, three P. M. 93°. As we were leaving Plato early in the morning, a young mulatto girl brought Colonel Campbell a present of a bowl of new milk, and some fruit. The Colonel had chatted with her the preceding evening, and given her a trifling present; and to shew her gratitude she made this return.

'We gave a passage from this place to a Samboo girl, who was going to Mompox. The canoe or piragua in which she went down the river, was upset during the night, by coming in contact with a large floating tree; every thing was lost: the girl and crew saved their lives by swimming on shore. This young damsel appeared to bear her misfortune with a great deal of philosophy, as I frequently heard her singing. During the voyage, I shot a heron, measuring five feet from the tip of one wing to that of the other. We saw a great many wild ducks and geese, and bright green lizards on the banks of the river: these reptiles are remarkably quick and agile in their movements. The natives are fond of dogs, and they are numerous in all their villages; their barking in the night keeps at a distance the jaquar or spotted tiger, the red leopard, and other beasts of prey. I was told that canine madness was not known in South America. The water of the Magdalena is always extremely muddy.'—vol. i., pp. 63—66.

The commissioners, on their arrival at Bogota, were received by

all the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, with the most flattering marks of attention and respect. The ladies were particularly enthusiastic and joyous on the occasion. Our colonel's pen glows with renovated ardour, while he describes 'the magic fire of their brilliant black eyes, around which, the lily and the rose were contending for superiority; all these charms being increased by long ringlets of raven black, forming the bocage to the whole.' Here, it must be confessed, Mr. Cade was much to be envied. We must make the reader a little better acquainted with this dangerous capital.

'The climate of Bogotá is particularly favourable to the complexion of the women, as the extremes of heat and cold are never felt here, excepting in the rainy seasons, when it may be two or three degrees lower. The thermometer in the shade is rarely above 70°, or below 58°, and nearly the whole year the climate is like that in England towards the end of the month of May, and at all times pleasant for riding or walking: of the latter exercise I can speak from experience. I used to walk most days from three to four Spanish leagues, to the great surprise of the natives, who could never comprehend how any gentleman having horses in his stable, could prefer tramping on foot; and on more than one occasion, I have been offered a horse by a farmer or Indian going to market at Bogotá, conceiving that the caballero had lost his horse, and was reduced to the necessity of walking home. In fact, no one walks in Columbia who can afford to keep a horse, and a Bogotánian farmer derives as much pleasure from the jingling of his large silver or steel spurs (though generally without stockings and sandals on the feet), as any young cornet of hussars on first joining his regiment. It is much the fashion for gentlemen to ride through the streets of Bogotá, particularly on a Sunday, and strangers are surprised to see the horses going at a great rate in a sort of amble or shuffle, the rider sitting perfectly straight in his saddle. There are men who get their livelihood by teaching the horses this amble. Their method is by putting small cords round the pasterns of the horse, which only allow him to step out a short distance, and in a little time this becomes his usual pace. Their bits are extremely severe, and their saddle-cloths of scarlet or some gay colour, with gold or silver lace round them. Large sums are given for horses which amble fast, sometimes as much as 1000 dollars (or 200*l.*). Black horses are in high estimation; the Field-Marshal Ordoneta made me a present of a black stallion, which I was told had been sold for 800 dollars. The breed of horses is not large, but active, strong, and able to go through a great deal of work. A farrier's business must be lucrative in this country, as they charge five Spanish dollars for shoeing a horse.

'The police of Bogotá is bad in many respects, and they much want an active officer at the head of it. In walking through the Calle Reale, (or principal street), where all the best shops are, you are every moment disgusted at the sight of beggars shewing their sores, particularly bad legs:—some of them of an immense size, from a disease called the Elephantiasis. I recollect one idiot, a lad of sixteen, who was brought every morning into the street by his mother, and allowed to crawl about, and *catch the* passengers by the legs, making hideous contortions of the face.

Galenachs (or small black vultures) are the real scavengers of this , and after a market day in the Great Square you see numbers of hopping about, so tame that you may almost touch them with a , devouring all the filth and offal of the market: the streets are oc- nally well washed by the heavy rains; the town is built on the slope, he water coming in torrents down the gutters, carries all the filth with a small river which flanks the capital. A few gas-lights would be an ovement to Bogotá, and enable the passenger to walk at night with comfort and safety under the gloomy walls of the monasteries, nun- s and houses, without fear of having a manchette thrust into him r the former, or of being drowned in Eau de Bogotá from the latter. the site of the town is occupied by large convents, with considerable t of ground for gardens. The comforts attendant on improvement rrive at last, and I feel convinced that the Columbians will gradually d of all these inconveniences.'—vol. i., pp. 132—136.

mong the other inconveniences of Bogota, it is no trivial one, strangers arriving there from the coast, are very commonly cked by intermitting fevers, said to be brought on by the sudden ge of climate. The colonel recommends abundant exercise, and t of old Madeira every day, by taking both of which, he says, scaped the disorder. On account of the great height of Bogota e the sea, Europeans also find a great difficulty in breathing e, until they become seasoned, by a residence of a few months. he routine of society here is much the same as that of which ral travellers in other parts of South America have given us riptions. At the evening parties, the ladies take up a position ne side of the chamber, from which, even Mr. Cade could not dge them. Bottled English ale is greatly prized among the shments, to which are usually added, Jamaica rum, sweet nish wines, and dulces, or sweet-meats, of which all the South ricans are inordinately fond, to the great detriment of their h. At those parties which are not honoured by the presence ne fair, play forms the only attraction, and is sometimes car- to a great extent. Our author observes, that under the Spanish rnment, this vice was much encouraged by the Viceroy and tain-General of the province of Venezuela. He adds, that of the Columbian ministers assured him, that 'among the rs belonging to the Captain-General, found at Caraccas by independents when he evacuated the place, was a charge of 00 dollars to the king of Spain, for keeping a gaming table, giving petits soupers as a bait to his prey!!'

efore we quit Bogota, of which the colonel's description is minute and lively, we must extract his account of the ladies hat capital. We are rejoiced to find, that he is not among e libellers of the sex, whose exaggerations and falsehoods we on several occasions found it necessary to reprobate.

The ladies of rank in Bogotá are generally small, but well made, and *can boast of having* as pretty feet and small ancles as any women in

the world, which are always set off by handsome silk stockings and very neat shoes. Like the women of Spain, they walk with grace and dignity, and are equally coquetish and playful with their fans. Their morning walking-dress appeared at first rather singular, but I afterwards thought it becoming. The head and shoulders are covered with a fine black or blue cloth, without any trimming, which sometimes meets under the chin, but leaves the face exposed, and a small black beaver hat with a crown of a conical shape, you may literally say is on the top of the head; it was placed on one side, but as none of the head was in it, I really often wondered it did not fall off. Their gowns are black silk, made to fit close, and much adorned with bugles of the same colour. In this dress the ladies always go to church. The reign of the small black beaver hat and the cloth covering, will, I suspect, soon be at an end; as some of the ladies, before I left Bogotá, paraded the streets in large French bonnets, with abundance of artificial flowers, and gay-coloured silk gowns and neckerchiefs over their shoulders, to the astonishment and mortification of some of the priesthood, who considered it a sin in them to say their prayers in such gaudy attire. The walking evening-dress is a pretty straw hat with artificial flowers, stuck on in the same way as the black, a warm Norwich shawl, and chintz or cotton gowns manufactured in England. At their tertulias and balls, the ladies dress after the French fashion with much taste, and are adorned with a profusion of pearls, emeralds, and other precious stones, for the purchase of which they make great sacrifices. They have in general a very correct ear for music, but there is a sad want of masters and good musical instruments, for the difficulties and expense are great in getting a piano-forte from the coast to the capital, and by the time it arrived would probably cost 200*l*. The ladies dance well and gracefully; the Spanish country dances are particularly well adapted to show off the different attitudes of the body. Waltzing is also a favourite dance. In my morning visits to the ladies, I frequently found them sitting on cushions placed on a mat, after the oriental fashion, and employed at tambour work; a little female Negro slave squatted comfortably in one corner of the apartment, ready to obey the orders of her mistress. I remarked that the Creoles, or descendants of the Spaniards, treated their household slaves with great kindness and indulgence, allowing them to converse with them in a more familiar way than we do our servants in England. As regards the morals of the ladies of Bogotá, I believe they can boast of nearly as much virtue as the European ladies. Now and then, to be sure, you hear of faux pas committed, but I must stand forth as their champion, and say they have been slandered in some works, which have been published by travellers, on the manners of the natives of South America; for should a female misconduct herself, and discover a want of virtue, it would exclude her from good society, which it must be admitted was not the case under the Spanish government, whose policy was to demoralize the people and corrupt their minds, which made them unconscious of their yoke.'—vol. i., pp. 145—148.

Colonel Hamilton speaks of the plain in which Bogota is situated, as prodigiously fertile. It is a table land, extending above sixty miles from north to south, by thirty miles on the average in *breadth*. It is at present thinly peopled, and capable of vast im-

provement, under proper agricultural cultivation. He entertains little doubt, that when the governments are well established, and toleration secured in religious matters, the emigration from Europe to South America will be greatly increased. It is unquestionable, that the table lands of that continent possess some of the finest climates in the world; and that as the baron de Humboldt remarks, a man with a thermometer in his hand may, by ascending or descending, select the temperature which best agrees with his constitution.

We are afraid, however, that the late proceedings in Columbia, in which general Paes has taken so equivocal a part, will tend for some time, to prevent the government from settling down in that state of security, which would encourage foreigners to trust in its protection. Even the presence of Bolivar does not appear to have yet produced that union between the rival provinces, which seems to us, at least, so necessary to their mutual interests and safety. Much, indeed, is to be expected from the influence and character of that extraordinary man; nor do we incline to apprehend, that Paes will be induced from motives of personal ambition, to offer any resistance to his plans for the pacification of Columbia. We find in the work before us, a little memoir of this officer, which Colonel Hamilton received from one of his aides-de-camp. It will be read with interest, under the present circumstances of Columbia, and it is, moreover, rather a singular one.

'General Paes was the son of a small tradesman in the province of Valencia, and on one occasion, when not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, was sent by his father, with a few hundred Spanish dollars, to pay for some goods. He was mounted, and had taken the precaution of arming himself with a loaded pistol. On his road he was attacked by two robbers, also mounted; upon which he drew out his pistol, declaring that he would shoot the first man who attempted to lay hands on him. This threat he immediately put into execution, on one of the robbers attempting to stab him. The other robber, on seeing his associate fall, made his escape. Paes, being much alarmed at having shot the robber, resolved not to return home, and left the country. Some time after, he engaged himself as servant to a nobleman, who had large landed estates in Caraccas. In this situation he conducted himself so well, that he gradually gained the entire confidence of his master, and became his major-domo, or head steward, and was in this capacity at the breaking out of the civil war, when he espoused the independent cause; and by the intrepidity, judgment, and zeal which he displayed on all occasions, he soon became a great favourite with General Bolivar, and was rapidly promoted to the rank of general.

'General Paes is quite the Blucher of the Columbian army, particularly among his cossacks of the plains of Apuré, who have the utmost confidence in him as a leader and partisan. The general, in a charge, was generally the first in the ranks of the enemy, and as he was an admirable rider, very adroit in the use of his lance and in throwing the lasso, and although not tall, remarkably strong, his lance on most occasions made

terrible havoc among the Spaniards, whom he never spared, on account of their cruelties to the Creoles. As it may naturally be supposed, the education of General Paes had not been very refined; he had much of the roughness and manner of a plain blunt soldier; but since his appointment to his present high command, I hear he has taken great pains with himself. He now speaks French tolerably well, and a little English. He is of a warm temper, but his heart is of the same temperament; he is very generous, and like most of his countrymen, very found of dress.'—vol. i., pp. 169—171.

As the public proceedings of the mission are already well known, we pass them over, in order to accompany the colonel on some of his excursions from Bogota. One of these, was to the famous lake of Guativata, which the Senor Pepe Paris has been endeavouring to drain for some years. He has succeeded, it seems, in even forming a joint-stock company at Bogota for the purpose, under the expectation, that the basin contains a great number of golden Indian idols, and ingots of gold, which, *it is supposed*, the Indian Caciques, in their religious ceremonies, and in their anxiety to secure those treasures from the hands of their Spanish invaders, threw into the lake. Our traveller describes it as formed like a punch-bowl, 'surrounded by mountains on all sides, apparently two or three hundred feet high, and wooded to their summits,' which present a pleasing, though sombre aspect. He crossed the lake in a boat; but though the water was unrippled and very clear, and though the colonel looked very sharp into it, not one of the golden idols gleamed on his eye. It will, we suspect, turn out somewhat like the Vigo-Bay scheme, of immortal memory.

Colonel Hamilton visited also the government salt works, of which he gives a favourable account. In the course of this, and other excursions in the vicinity of Bogota, he observed several of those venomous snakes which abound, or rather swarm, in Columbia, and, indeed, in all parts of South America. Fortunately, nature has produced them nowhere, without placing an antidote to their poison in their immediate neighbourhood. The Creoles have a curious tradition, about the manner in which this antidote was first discovered.

'In the province of Antioquia, an Indian was at work in a forest, when his attention was arrested by a combat between a small bird called a snake-hawk and a snake. He observed that whenever the hawk was bitten by the snake in the conflict, he immediately flew to a small tree called guacco, devoured some of its berries, and after a short interval renewed the fight with his enemy, and in the end succeeded in killing the snake, which he ate. It naturally occurred to the mind of the Indian, that a decoction of these berries would probably prove a specific for the cure of the poison, in cases where people had been bitten by rattle-snakes, or other venomous serpents. He afterwards made the experiment on an Indian bitten by a coral-snake, and it fully answered his expectation.'—vol. i., pp. 209, 210.

We regret that colonel Hamilton was unable to visit some of the

gold and emerald mines of Columbia, of which such exaggerated estimates have been formed by our British adventurers. A few of these speculations, he thinks, may turn out well, with patience, perseverance, and a large capital. But he suspects, what our readers, perhaps, will not be surprised to hear, that 'many of the mines advertised as belonging to mining companies, existed only in the brain of those who formed them.' He mentions, however, that the minister of the interior shewed him a piece of gold, weighing a pound and a quarter, which was taken from a mine in the province of Antioquia; and that he afterwards saw 'a mass of pure gold, weighing rather more than four pounds, which was found in a mine, in the province of Venezuela.' These, of course, were great rarities. We have an amusing instance, in the person of an Irish soldier in the Columbian service, of the extravagant notions which Europeans in general entertain of the riches of South America. 'Paddy, walking one day through the streets of Caraccas, chanced to see a dollar on the ground: he kicked it on one side with much contempt, exclaiming, "By J——, I came to the Americas for gold; I'll not tarnish my fingers with silver coin."' The emeralds from the mines of Moussa, are particularly remarkable for their fine green colour, and their exemptions from flaws. Some of the largest in the world have been found there. It is said, that the king of Spain has one of a magnificent size, which he uses as a paper presser.

We are happy to be informed by Colonel Hamilton, that schools on the Lancasterian system are established in many parts of Columbia; and are increasing so rapidly, that the whole of the rising generation will most probably be a well-educated race. This fact promises auspiciously for that republic, particularly as it is well known, that the Columbians in general, have remarkably clear heads and quick perceptions.

After remaining some months at Bogota, Colonel Hamilton and his secretary, attended by their servants, proceeded to visit the Southern provinces of Columbia. Our author's account of the whole of this journey is highly interesting and valuable, although it relates chiefly to the province and valley of Cauca, so celebrated for its fertility. The capital of this province, Popayan, is seated at the foot of the Cordilleras, and looks out on a beautiful plain. The climate is delicious, 'the inhabitants being never oppressed by heat or annoyed by cold.' During the rainy season, however, the lightning and thunder are said to be particularly awful, the noise of the latter being greatly augmented by being re-echoed by the mountains of the Andes. The difficulty of travelling in any part of the interior of Columbia is formidable, on account of the want of good roads: but in Cauca it is attended with excessive fatigue, the soil is so deep in many places. It is pleasant to learn from the colonel, that he was every where received, as the representative of England, in the most cordial manner, and with the most munificent hospitality. He remained at Popayan during the rainy season; and if it had

not been for that most abominable of all insects, the nigua, it would seem that the time would have glided away pleasantly enough.

'We were now very comfortably settled at Popayan for the rainy season; the rain generally came on about four in the afternoon, and lasted until daylight in the morning, when a fine bright sun, unobscured by a single cloud, made every thing look gay and cheerful, and a walk before breakfast was particularly pleasant, when the air was scented with a thousand delicious perfumes from the wild shrubs and flowers which grow most luxuriantly on the hills close to the town. We certainly had not much merit in early rising, as a multitude of fleas were our constant tormentors all night, and these lively companions allowed us but little rest. The niguas were also very troublesome in perforating our toes, and two or three times a week we had them extracted with a needle by a half-Indian lad, named Joaquin, who is now living with me in England. This boy was very expert in taking out these little insects from under the nails. A sensation of itching at the toe soon gives notice that the nigua has penetrated the skin; and on looking close to the part, you see a small white substance under the nail. To get this out without breaking is rather a difficult operation, but Joaquin seldom failed; and the nigua, buried in the middle of its eggs, for this is the white substance, has when extracted the appearance of a small pearl. Burnt tobacco ashes are rubbed in the wound, and in two or three days the hole closes. Should this abominable insect be allowed to remain for any time in the toes, the eggs would hatch, and the niguas increase so fast, they would soon eat away the fleshy part of the toe, and perhaps bring on mortification. I was told that many of the Spanish soldiers of Morillo's army lost their lives from mortification, and that others were compelled to have their feet amputated, from neglecting to extract the nigua. The exertion of walking on the pavement was very painful the day the niguas were taken out. These insects are so small, that you can never see them on your stockings.'—vol. ii., p. 77, 78.

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'Previous to the civil war, a considerable trade was carried on through Popayan, from the departments of Quito, the province of Pasto, valley of Patia, and other adjacent small towns. The principal articles brought from these places, were baizes and coarse linens; from Quito also came roanas and cloaks; from the Pastos, wool; and Indian pepper from the valley of Patia. Before the war, large droves of cattle were sent from the province of Pasto, and 8,000 head of horned cattle had, a short time before, been driven from that province into the valley of Cauca, as a punishment to the Pastucians for their obstinate resistance to the Columbian government. Popayan contains a college with two professors, one of grammar, the other of philosophy; and has also a rector and vice-rector. There is a cathedral, which is used at present as a parochial church, until the ancient cathedral shall be rebuilt. There were four convents, those of St. Francisco, St. Domingo, St. Augustin, and St. Caucias; and two nunneries, those of El Carmen and of the Encarnacion; but of the convents, at present there only remains that of St. Francisco, the others having been suppressed by the law of the congress of Cuenta in 1821. Besides these, there are two or three other churches, called Del Betem and La Hermistad, and a chapter-house, in which assemble the individuals

composing the chapter, which consists of twelve regidores, two alcaldes ordenarios, one lawyer, and a magistrate.

'The great square of the town has a desolate appearance, from the cathedral being in ruins, and some of the best houses having been deserted by their proprietors during the war, or converted into barracks for soldiers.

'The public officers of government are, the administrator of tobacco, chief of the custom-house, and the post-master. The Lancasterian school, which I visited with the governor, is in the ancient chapel of the seminary of the college. The dress of the females of the middling class is gay, and displays much taste. They wear generally a scarlet petticoat with an embroidered border, a white body ornamented with frills and ribands, and round the waste, a cotton band wove in different colours. The hair is plaited, curled, and adorned with artificial flowers.'—vol. ii., pp. 98—101.

Both on his journey to, and return from, Popayan, Colonel Hamilton seldom passed a hacienda (residentiary estate) without being obliged to partake of the hospitality of the owner. We shall give his account of his reception at Capio, the hacienda of the Senor Arboleda.

'After we had left the village of Killacho, we found the road almost impassable, as it lay through swamps and morasses, in which our poor mules were up to their knees at almost every step; and whilst myself and mule were struggling to get out of a hole, Mr. Arboleda, accompanied by a clergyman, met us, and introduced himself and friend to us, and in a very hospitable manner requested we would pass two or three days with him at his country-house, called Capio, which was a league and a half from Killacho. Mr. Arboleda apologized for the bad state of his roads, which he said was chiefly owing to his having been absent from his property for a long time during the civil war, when every thing had been neglected, and his estate plundered by the Spaniards.

'A short distance from Capio, Mr. Arboleda pointed out to me a small range of hills, the soil of which was a red clay; these, he said, were the hills, of which his slaves washed the soil for gold dust, and that if we had no objection he should have much pleasure in riding with us there the next day to show us the process. Afterwards, on our further progress through the valley of Cauca, we saw these red clay hills containing gold dust; they were on our right for several leagues. Mr. Arboleda mentioned, that he had at that time 800 slaves on his estates in the valley of Cauca, and in the province of Choco, the greater portion of whom were employed in washing for gold dust.

'On our arrival at Capio, we were introduced to Senora Arboleda, a fine elegant young woman, who was daughter to Senor Piombo, Master of the Mint at Popayan, and niece of General Coun O'Donnell, who was in the Spanish service. The lady could not help smiling at seeing me so completely plastered with mud, and remarked that their roads must appear particularly bad to Englishmen, who were accustomed to such good ones in their own country. After making ourselves clean and comfortable, we sat down to an elegant dinner, served on massy silver dishes and French china, and soon forgot all our past grievances, or rather they served to amuse us, over Mr. Arboleda's old Spanish wines.

'We found Mr. and Mrs. Arboleda very well informed; the former had

previously been mentioned to me at Popayan, as possessing superior abilities, and having taken infinite pains to cultivate his mind by reading; and in a room which he called his study, he had an extensive library of French, English, Italian and Spanish books, a great many of which he had recently purchased at Lima, where he had been sent on a diplomatic mission by the Columbian government, with his cousin Senor J. Mosquera. During the civil war, when Morillo had possession of nearly the whole of Columbia, Mr. and Mrs. Arboleda suffered great hardships, being obliged to conceal themselves for two years among the forests, and in the caves near their estates in the province of Choco, during which time they experienced great kindness and attention from their slaves, which proves he had been a good master to them.

Previous to the revolutionary war, 10,000 head of cattle, each worth eight dollars, were kept on the estate of Capio; at present there was not above a tenth part of that number, as the Spaniards were continually demanding contributions, during the war, of three or four hundred head at a time. If the demand were opposed, the steward of the estate received one or two hundred coups de baton on his shoulders, as a punishment for his refractory conduct. Mr. Arboleda assured me, that before the struggle for their liberty commenced, above a million head of cattle were fed and fattened in the valley of Cauca, and at the present period he supposed there were not 200,000 all over the valley and province.

When I entered my bed-room, I was struck with astonishment to see the neatness with which every thing was arranged, and luxuries provided for the toilet which are only found among rich families in Europe, and which I little expected to find in the secluded, although beautiful valley of Cauca. My bed and curtains were completely in the French style, the latter ornamented with artificial flowers, and on a table was placed eau de Cologne, Windsor soap, huile de Macassar, crême d'amandes amères, brushes, &c. I slept most profoundly in my luxurious bed, which, in every sense of the word, might be called a bed of roses. Early in the morning a servant announced that a cold bath was ready. The whole appeared to me almost like enchantment, and I could have fancied myself like one of the heroes in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, transported to a palace, after the poor lodgings and humble fare I had been accustomed to. This good arrangement gave me a high opinion of the refined taste of our hostess, having never met with any thing of the kind in Columbia.'—vol. ii. pp. 116—121.

On arriving near the town of Bouga, says the colonel, 'we saw to our astonishment the whole cabildo, or corporation, headed by a band of music, and large crowds of people on foot, coming towards us. When they approached, a speech was addressed to me, welcoming our party to Bouga, to which I made a short reply, and we all rode into Bouga together; the mob at intervals hurraing and shouting "Vivan les Ingleses, viva la Columbia, y nuestro Bolivar." Long live the English, long live Columbia, and our own Bolivar! While our travellers remained in Bouga, they were overwhelmed with the hospitable attentions of the public authorities. They were not quite so fortunate at Cartago, where they were *detained* a fortnight for peons or guides, who were to conduct

them over the Quindio mountains. But even Cartago, dull as it was, appeared to have had its consolations—at least for Mr. Cade.

'Near our dwelling lived four young ladies with their mother, in a neat small house. They had a few acres of land, and kept a couple of cows, and we found them excellent neighbours: every morning the mother sent us a large bowl full of new milk. Common courtesy required that we should call to return thanks for the attention paid us; we found her living very comfortably with her four daughters and a little boy, the son of the second daughter. The three youngest daughters were very pretty girls, the eldest of them not more than twenty, with fine European complexions. I learnt their history from M. de la Roche, who informed me that they were of the family of Caycedo, one of the richest in the valley of Cauca; that in the civil war, the husband of Senora Caycedo had lost nearly all his property, and that the widow had a small estate left, which produced them four or five hundred a year, on which they lived. The second daughter had been seduced by a merchant under a promise of marriage, who was the father of the little boy we had seen. The widow's house was a capital lounge for my young secretary, in a dull town like Cartago; occasionally I paid the ladies a visit, and found them very agreeable good-natured girls. In one of these visits I heard them whistle a trio remarkably well, and they all played on the Spanish guitar, accompanying the instrument with their voices, and sang Spanish songs with much taste. They possessed also another accomplishment, that of swimming well; we saw them all one morning swim across the river La Viega. Fortunately, I had some books with me, otherwise I should have found some difficulty in getting through the fortnight we remained at Cartago.

The lower class play on an instrument here, called the alfandoki, which is made of the wood of a tree, called mano de leon, naturally hollow. They put into it small black seeds of a fruit called chagera; by shaking the instrument the seeds make a considerable, and not altogether disagreeable noise, and on this they accompany the guitar players. The carraska, on which they also play, makes a tremendous, and not a melodious noise. It is made of the wood of the black poplar tree, and large notches are cut on one side. The fiddle-stick is one of the ribs of a bullock, which is rubbed over the notches, and would, I conceive, in Europe, produce the same scene as the inimitable Hogarth has so well depicted in his Enraged Musician. The tiple is a small guitar played on at Cartago. I brought with me to England a very curious small harp, which was about three feet high, with three octaves of catgut strings. The sounding-board part was made of a whole gourd, large at the bottom and smaller towards the top, to which were pieces of wood, roughly joined in the harp shape.'—vol. ii., pp. 195—197.

The passage over the Quindio mountains is usually performed by travellers on the backs of men who are called silleros, from having a silla, a sort of chair, lashed to their shoulders, on which the passenger is seated. From motives of humanity, which are entitled to commendation, though somewhat out of place perhaps on such an occasion, Colonel Hamilton preferred walking, and his secretary and servants followed his example. The state of the roads may be imagined, when our author relates, that he got into several deep

sloughs, out of which the peons were obliged to drag him; and that at the termination of the passage, which occupied nine days, he was almost completely knocked up. The remainder of the journey to Bogota, was mere child's play, compared with the toil of crossing these mountains.

It is to be regretted, that Colonel Hamilton did not find time to visit all the other provinces of Columbia; we will not inquire whether such a duty was imposed on him in his instructions; but having had the opportunity of making himself acquainted with them under such favourable circumstances, we were surprised to find that he omitted to avail himself of it.

We presume, that this work must have passed through the press without being submitted to the author's revisal. As he must be well acquainted with Spanish, it is impossible that he could have permitted almost every sentence and expression in that language, which is introduced into his pages, to be grossly and sometimes ludicrously misprinted. *Aguardiente*, brandy, is generally disguised in the unknown word *aquadient*. There is a sentence in Spanish (p. 91, vol. 1), which is mere nonsense, from the mistakes that are made in it. We have the African presidio of *Ceuta* turned into *Cuita* (p. 13, vol. 1), and the well known word *cocina*, kitchen, Frenchified into *cuisini*. The Spaniards abbreviate senor, by writing Sr. Mr. Woodfall, the colonel's printer, thought that this must have been intended for *sir*, and accordingly we find it so printed throughout the two volumes, to the great amusement of all Spanish scholars. It is impossible to avoid a laugh, when one sees a bishop introduced under the title of Sir ilustrisimo, which is always the case in this work, except where the incongruity is made still more whimsical by sir ilustrisim*a*. In fact, ilustrisim*a* is the true reading; but then it is either added, or supposed to be added to senoria, meaning his most illustrious lordship, or his grace, a title of distinction usually given to Spanish archbishops and bishops. Numberless errors of this kind pervade the text, which ought to be rectified, if it reach, as we think it will, a second edition. Several interesting plates, and a map of the department of Cauca, accompany the work; but we must admit, that much of the interior of Columbia must still be explored, before we can be said to have even a superficial acquaintance with it.

NOTICES.

ART. XV. *The Life, Official and Political, of John Earl of Eldon, late Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.* 8vo. stitched. London: Hunt & Clarke. 1827.

THE early history of Lord Eldon, possesses much more interest than we could have anticipated. The account of his courtship and clandestine *marriage*—and his initiation into the practice of his profession, are curious.

But the first parliamentary essay of such a politician as his lordship, is of so much importance, that we willingly extract the author's description of it. 'The maiden speech of (then) Mr. Scott, was on the subject of Fox's India Bill. It is a curious specimen of oratory, for it is marked by all the peculiarities of the man's mind. It ended in a glorious uncertainty: and the maiden speaker asked permission to take home the bill, that he might be able to give his opinion of it on a future day. That future day arrived in a fortnight, when Mr. Scott made an elaborate speech as per order. This was indeed a Scotticism all over—a whining, canting, vacillating affair—here a bit of censure, there a bit of praise—then censure, then praise, censure and praise again, and then he ended without concluding any thing. Upwards of a third of his speech was a quotation from the Apocalypse: a couple of lines from Horace—a free extract from Shakespeare, constituted the more popular parts of this oration. He snatched from some very respectable curate, perhaps, the opportunity of making his fortune: and, in truth, it might have been, with the utmost propriety, left to the parson to prove, that Mr. Fox's India Bill was prophetically described and condemned, in the Revelations of St. John. This speech called forth a great deal of observation. This one laughed at it—another grew serious at the thoughts of it. Sheridan declared, that the learned gentleman appeared to make his discourse according to Lord Coke's method of making a lawyer— that is, he allowed a good deal for sleep—a good deal for equity, and something for praying.—The lines of the famous commentator are—

"Sex horas somno, totidem des legibus æquis,
Quatuor orabis."—

The notice of the state trials in 1794, when the subject of this memoir officiated as Attorney-General, is brief, as indeed the allusion to proceedings so celebrated ought to be: but it is impressive, more on account of the justice of its conclusions, than from any novelty of argument or fact. One or two anecdotes, connected with the progress of those prosecutions, are related in this publication, which we believe are new, or but little known.

The public history of Lord Eldon, is then traced through the long period of his official career—and the uniform opposition which he gave to every effort at reform, even of those abuses which his own testimony had helped to expose, is referred to as a subject demanding particular observation. For our own parts, we prefer to dwell on the more amiable side of the picture—that which represents the noble lord, as giving an early specimen of that simple, courteous, and even humble demeanour, which marked him in all the fortunate vicissitudes of his life. The following anecdote rests, we understand, upon the very best authority.

'Mr. John Thelwall was preparing for the press, sketches of the lives and characters of the principal lawyers of the day. So little interest was created by Mr. Scott at the time, that nobody knew any thing about him. The biographer had no resource, therefore, but to go to the fountain head. He proceeded accordingly to the Temple, and, having gained Mr. Scott's chambers, he knocked at the *white* door. It was opened by a respectable looking person, who, Mr. Thelwall at once satisfied himself, was Mr. Scott's chief clerk. "I wish to see Mr. Scott," demanded the applicant.—"What is your business, sir?"—"It is rather of a peculiar nature—and I wish to see

himself."—"It is absolutely necessary, then" rejoined the supposed clerk, "that you should communicate the matter to me"—"Well, then, my business is simply this—I am preparing for the press, sketches of the principal lawyers of the day—the judges, the law officers—and a few others—I wish to state nothing inaccurately; and I am come, therefore, to beg the favour, that Mr. Scott would furnish me with a few particulars of his history"—"That *I* can do for you, sir, with great pleasure—please to walk in." Mr. Thelwall was ushered into an inner apartment, where every question, which he thought necessary to put, was answered by the other, readily and amply. "But, sir, are you quite sure that all these particulars are correct?" asked Mr. Thelwall, in conclusion. "Perfectly," was the reply. "You probably know Mr. Scott a long time?" "Very long, sir,—I *am* Mr. Scott."—Mr. Thelwall, who was one of the politest young men of his age, did not fail to acknowledge the condescension of the eminent barrister in adequate terms, little dreaming how soon they were to come together in a very different relation, at the court of the Old Bailey!'

ART. XVI. *Absurdities: In Prose and Verse.* Written and illustrated by A. Crowquill. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 132. 8*s.* 6*d.* boards. London: T. Hurst & Co. 1827.

Mr. HOOD has raised up an imitator, we had almost said, a competitor, in the soi disant Mr. Crowquill. We confess, that we are amused by these trifles: it is possible that more important occupation might be found for the ingenuity which they display: but still the laugh will go round: and Mr. Crowquill will be honoured, next to Mr. Hood, as one of the pleasantest of choice companions.

The prose compositions are much less to our taste, than the metrical oddities of this volume. In the former, particularly, where the author affects the pathetic, he appears as if he were dealing with an entirely uncongenial subject. But when he gives the reins to his humour, sighs over the fortunes of some Biddy Lowe, and sympathises with the affections of Timothy Trott—when he is jocose with the memory of a tallow-chandler, and puns away at the expense of some respectable porkman, it is then that we begin to respect the intellectual resources of Mr. Crowquill.

The ballad which we are about to extract from 'Absurdities,' we are well aware, will remind the reader of some of Mr. Hood's ludicrous effusions. But still it is to be remembered, that the merit of such productions lies altogether in their execution: punning is undoubtedly infectious:—but it is not clear that successful punning is quite so subject to the laws of contagion. We proceed to quote the laughable history of

'TIM TROTT AND BIDDY LOWE.

'One Sunday to the village church
Both old and young were flowing:
Oh! the bells were ringing merrily,
And beaux with belles were going.

'And Mister Trott was trotting there,
When Biddy Lowe so smart,
Just pass'd—and tho' she only walk'd,
Her eyes—ran through his heart.

'Now Mister Trott began to leer,
And throw his eyes about;
But ah! he felt a pang within,
He fain would be without.

'"For a suitor I might suit her well,
And why should I not please?
For though I may have *silver locks*,
I've gold beneath my keys."

'For o'er his head had sixty years,
And more if truth be told,
And, for the first time, now he thought,
'Twas frightful to be *old*.

'The service o'er, Tim walked away,
And o'er the fields did roam;
He sought her cot—and found it *out*,
But Biddy was *at home!*

'Tim made a bow and made a leg,
And spoke with hesitation;
While Biddy frown'd upon *his suit*,
And smiled at his—*relation!*

'But tho' so scornfully repuls'd,
And all his vows proved vain,
Tim Trott had lost his heart, and wished
To prove his loss—*again!*

'Miss Biddy met her ancient beau,
And said with cruel glee,
"Oh! Trott, though you're a little man,
You seem too *long* for me!"

'Tim stammer'd, hammer'd, hem'd and sigh'd,—
He fluttered like a leaf—
With piteous look he eye'd the maid,
But could not hide his grief.

'"Tho' I'm a man of substance, ma'am,
I'm like a shadow-elf;
I've sigh'd and sigh'd until I am
Like one beside myself."

'Quoth she, and with a killing smile,
(Oh! most unkind retort),
"You know I've cut you, aye for long,
So now I'll cut you short!"

'"Ah! make not of my size a laugh,
I would my limbs were stronger,
But tho' you never lov'd me, ma'am,
Say would you love *me* longer?"

'But Biddy's heart was hard as stone,
Tim's tears were shed in vain,

And when she cried,—" go *ugly* man!"
He thought his beauty *plain!*

' Quoth he—" I go—farewell—farewell,
I weep—for I'm resigned!
I feel my heart that beat before—
Left beating is behind!"

ART. XVII. *Iu-Kiao-Li; or, the Two fair Cousins, a Chinese Novel.* From the French Version of M. Abel—Remusat. 2 vols. 8vo. 14*s.* bds. London: Hunt & Clarke. 1827.

IT is with great pleasure that we see the literature of our country enriched by an English version of this novel, to the singular merits of which we have already invited public attention. We do not know the class of English readers to whom so complete an acquaintance with Chinese memoirs, as is afforded in this work, will not be highly acceptable.

History, and books of travels, are almost, and of necessity, silent with respect to the state of Chinese society—but all the glimpses of knowledge upon that interesting subject, which we derive from the sources just alluded to, but especially from all the later accounts about China, confirm, in a very striking manner, the domestic pictures presented to us in the course of these volumes, and set at rest, if there had been any ambiguity on the point, the question of the authenticity of this work.

Iu-Kiao-Li will be found defective in many of those points, for which the modern novel is most celebrated. It departs very widely, indeed, from the melo-dramatic character which pervades our more popular romances, and approaches rather to that of an extended comedy, the scenes of which are drawn from what may be called genteel life in China. It is occupied in simply developing, in the most natural order, the feelings, the passions and motives which push forward the daily business of mankind. On this account, the work is of far greater value, as a Chinese production, than if it aimed more at raising popular interest; an object, which could scarcely be effected without endangering, or perhaps totally destroying, its resemblance to the actual state of society, within the sealed territory of the celestial empire. Proceeding upon this scale, the author deduces the series of his incidents, from the anxiety of a father to procure a husband for his daughter. When we consider how much political and religious habits in China tend to prolong and sharpen that anxiety, which, under ordinary circumstances, is sufficiently acute, we cannot be surprised that so much importance should be attributed to its influence. The course of the story leads us, at once, into all the details of the domestic economy of the Chinese—their social habits—their amusements—their household regulations;—and we have an opportunity of observing the state of their relations with each other—the tenderness with which the ties of kindred are cultivated—and the nature of those motives which govern them on the more important occasions of their lives.

It will, no doubt, surprise the European, to find that the qualities which are looked for in the Chinese lover, so little resemble those which *obtain* preference in the societies in the west; a circumstance which shews,

in the most striking manner, how completely the human mind is at the disposal of institutions and habits. Intellectual accomplishments in the suitor, are the paramount consideration with the family of the young lady. In the present case, the difficulty of making the choice of a son in law, places a father in the midst of a set of perplexities, from which the chief interest arises—they develope all the strength of filial and paternal attachment on the one hand, and present to us on the other, the affecting spectacle of virtue and innocence undergoing an unmerited persecution from powerful malice, whose intrigues they have disappointed. This is, indeed, one of the most beautiful passages of the book. The father, who, because of his stedfastness in consulting the true happiness of his daughter, declines an unworthy alliance for her, becomes an object of hatred to the rejected suitor, whose political influence at length prevailed so far as to cause the temporary separation of father and daughter. The tender meeting of the family circle on the eve of that separation—the varying effects of grief on the various persons, form a scene in the highest degree natural and expressive.

The work, indeed, appears to us, with its illustrative notes, and a very curious preface, one of the best guides which we possess, to the knowledge of Chinese domestic life.

ART. XVIII. *The Reigning Vice; a Satirical Essay, in Four Books.* 8vo. pp. 182. London: Longman, Rees, & Co. 1827.

THIS is the production of a mind cultivated by education, and regulated by the habits of a gentleman—of one whose indignant hatred of corruption in all its phases, is in proportion to the warmth with which he pushes his scheme of moral perfectability—that fond theory which is indebted for its existence, more to the active instinct of amiable natures, than to the encouragement of experienced wisdom. He is a poet of the school of Pope, and, not in a few passages, reminds us of the ease, grace and propriety, which distinguish the numbers of the bard of Twickenham.

The satire consists of four books, in the first of which the author undertakes to shew, that self-love is the universal, the "Reigning Vice," and that no matter what is the proximate motive which governs particular men, the great, although remote and sometimes concealed, spring of human action, is selfishness. This leads him to consider the numberless disguises under which this insidious passion carries on its operations, and to that division of his subject the second book is devoted. The third book opens with a variety of instances to shew the prevalence of self-love in modern times—and the conclusion is drawn, that it is the leading characteristic of the present day. The author prognosticates the speedy fall of Great Britain, as the result of the excessive corruptions, which self-love has produced amidst all ranks. This passion is lastly considered in its more extensive influence over bodies politic, in their treatment of subject countries, as also in its effects on the mutual relations that subsist between the different orders of the same society. The positions which our author lays down are then illustrated by instances—and the policy of England towards Ireland is particularly referred to, as demonstrating the selfishness which governed the councils of the superior state, during their connection.

This part of the work furnishes so fair a specimen of the average merits of the poem that we have no hesitation in extracting it.

> ' Britain behold and quake !————————
> See, pale, she (Ireland) withers on her blasted strand,
> And curses thee, the Vampire of her land.
> Beauty and wealth for her in vain combine
> The frowning mountain and the Parian mine.
> A race of manly frame and noble soul—
> The gem of ocean melts in Britain's bowl.
> One selfish system we alone can know,
> All to receive, and nothing to bestow.
> A useless priesthood, sent her faith to mock,
> Shear with close hand but never tend their flock.
> The gale sighs anthems, where the thistle waves,
> Midst roofless fanes and decorated graves.
> Her nobles fly the land, whose gifts they share,
> Like asps and toads afraid to breathe her air.
> Some spendthrift courtier, her last remnant begs,
> And needy Vice Roys squeeze her to the dregs.
> What! marvel then her sons their drivers spurn,
> And used like beasts at length to beasts should turn.
> Hope is the proud distinction of mankind,
> Take that and nothing human lurks behind.
> Spaniels may crouch, roused lions never spare,
> Rebellion is the virtue of despair.'—pp. 145, 146.

From the consideration of political affairs, the poet descends to the ranks of private society in this country, and marks with becoming indignation the too general selfishness of those parents who rate their children with their goods and chattels, as instruments of contemptible profit. The poem closes with a visionary sketch of the temple of selfishness. The work, it will be seen, is one from which not only entertainment, but very useful and practical instruction may be derived.

ART. XIX. *The Age Reviewed, a Satire, in two parts.* Large 8vo. pp. 399. 10*s.* 6*d.* London : W. Carpenter. 1827.

WE deem it worth while now and then to bring before the bar of critical justice, some prominent brother of that unprincipled community which infests the walks of literature, and getting over, as well as we can, the offensiveness of the task, expose the true character of his office. The ancient Greeks brought their children to witness the excesses of the intoxicated helot, as the surest way of inspiring them with a horror of drunkenness.

We are really ashamed of this era of defamatory newspapers and filthy biography. The press is now the common sewer for each "needy villain" who has worn out the usual methods of extortion. They who can no *longer impose* their paste and glass for precious stones, now make *merchandize of the* private lives of their acquaintance; spoliation on the

highway is given up for the safer plunder of domestic character; paragraphs of evil meaning perform the office of threatening letters—and the liar can bear false witness in anonymous print without his former apprehensions.

As a criterion of the nature of this abuse—as marking the extreme boundary of modern speculations in the traffic of scandal, we do not know that we could have preferred any book of recent production to the 'Age Reviewed,' without doing the greatest injustice to the claims of the latter. The author is of no party: whigs and tories are alike indifferent to him; he is perfectly impartial amidst creeds: his instinct is to fall upon whatever is virtuous and good, no matter under what circumstances he may find it. It is enough that a man be exemplary for the purity—be esteemed for the usefulness, of his life—it is enough that he has levied the slightest amount of gratitude on his countrymen, to draw upon his fair character the fell reproaches of this satirist. A more revolting mass of coarse abuse, of impudent licentiousness in slander and indelicacy, it has never been our painful duty to peruse. In a literary point of view the verses are beneath contempt—whenever he becomes obscure and thinks that he fails of his full meaning, the author has a ready note at hand to help out the limping calumny. The 'Age,' is, in truth, bad enough, but to believe that there is a reality for this picture of universal profligacy, would require as great a degree of depravity of heart, as was necessary to paint it.

ART. XX. *The Poetry of Milton's Prose, selected from his various Writings; with Notes, and an Introductory Essay.* 12mo. pp. 138. *5s. 6d.* London: Longman & Co. 1827.

THE reason why Milton's prose works have been generally treated with neglect, is very obvious. He wrote in a pedantic, involved style—he seems, except when he was under the influence of poetic inspiration, to have thought in Latin, and in the sort of Latin, too, which was not remarkable for its purity and elegance. Milton also wrote for merely temporary purposes: his antagonists speedily passed to oblivion, and his arguments have long since ceased to interest his countrymen.

But it was also admitted, that through the political and polemical works of this author, passages were to be found, in which all the grandeur of Milton's genius shone forth in a manner worthy of the poet of Paradise. In his theological compositions, the piety of Milton breaks forth, occasionally, in sentences of the purest sublimity; and his Areopagitica was always admired, not only for the union of learning, fancy, wisdom, and eloquence, of which it is composed, but for its total freedom from those imperfections of taste, which tend to degrade so many of his other productions in prose.

To place a selection of some of those noble passages—those gems that lay so long scattered and unknown amidst pages of obsolete controversies, in the hands of the public, was a task likely to prove acceptable, as it was easy of execution. The extracts are generally short, and arranged with a view of giving facility of reference to a particular subject. The text is very elaborately illustrated by quotations from Milton himself—the poet, politician, and theologian, being called upon to elucidate and explain each other; and the value of these notes is sometimes enhanced by suitable citations *from the works* of other masters in our literature. With a

careful hand every thing has been excluded, from which Milton's fame, as the champion of the moral dignity of mankind, could in the least degree be compromised. The utility of such a compilation as this is obvious.

ART. XXI. *Narrative of an Excursion from Corfu to Smyrna, comprising a Progress through Albania and the North of Greece, with some account of Athens, descriptive of the Ancient and Present State of that City. To which is annexed a Translation of the Erastæ of Plato.* By the Author of "Letters from Palestine." 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 271. 10*s.* 6*d.* London: Black & Young. 1827.

MR. JOLIFFE happens to have traversed and described a portion of the Albanian and Greek territory, which is the best known in this country. He proceeded from the coast of Italy, by way of Corfu, to Prevesa, and thence to Joannina, the residence of the famous Ali Pasha. He continued his journey eastward to Larissa, and from that city directed his course to Thebes and Athens, where he embarked for Smyrna.

We do not find that Mr. Joliffe has added many important particulars to the stock of historical and local information which we already possessed, relative to those scenes of undying interest through which he has passed. It is unfortunate, too, that the remote date of this narrative, 1817, excludes the hope that it can contribute any thing to our knowledge of the political condition of Greece.

However, this is a work which, if it be inferior to most of those productions that give an accurate account of that celebrated country, in point of originality and extent, possesses, certainly, the advantage over them all, of being written upon a more economical, and therefore a more generally accessible scale. In another respect, too, this volume is not destitute of value, for it contains the detailed testimony of an eye witness to the miserable consequences of the protraction of Turkish domination over the destinies of Greece. We think Mr. Joliffe's work assists very considerably in shewing a marked distinction between the case of the revolted Greeks, and that of the treasonable insurrection of rebel subjects. The importance of establishing such a principle as this, at the present time, will be appreciated, when we remember the grounds upon which the policy of Great Britain has proceeded, with respect to the struggle in the Archipelago.

The account which is here given of Ali Pasha, coincides very nearly with the descriptions of the same personage by Dr. Holland and Mr. Hobhouse; and it is calculated upon the whole, to diminish the disgust which his sanguinary acts cannot fail to inspire. Mr. Joliffe also visited the son of Ali, who was then exercising a subordinate government in the district of Larissa. The young man appears to possess talents, and a thirst for moral improvement, which would have enabled him, perhaps, after he had succeeded to supreme command, to have introduced a more humane system of administration than was known to the policy of Turkish magistrates.

Mr. Joliffe is too experienced a traveller, not to contemplate the habits and manners which differ from those of his own preference, with *perfect* indulgence. It is quite pleasing, therefore, to accompany him through the details of customs, of institutions, of modes of life, towards

which Englishmen, in general, are almost justified in feeling a prejudice, and mark the tone of philosophic forbearance which he preserves through all his remarks, and the disposition at all times which he shews, to display the best side of the picture.

We think that a work which deserves the character now bestowed upon the 'Excursion,' may, with great propriety, be recommended as a very safe guide to those parts of which it embraces a description.

ART. XXII. *Mont Blanc, and other Poems.* By *Mary Ann Browne, in her fifteenth year.* 8vo. pp. 177. Hatchard & Son. 1827.

LET not this young aspirant suspect that we are about to criticise her with chilling severity, when we confess that this is a title page that did not bespeak our favourable prepossessions. If we are somewhat tired of prodigies and juvenile phenomena, it is not from any cynical devotion to "the love that deadens young desire," but because long experience and observation have convinced us, not only that premature exposure to the capricious atmosphere of popular admiration, more frequently blights and destroys than fosters and matures, the early buds of genius, but that it almost inevitably brings a canker with it, destructive to the hopes it for a while inflates, and inimical to the happiness of maturer life.

If our apprehensions were thus alarmed by the title page, they were certainly not allayed by an injudicious preface, written, as it is stated in the first paragraph, by "a *friend* of the authoress," who "feels himself in the situation of a *daw* that undertakes to introduce a nightingale." A cuckoo would have been somewhat more in point for a metaphor, as far as natural history is concerned; but if this friendly preface writer understood so well his own attributes, he should have been aware that such introductory chatter is little calculated to collect an audience, or bespeak attention to the song: for what rational credence will be given to a pompous announcement, that "the genius displayed" by a young creature in her fifteenth year, "and who has passed the few years of her life altogether in a state of country retirement," "is of too decided a character to derive advantage from extraneous aid?" This is the very strain of partial infatuation, by which so many an else promising intellect has been perverted and undone; and we conjure Miss Browne—of the *indications* of whose poetic talent (if she can but keep aloof from such delusive flattery), we think very favourably—to be assured that there never was, nor in the nature of things, ever can be, poetic or literary genius of such age, that did not require, at least, the *extraneous aid* of critical animadversion, suggestion and advice. In some of the ornamental arts which address themselves exclusively to the senses—as music, for example—great proficiency is sometimes attained in very early years: and even this species of excellence is not attained without "extraneous aid,"—without the advantage of much scientific training and instruction. But poetry is an endowment, and an art that is not connected with the senses *only*; it is a talent connected with deep feelings and profound intellect, and must be sustained by the knowledge derived from acute and extensive observation, and by mental cultivation and attainments:—an *instinctive* science if you please; but still an *instinct* that requires the aid of all the intellectual faculties

for its developement. The sparklings of youthful fancy are not the concentric fire of imagination, and even the tenderness of sentiment so natural to the early years, especially of the softer sex, if the judgment be not cultivated, and the sphere of sympathy enlarged by knowledge and meditation, soon dissipates itself on trivial objects, or degenerates into monotonous inanity.

These are some of our opinions upon the subject of poetry and poetic genius. If our young poetess of fifteen should think them at all correct, let her not learn to pride herself, at an age so premature, in "deriving no advantage from extraneous aid;" for she must be told, that she has still a great deal to learn. On the subject of metaphor she seems to be ignorant, that it is its *head*, not its "breast," that a mountain "lifts towards heaven;" that a "cataract" does not "leap *along the base*" of a mountain; that "memory revelling *in* past pleasure's blaze" is an incoherent prettiness of phrase, since we certainly cannot *be revelling* in what *is past*; that a "storm" with "circling clouds," "gathering weight," and, seizing the moon, and hurling her struggling back," is language that approaches, at least, to the straining of bombast;—as does also the idea, that if the clouds did not "pour their torrents forth to quench the fire," the lightning might "melt the earth in its too furious ire." We might have objected also, to the idea of *nature meeting the soft reconciling kiss of the moon*, in the following lines, as somewhat fantastic.

> 'The tempest sinks away to its abyss,
> And she once more resumes her *silver dream*,
> And pours upon the earth a shower of bliss,
> And nature meets her soft, her reconciling kiss.'

This verse reminds us of another, in which the four lines contain as many metaphors, some inapplicable to the subject, and all inconsistent with each other. She says of love, that

> 'It is the first delightful *thrill*
> That *dawns* within the maiden's heart,
> That Time's *cold wing can never chill*,
> Or force its *silver tie* apart.'

We are at a loss to understand how a *thrill* can *dawn* any where: but not satisfied with making it an object of vision, Miss Browne next supposes it to be a fire which may be *chilled* by the *wing* of *time*; and after all, she represents it to be a *silver tie*, which the said wing cannot force apart! These, and some other defects of the same, and of some other descriptions, it might have been a kindness in criticism to have pointed out to so young a poetess. She herself, at her leisure, would have corrected them, and would have learned for the future to avoid them: for her mind and her feelings are evidently poetical; and notwithstanding the defects inevitable in such extreme youth, we know not when we have met with so much pleasing poetry from so young a pen. We trace, indeed, in several instances, the evidence of an imitation of more than one contemporary writer; but not only in some of these are there indications of a taste more *chaste and pure* than exists in the adopted models, but, in others of her *compositions*, there are the clear emanations of an originality of mind,

that if she will trust to nature, cultivate her judgment, and keep clear of the affectations of all "schools," may lift her above the imitator's art.

There is one circumstance, in particular, that distinguishes Miss Browne from her glittering contemporaries, which deserves particular notice. Her poetry is not all mere egotism: she is so far from being the perpetual heroine of her own theme, or dwelling incessantly on her own concerns and feelings, that one could almost wish her to be a little more egotistical than she seems inclined to be. We could like to look a little more into her own heart and mind, and know a little more of herself than she is in the habit of unveiling. But it should seem, that young as she is, she is more a being of imagination than of passion. She steps out of herself with a sort of dramatic tact; and writes almost always in an assumed character.

Of this tact, the following lines may be given as a favourable specimen.

'*From a Wife to her Husband in adversity.*'

'Why heave that sigh, my only love?
Is, then, the scene so sad before thee,
That nothing can the thoughts remove
That spread their dark'ning influence o'er thee?

'Believe me, thou art still as dear
As when thou wast in wealth and riches;
Oh, wipe away that starting tear;—
It is—it is thy wife *beseeches!*

'Oh think upon those early days,
When thou to strains I sung would'st listen;
When thy fond look was my best praise,
And with sweet tears thine eyes would glisten.

'Believe me, love, 'tis still the same,
The fruit is here, tho' fall'n the blossom:—
Time tempers, but not cools the flame
That burns within the faithful bosom.

'There is a thought may still beguile—
In joy or grief we've never parted.—
Oh, if I could but see thee smile,
I should not be quite broken-hearted.

'Oh, cease to heave the struggling sigh!
Oh, dash away that tear, my dearest!
Believe me, happier days are nigh;—
When night is darkest, dawn is nearest;

'Look on our infant's artless wile,
That strives to take away thy sorrow;
Canst thou not from that babe's sweet smile,
One ray of joy to cheer thee borrow.

'There is a something in my breast
That says we are not quite forsaken,—
That says once more we shall be blest,
And joy's soft tone again shall waken.

'Perchance the parting beam of life
Will shed a peaceful sunshine o'er us;
Then hand in hand we'll quit the strife,
With a bright thornless path before us.'—pp. 42—44.

The young creature, who in her fifteenth year, could write these lines so characteristic of the wife and the mother, must have looked into the affections and the feelings of others with an eye of penetrative sympathy.

We must not indulge in further quotation; but we may refer to the 'Fragment,' (p. 40), in support of the commendation we have given to our young poetess as evincing, even in her imitations, a taste more pure and correct than is to be found in the adopted model. There is a vein of moral piety, not sermonising or intrusive, but effective—what we should call the social religion of the heart,—that is indicated, rather than conspicuous, in all the writings of this young lady; and even in her 'sacred pieces,' of which we have three or four at the end of the volume, there is neither cant nor common-place, nor any affectation of a quaint and mock-sanctified phraseology; and we may ascribe to her the merit, so exceedingly rare among religious versifiers, of being at once rational, pious, and poetical. In short, taken as *indications of what may hereafter be expected*, these poems are entitled to favour; and, although we are much more solicitous to impress the young authoress with a feeling of how much she has yet to do, than to delude her into self-satisfaction with what she has already done, we do not scruple to pronounce, that there are portions of her little volume of higher merit, than is to be found in the major part of the compositions of some of those of comparatively maturer years, who have been puffed into high reputation.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic and Foreign.

The Count de la Garde, who was the French minister at Madrid, in 1822-3, has written a poem, entitled "the Obsequies of Kosciusko, at the Tombs of the Kings of Poland," which he has dedicated to Mr. Canning. The Count has so little distinguished himself as a lover of liberty, that we were by no means prepared for his selection of such a subject; still less for his dedication of it to our "liberal", "radical," "jacobinical," premier, as some of the continental journals are in the habit of styling him.

Within the last month, two or three Weekly Literary Newspapers have made their appearance, and as many more are said to be in a state approaching to existence, one of which, we are told, is to be of a colossal size. There are two classes of men who will infallibly rejoice in these productions—the stationers and the cheesemongers.

The foreign periodical Journals, particularly those of France, are remarkable for the temperate and courteous tone of their criticisms. But we think that an unhappy author, who was not praised so highly as he deserved—in his own opinion, at least—lately carried the language of complaint to the very acme of politeness, when he commenced a letter to *an editor of one* of those journals, in the following manner.—"Mr.

Editor, permit me to be in a desperate passion with your article on my work. It has put me in a rage. Had you read the book carefully you would have found in it more merit than you give me credit for, and none of the faults which you describe," &c., and then he goes on very rationally to defend his work, as if he had been in no passion at all, still less in a rage.

A New Fire. Captain Parry, on preparing for the singular expedition in which he is now engaged, found great difficulty, we believe, in providing for the necessary process of cooking during the period he and his companions would be likely to be absent from his ship. At length he fixed on the lamp with incombustible wick, which is fed with spirits of wine. This sort of fire is not only very weak, but very expensive, and is of course incapable of being applied upon a large scale. We have very recently seen another description of fire, which is procured from a very cheap and common liquid, without the interposition of wicks of any kind. The heat which it produces is so intense, that it boils a kettle of water in a few minutes, and causes a much greater ebullition than coal fire. It is applicable to all the purposes of cookery, to any extent that may be required. It would therefore be peculiarly convenient to the naval and merchant service. In the summer season, it would be the most agreeable and economical fire which families could wish for, as it may be kindled in a moment, and estinguished merely by closing a valve. It is free from all danger, as the liquid will ignite only in the cauldron in which it is used. Experiments are about to be undertaken for applying it to the boilers of steam engines; and, if they be favourable, as there is no reason to doubt that they will be, steam-boats may soon traverse all the seas on the surface of the globe, as the liquid that supplies the fire may be contained within a very moderate compass. This important discovery has as yet been exhibited only to two or three persons; we were of the number, and received permission to describe it to this extent. We have only to add, that we have repeatedly seen it in operation, and that we have no doubt whatever that it will fully answer the expectations entertained of it. Like all extraordinary things of the kind, this discovery was the result of accident, and it is so simple, that when it is made public, every body will be surprised that it has not been in use since the beginning of the world.

An important work is now preparing at Copenhagen, upon the productions of the Danish sculptor Thorwalsden, who has been for a long time back a resident of Rome, where he is considered, particularly since the death of Canova, as the first sculptor of the day. The editor of this work is Mr. I. Thiele, librarian of the Royal Academy of Arts. The introduction will contain a biographical notice of this eminent artist, founded upon documents furnished by Thorwalsden and some of his friends. The description of the sculptures will be taken from the reports of the Academy of Arts, and the letters of Thorwalsden. This work will be accompanied by more than a hundred copper-plate engravings, representing in outline all the creations of Thorwalsden's chisel. The origin and particular history of each of these productions will be given, together with a list of all the books and journals, in which critical notices of them have appeared. The work will be published in quarto.

Amongst the archives of the noble families of Denmark, the most valuable and interesting were those of the Rosencrantz family, which have unfortunately been destroyed by a fire which took place at Frederickshal, in Norway, some months back. Besides several historical documents of great antiquity, this collection contained a great number of letters of the Danish kings, ministers, and celebrated statesmen; secret memoirs, charters, and papers relative to the mission of Erick Rosencrantz to England, in 1652. Amongst the letters of celebrated men, were those of Tycho-Brache. These archives had been formerly kept at Rosenholm, a chateau, in Jutland, which belonged to the family of Rosencrantz, from 1559 till 1800. From thence they were transferred to Copenhagen; but at the death of the minister of state, Rosencrantz, his brother, had them taken to Norway, where they have been destroyed.

A complete edition of the works of the poet Baggasen, who died towards the close of 1826, is preparing for publication at Copenhagen. This author wrote in two languages, German and Danish. His last work, which was not published till after his death, is a very bizarre, and as he himself entitled it, humorous poem, called *Adam and Eve.* It is a kind of burlesque or parody of Milton's Paradise Lost. Some of the epigrams and satires published by Mr. Baggasen, drew upon him the indignation of a great portion of the students and inhabitants of Copenhagen. This edition of his works will amount to 16 or 18 vols.

A new Quarterly Journal has appeared at Copenhagen, under the title of *Nordisk Tidsikrift*, or Journal of the North, dedicated to History, Literature, and the Fine Arts, edited by Christian Molbech. Amongst the articles in the first number, one of the most remarkable is, that on the *Pali* language, and upon the manuscripts written in that language, and in the dialect of Ceylon, which have been brought from Asia by Professor Rask, and deposited in the Royal Library at Copenhagen. They are to the number of 50. There is another well written article upon the Formation of a National Picture Gallery, about to be established at Copenhagen. In imitation of other monarchs, the King of Denmark has ordered a selection to be made from the pictures in the royal residences, which is to be placed in the chateau of Christiansburg, and opened to the public. The writer of the article states, that the number of these pictures are 900, amongst which, 160 belong to the Italian school. Those of the Flemish are also very numerous. In the journal called *Svea*, published at Stockholm, there is also an article strongly recommending the formation of a national picture gallery in that capital.

Under the pseudonyme of *Il Calomero*, the Italian Count Folchino Schizzi, has recently published at Milan, a splendid folio edition, with plates, of a Poem, containing an eulogistic description of the architectural monuments which the Archduchess Maria Louisa, widow of Napoleon, has caused to be erected in her little dominions. The most remarkable of these are, the theatre of Parma, and the bridge of Taro and Trebia. Count Folchino Schizzi appears to be a most enthusiastic admirer of the ex-empress.

A Latin and French edition of the Bible, with extracts from the Commentaries of Dom Calmet, is about to be published at Paris, in 25 *vols. 8vo.*

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AUGUST, 1827.

ART. I. *A Summary of the Laws peculiarly affecting Protestant Dissenters.* By Jos. Beldam, of the Middle Temple, Esq. Barrister at Law. 12mo. pp. 196. 7*s*. London: J. Butterworth & Son. 1827.

IT has been, and still is, very much the fashion in this country, to rail at the inquisition of Spain, and to hold up its founders and abettors as the most malignant enemies of freedom and the natural rights of the human mind that ever disgraced the earth. This is strong language of censure, and we are among those who think that it is not more severe than just; and that the inquisition was not more inimical to the improvement of our race than to the propagation of christianity. But we are also among those who feel, that there is no censure, no language of honest indignation, that can be uttered against the inquisitorial institutions of Spain, which may not with equal justice be applied to most of the laws relating to religion in our own country. The little volume before us contains comparatively but a few of those foul creations of wicked and selfish passion, of infuriated legislation, of men vying with each other in their alternate downfalls and victories, as if to see which party could excel the other in framing laws of the most ingenious, the most insulting, and the most comprehensive oppression, under the assumed and blasphemed name of the religion of the *true God.*

We blush for our ancestors and our country, when we look back upon this abominable code. Not to go farther back than the reign of Edward VI., we find that scarcely was the constitution of the state-church established, than all the subjects of this kingdom were commanded by law to attend its forms of worship, under the sanction of *fines* and *imprisonment!* These penalties were increased, as Mr. Beldam justly remarks, 'to a barbarous degree, by subsequent statutes in the reign of Elizabeth, explained and enlarged by a statute of James I.' 'Similar severities were adopted against those who persuaded others to absent themselves from divine worship, or impugn the ecclesiastical authority of the prince; on legal conviction of which offences, the punishment extended to abjuration

of the realm for life, and *forfeiture of property!*' These enactments would seem sufficiently savage; but they are exceeded by the 1st of Elizabeth, c. 2, which by the way, only revived a similar act of her predecessor, subjecting any person who attended at forms of worship not authorised by law, to *imprisonment for life*, on being convicted of a third offence.

It is to the honour of the Commonwealth, that most of these atrocious statutes were repealed, at least, so far as they affected the Protestant Dissenters, during its existence; but as if to compensate the genius of evil for this short suspension of his tyranny, the offence just mentioned, was, on the restoration, made punishable in the *first* and *second* instance, by fine and imprisonment, and in the third, by *transportation for seven years*, and *sequestration of goods* to the sheriff for the payment of expenses incident to the execution of his duty! But this is not all. If the offender—the man who chose to worship his Creator according to the suggestions of his own conscience—if he had no goods, *he might be sold by the sheriff, and sent out to work as a labourer in the colonies for five years!* Hear this, ye Dawsons, ye Peels, ye Eldons! Talk ye of the Inquisition of Spain, of the edict of Nantz, with such anathemas against mental liberty on your statute books, as these rising in testimony against your plausible eulogies on the constitution of this country!

But these laws, it is said, have been long since all repealed, or at least, they have become obsolete in practice. This we admit, but we are ashamed to say, that in the laws relating to religion, which still remain in force, much of the old leaven is found circulating its sinister and depraving influence. Upon this ground, the Dissenters have good reason to complain. We are glad to see them at length roused, as one man, to claim their rights from the country; and we trust, that while a particle of the chain, once so enormous, clings to their hands, they will sound it in the ears of the civilised world, until even the traces of it shall be effectually healed.

Mr. Beldam has essentially promoted their object, by the publication of this summary. He has collected together in a small volume, all the laws now affecting Protestant Nonconformists, as such, and he has arranged them with skill, and in the form most commodious for reference. To petitioners, who think it as well to understand the nature of the laws against which they remonstrate; to churchmen, who desire to know what the security is which they think so essential to the support of their establishment; to legislators, who do not believe that their declamation will be the worse, for being combined with a slight knowledge of the subject about which it is to be exerted, such a book must be highly acceptable.

Mr. Beldam divides his work into four parts. The first comprises the laws affecting Protestant Dissenters in general—either *by imposing* civil disabilities upon them, by hindering the free

expression of their opinions, or by exacting oaths and declarations inconsistent with their opinions. This, which is the most important division of the volume, includes an explanation of the sacramental test, as a qualification for office, by virtue of the Corporation Act, or under the Crown—of the Bill of Indemnity—the Marriage Act—and the disqualifications at the university.

In treating of the last-mentioned subject, Mr. Beldam has been betrayed into a slight mistake, from imagining that the present discipline of the universities is in any degree regulated by these statutes. It is not true, as stated (p. 34),—that the sacrament must be taken as a qualification for an academical degree. In Cambridge—and we believe at Oxford, the performance of this rite is enforced only upon candidates for Holy Orders. Neither is there any ground for the assertion, that 'a subscription to the king's spiritual authority, to the perfection of the Common Prayer, and to the 39 Articles,' is necessary previous to the examination for an A. B. degree. A simple declaration of conformity to the church of England, which (by perhaps a rather lax interpretation), is considered only as an acknowledgment that the candidate is not a member of any body of Dissenters, is the only existing requirement of this nature. We need scarcely add, however, that this declaration acts with the same exclusive force against the Dissenters, as the sacramental test itself.

In speaking of the religious disqualifications of Dissenters, Mr. Beldam states it as his opinion, that Protestant Dissenters being under the protection of the Toleration Act—are, 'to the extent of their principles,' exempted from the penalties incident to those offences against religion, which are such by *the common law*—though he admits, at the same time, that the Toleration Act merely repealed certain penal *statutes*. As he produces no authority for this position, we must take leave to question its legality. No doubt, the judges may make what they please of these, or any other provisions of the common law—and from the temper they have of late displayed—there is, perhaps, as little doubt that they would interpret them, as far as possible, in favour of all tolerated sectaries. But why any of the legal disabilities appertaining to the crime of heresy—supposing that there was or could be any definition of that crime—should fall less heavily upon the Dissenters, than upon any other class of his Majesty's subjects; or what is meant by their being exempt from these disabilities 'to the extent of their principles,' we profess ourselves unable to comprehend.

On the subject of reviling the Established Church, and wantonly attacking the Common Prayer, and on the strange explanations which have at various times been given of these misdemeanours, Mr. Beldam might, with advantage, have been more diffuse. The remarks of lord Ellenborough, in the cases of the Attorney-General v. Hone, and all the proceedings on that remarkable series of trials, would have furnished him with copious mate-

rials for observation. If our notion of the legal affinity between nonconformity, and all other offences against religion, be correct, we apprehend, that a careful examination of this topic would have been by no means irrelevant.

Perhaps, the most decidedly persecuting act in the statute book, is that of 5 & 6 Edward VI., c. 1, revived by 1 Eliz. c. 2. By this astonishing law, "any persons within the king's dominions, willingly and wittingly present at any form of Common Prayer, administration of the sacraments, or other rites contained in the book of Communion, other than is therein forth, or that is contrary to the statute 2 & 3 Edward VI., c. 1, is liable on conviction, before the justices of Oyer and Terminer, justices of the assizes, or of the peace in their session, by a jury, his own confession, or otherwise, for the first offence, to imprisonment for six months; for the second offence, to imprisonment for one whole year; and for the third, to imprisonment for life." This statute is still in force, being unrepealed by any express enactment, and not falling within any conditional clauses in the Toleration Act!

The remaining parts of Mr. Beldam's book contain the laws affecting the dissenting clergy, dissenting schoolmasters, and those relating to their public worship. The disabilities under these heads are not numerous, but they are sufficiently useless and vexatious to make us wish that the legislature, instead of simply discussing the Test acts, may institute an inquiry into all the laws affecting Protestant Dissenters; and that they may come to such a decision, as will make Mr. Beldam's Compendium useless, except as a historical document.

It is, however, to the laws, imposing a sacramental test, that we suppose the attention of parliament will be peculiarly devoted. This has been always the great grievance of which the Dissenters have complained; not, we apprehend, so much on account of the direct consequences—since they are partially rescinded by the Annual Indemnity act—but because it is the badge which marks their sect as an inferior and degraded caste. How these laws, which were once considered so unimportant a species of persecution, as scarcely to deserve the name, have operated to diminish the consciousness of personal respectability among Dissenters; how much the sphere of their political ambition has been narrowed by this means, and, as a necessary consequence, how much more than they themselves would be at all willing to confess, their knowledge has been confined, and their station in society depressed, must be evident to all who have had the slightest communication with them. How much, on the other hand, this same system of exclusion has augmented their zeal, and of course their numbers; how much hostility against the Established Church it has infused into their minds, and by what strong links it has combined them into a *class capable* of accomplishing any design they may have in view *against it*, must be equally obvious to all who have studied their

ceedings. As, however, some of our readers, from not being ch acquainted with the history of the Dissenters, may not aware that that they have grown in the kind of importance ch is most dangerous to the Establishment, at the very time t they have been losing their political consequence, and that same causes have been at work to produce both those results, shall (before we proceed to notice the arguments at present ed for the repeal of the penal laws), give a short sketch of alterations which have taken place in the situation of the Dis- ters during the last century.

Most persons are aware, that under the reigns of the two first nces of the house of Brunswick, the Protestant Nonconformists oyed a considerable share of protection and patronage. The jority of the established clergy, veering between moderate yism and extreme jacobitism, in proportion as the prospects of exiled family became less or more brilliant, were very unsafe es for a Whig monarch. However they might now and then fess loyalty to the *de facto* king, it was quite notorious, that all ir real influence was thrown into the scale of the deposed legiti- te. It was very necessary, therefore, to find some other body, ssessing weight with the people, who could be induced to exert contrary force to theirs. The liberal divines in the establish- nt, as Clarke and Hoadley, were few in numbers, and too theore- al and latitudinarian, to be popular. The dissenting clergy, on e other hand, were men of character and respectability; they had ly just escaped becoming members of the dominant church itself, the failure of Bishop Burnett's scheme of comprehension; they exhibited no dangerous boldness in their views, and re notoriously the favourites and the guides of many influential sses in the community. Without taking into calculation the licious pleasure, which the court must have felt, in recompensing e disloyalty of the hierarchy by offering it the deepest of all ssible affronts; there are sufficient reasons to account for the vour which at the time it vouchsafed to the ministers of the ctarians. No doubt these honest men considerably overrated eir own importance. One would very probably magnify a n minutes audience of Queen Caroline, into a proof that he spensed half the patronage of the kingdom; while another ould take a note from Sir Robert Walpole as evidence, that e continuance of that minister in office depended mainly on his ertions. And as we receive part of our information on this bject from interested parties, it is necessary to allow some- ing for the natural self-importance of the narrators. Still there proof enough remaining of the fact, that the nonconformists at at time occupied a political position, much higher than any which they have since aspired, to place it beyond the reach of storical scepticism.

About the same time, the same personages became notorious for

their bibliographical undertakings; and one of the dreariest flats in our literary history—that which occurs between the death of Swift, and the complete establishment of Johnson's reputation—marks the period of sectarian ascendancy. For most of those awful tomes, the produce of that prolific age, in which all the cumbrous peculiarities of thought and style, previously confined to the writings of divines, were combined to overlay and suffocate polite literature—though the importers of these commodities forgot to bring likewise the ingenuity which those divines so frequently exhibited—we are indebted to individuals of the dissenting clergy, who never for a single instant fainted in their generous resolution to bestow all their tediousness upon the public. The "Biographia Britannica" was the result of one of their undertakings; a book, which its reverend editor did well to compile, if it were only that we might have a foil to the *magnum opus* of Bayle, and a lasting contradiction to the common-place, that "a mere plodder will always display more accuracy and research than a man of speculation and genius."

This was the brightest spot in the history of the nonconformists. A signal change took place shortly after. In the characteristic language of one of their authors—"Another king arose who knew not Joseph"—which means, being interpreted, that partly owing to the temper of his late majesty—partly owing to the necessity of things—a reconciliation took place, upon the accession, between the crown and its lawful spouse the church. The consequence of which was, that the temporary ministers received notice to quit. A very short experience of the new reign sufficed to convince people in general, that it was a much less respectable thing to be a Dissenter, than it had been at any time since the death of Queen Anne. And it was at this time that the disabilities, of which in the days of sunshine they had scarcely been conscious, became really galling and oppressive. While they were looked upon with favour at court, no stigma which the law could inflict, occasioned them any serious social inconvenience. But when the light of the royal countenance was withdrawn, when ministers no longer found it convenient to use the sectarian clergy as instruments for working upon the people—connexion with them became as discreditable as the stoutest hierarchist could desire. Many circumstances conspired to confirm this state of things. The church, during the few years preceding the French revolution, contained a class of divines, of which there are comparatively few existing specimens. Whigs in politics, and latitudinarians in religion, these men preached loudly in favour of universal toleration, questioned the utility of the creeds to which they had subscribed, and maintained that the church ought to conform itself to the spirit of the age. The fact of such men remaining unrebuked, in the establishment, and the equally notorious fact, that a very strict watch over the faith of their members was kept up in most dissenting communities,

induced many who, in the former reigns, would from principle have joined the Dissenters, to continue where they found themselves every way more comfortably accommodated, and possessing, besides, quite as much practical liberty of conscience as they could have desired. Thus the Dissenters were deprived of a large body of men, who, in their political capacity at least, would have been eminently serviceable to them.

An opposite cause tended to a similar effect—the rise of Methodism. This singular event, the gradual operation of which, in changing the character of the establishment is well known, worked a much more immediate alteration among the Dissenters. The larger part of them, who from acquiring notions in politics and living comfortably, had become somewhat lukewarm in their religious vocations, in this reverse of their fortunes, bethought them that it was time to assume the energy and devotion of persecuted men, and listened to the exhortations and remonstrances of the new Puritans. The many who were stimulated by the followers of Wesley, to become professors of a straiter sect of religion, immediately relinquished all concern with politics, and the few who remained, being chiefly Arians, and Unitarians, even if they had possessed any influence over the public mind, were too much occupied in maintaining their ground against their orthodox brethren, to have any leisure for other enterprises. Add to these causes, that the Dissenters, in consequence of a narrow education, and an exclusive preference for their own classics (a preference, of course, greatly increased by the contempt with which they were regarded by the dominant party), had been too stationary in their opinions and feelings, to be of much use to the liberal party, whose agents ought always to be more imbued, even than themselves, with the spirit and feelings of the age. And, as it was out of the question that they should form a junction with the other party, who were naturally leagued with their opponents, they became almost of necessity an isolated body in the state. This latter cause, of course, still more effectually prevented them from attaining that degree of literary eminence, to which their predecessors had arrived.

Just, however, in proportion as they became less of a secular and more of a religious body, the disabilities to which they were subjected on account of their religion, were viewed by them with increased bitterness and indignation. About the time of the French revolution, which may be looked upon as the period when they finally lost the last fragment of their political importance—they made two unsuccessful efforts to obtain the repeal of the Test laws; their claims, on the first occasion, having been brought forward by Mr. Beaufoy—on the second, by Mr. Fox. The vast accession of power, which the events in France threw into the hands of the clergy of the establishment, made them at that time hopeless of a third attempt. During the last 25 years, partly because the hostility between their several sects made them less jealous of the common enemy, or less willing

to combine against it—partly because their leaders have found (in Bible and Missionary meetings), a vent for that superfluous activity of tongue, which would else have been exercised in declaiming against their oppressors, and exhorting the oppressed to resistance—they have (except in one instance, when some of their most cherished religious privileges were menaced with extinction)* been perfectly silent. During all these years, however, they have been multiplying prodigiously. In losing their consequence as members of the state, the Dissenting clergy have acquired at once a new motive to exertion, in their proper province, and a new means of making that exertion efficient. The dignity which they assumed, when they were admitted to the councils of legislators—however ludicrous it may have been—interfered as much as the most absolute and inherent consequence, with the extension of their influence over the lower orders. Since they have got rid of this awkward importance, they have prosecuted their task with all the zeal, and all the success, of men who know that they must stoop to conquer, and are willing to do so. The real power which they have gained, as a compensation for the imaginary power which they have lost, is prodigious. They are no longer the occasional agents of a minister, but they are the perpetual, irresponsible dictators to an immense portion of the people. As citizens—as men of letters—they have as yet gained no great eminence; but as teachers, from whom hundreds of thousands receive their first and only notions of right and wrong, they possess more power for good and for evil, than any other unlegalised corporation in the world. We leave it to the clergy of the church to consider, whether the swarms of petitions which have lately settled on the table of the house of commons, do not corroborate our statement,—we leave them to consider, whether the alteration in the state of the Dissenters which we have described, be, or be not, for their advantage—we leave them to determine, whether they will lend their assistance to perpetuate laws, which have the effect of arranging these powerful and well-disciplined hosts in deadly hostility against their possessions and prerogatives.

What we have said will assist us in explaining what we have yet to say; which relates to the kind of arguments by which the Dissenters have urged the repeal of the Test laws. The isolation of their body—its want of sympathy with the rest of the commonalty—the consciousness that they are debarred from privileges which are possessed by the majority—all these causes have given a narrow and selfish tone to their reasonings in their own behalf, which, on those who cannot separate a cause from the mode in which it is advocated, may produce an impression very unfavourable to the concession of their claims. These feelings, together with their want of a systematic education, have likewise occasioned

* By the celebrated anti-itinerant bill of Lord Sidmouth.

them to adopt an uncouth and indefinite phraseology, which has the appearance of affectation and pompousness. As we are really anxious for the accomplishment of their wishes, we think we shall be doing them a service, by pointing out what, in our humble judgments, seem to be errors in their mode of stating their case.

In the first place, we think they have dealt much too largely in abstract words—have talked far too profusely, about inalienable imprescriptable rights, civil and religious liberty, and their consciences. It is not our taste merely, which is offended by the endless repetition of those words—we are convinced, that by resorting to them on all occasions, they have done themselves and their cause very serious injury—themselves, because no men can indulge for any long period in the use of one set of phrases, without losing sight of the meanings which were originally attached to them; and to their cause, because by sanctioning the employment of abstractions, they are perpetuating that very mischief in which these and all laws of the same nature originated. When we rid ourselves of watch-words and shibboleths—when we go back to the good old habit of defining our terms, men will discover what great differences frequently exist between those who confess their faith in the same form of words, and how slight may be the variations between those who use the most dissimilar phraseology; and as a necessary consequence of this discovery, they will leave off the absurd notion that they can ascertain, if it were desirable that they should, what persons are chargeable with errors in belief. To that time we look for the end of persecution on account of religious tenets; and if so, any thing which tends to retard its arrival, tends to lengthen out the duration of intolerance in the world. The Dissenters, we believe, have fallen into the error of using these words, from a strangely confused notion that *abstract words* and *general principles* mean the same thing. No mistake can be greater or more irrational. A general principle is a conclusion from a large collection of facts, which has been deduced by reasoning, and can be proved by experiment. An abstraction, pretends to the simplicity of an original truth—is founded upon no premises, and can be established by no demonstration. A general principle decides with absolute certainty, and cannot be modified to suit the convenience of any employer. An abstraction belongs equally to all parties, will obey any dictation, and may, by turns, be made to sustain the most opposite inferences. Lastly, a general principle implies definition. An abstraction glories in the absence of it.

Again, we think the Dissenters have been eminently unwise in insisting so much upon the moderation with which, for so many years, they have forborne to press their claims. We do not charge them—at least, the body of them, with bringing forward this argument, from any mean wish to throw discredit upon their Catholic brethren, who are praying for the removal of much severer privations, and who, if they have now and then seemed to senti-

mental ears over-earnest in their applications, have only shewn by the energy of their remonstances, their deep and bitter sense of the wrongs which they endure. But if the fear of so disgraceful a motive being imputed to them, do not deter them from using this plea, its manifest absurdity ought to prevent them from resorting to it. Are these laws injurious because they affect the Dissenters? Then their silence has been a tacit admission of Mr. Canning's assertion, that the grievance under which they labour is not a very serious or practical one. Are they injurious because they affect the interests of the community? Then, the Dissenters, in boasting that they have not excited themselves for their repeal, are only boasting that they are not patriots.

Another argument, upon which they lay great stress, strikes us as equally untenable. They talk of the claim they have upon parliament, because their forefathers were unfairly comprehended in disabilities, by which the legislature did not intend that they should have been affected. We may be unreasonably jealous of every deviation from the principle, that a law is to be tried simply by its present good or bad policy—but we confess that we do not see how, except by keeping that principle constantly in sight, we can escape from the worst fallacy which is now urged in defence of evil measures. Assert that a law, which was bad in its commencment, must be bad now—and we are afraid that the converse proposition, which is the great bulwark of every existing abuse, must follow, viz.: that what is good in its institution must be good now. But if the argument does not amount to this, what does it amount to? "Your forefathers ill-treated our forefathers—you must make compensation to us." But you *may* be much worse men—worse citizens, than your forefathers. If you are not, *that* is a good reason for the repeal: but evidently this brings the question back to the point from which, we say, it should never have deviated—the present good or evil policy of the measure. If the law be good now—it should be retained, though it had been carried through parliament by the help of the devil's personal influence; if it be bad—it should be abolished, though all heaven had rung with anthems at its enactment.

The fact is, that the claims, and the rights, and the sufferings, of the Dissenters, have comparatively very little to do with the question. It may, we think, be placed on a wider and a safer ground. It may be shewn that the public are interested in the repeal of these laws—because they connect the rewards of civil merit, with the performance of an ecclesiastical rite; which, if unimportant, ought not to be substituted for the more valuable test of good citizenship—if important, ought not to be desecrated to a low political purpose; because it encourages immorality and irreligion, and because it establishes a distinction between two classes of the community, which operates injuriously upon both: upon the favoured class, by investing them with a consequence independent of their merits; upon the prescribed class, by taking away that public

spirit and courage, which may co-exist with a perfect toleration or a violent persecution, but to which, a state of half-exclusion is almost sure to be fatal. We think that these laws may be repealed, without inconvenience, because their supporters have, in a manner, confessed it, by passing that bill of indemnity, on which they rest their principal argument against the necessity of further concession.

And we are sure that if the repeal do no other good, it will prevent the time of the legislature, which should be employed upon measures more directly concerning the public, from being occupied with a never-ending repetition of useless discussions—for, however apathetic the Dissenters may have been hitherto, it seems quite clear that they will henceforth not desist from their remonstrances till they have accomplished their object.

We have but one word more to say on this subject. There is one body which seems to us more deeply interested than any other, even than the Dissenters themselves, in the repeal of these laws. We mean the church of England. Whatever measures may have been necessary for the defence of the establishment, two or three centuries ago—when, from the want of popular instruction, there was reason to suppose that the public might be seduced by old superstitions, or caught by promising novelties—we are sure that the ministers of the church must be convinced, that in the present day, the public opinion of an educated people is the only pillar against which their establishment can safely rest. Wanting this, they must be aware that all other securities are useless—preserving it, they should know that all others are unnecessary. If they will boldly stand forward and say—that they know a regard for the establishment is so rooted in the public mind, that it wants no artificial props to prevent it from falling,—this confidence in their popularity will be more effectual than anything else in securing it. If, on the other hand, they are determined to trust rather to the feeble barriers which were raised for their protection, when none else could be had—let them beware lest the people, whose support they have despised, should leave them alone to try the result of their experiment.

ART. II. *Wallenstein: a Dramatic Poem. From the German of Frederick Schiller.* 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. Cadell & Co. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1827.

THIS is a faithful, and in many places a spirited and highly poetical translation, of the splendid master-piece of Schiller. Wallenstein has before, indeed, been rendered into our language by Mr. Coleridge, with great beauty and vigour of execution; and few parts of the work before us, if we should consider it only in the abstract as an exercise of English poetry, will bear a favourable comparison with the corresponding passages in the versification of that gentleman. But

yet, upon the whole, regarded strictly as a version of Wallenstein, we very much prefer the latter production. Mr. Coleridge, in short, is a poet of a higher order than Mr. More, the translator before us: but he is by no means either nearly so good a German scholar, or so thoroughly imbued with the study of his author. Mr. Coleridge, from carelessness or imperfect knowledge of the language, frequently mistakes the very meaning of passages in the original; and he as often uses rather too bold a license in the omission of many lines of Schiller, and the introduction of some others which in no degree belong to him. Mr. Moire's version, on the contrary, follows the original most closely, and does so without the appearance of moving with constraint or in shackles. We have compared very many passages with the German; and we have really been surprised to find how gracefully the literal meaning of the original, line for line, and idea for idea, has been conveyed into the English.

Sometimes, indeed, the pregnant brevity and amazing concentration of force which Schiller can throw into a single sentence, and almost into a single expression, does suffer in the transfusion; and a tame elongation of the thought, or a common-place paraphrase of its sense, betrays the weakness or confesses the despair of the translator, to reach the mystical elevation of his great master. And here, on the other hand, has the characteristic power of Mr. Coleridge's mind appeared to most advantage; here the metaphysical cast of his genius, harmonizing with the spirit of Schiller, has reflected its vivid energy, and caught up its epigrammatic terseness of expression. But in general, Mr. Coleridge's is *not* an accurate translation, while that before us is remarkable for its correctness; and if the former contains some passages of wonderful fire and brilliancy, the merit of the latter is altogether more consistent and better sustained. Nor would it be in any degree correct to suppose that this translation does not contain many passages of great strength and electrical animation: the author of it, has evidently all the finer qualities of poetical feeling; and those indignant bursts of fierce passion, those pathetic overflowings of mournful tenderness, which Schiller has so exquisitely blended in this beautiful drama, are here portrayed in the copy, with congenial energy and sensibility.

The threefold drama of Wallenstein, the "magnificent Trilogy" in which Schiller embodied the fortunes of that hero, is too familiar to the German scholar, and has been too frequently the subject of English criticism, to require that we should here bandy mere repetitions, under the pretence of examining the merits and defects of so celebrated a performance. We shall, therefore, confine our few observations narrowly to the manner in which the translator has executed his task in the volumes before us. The Wallenstein of Schiller, as most of our readers need not to be told, consists of three *distinct parts*. The nature of the subject encouraged an amplification *beyond* the ordinary limits of the drama: Wallenstein, as

Madame Staël has justly observed, "is the most national tragedy that has ever been represented on the German stage." The troubled scene of the thirty years' war, which desolated the empire, formed a general subject of national interest: the towering and mysterious ambition, the audacious revolt, and the perfidious murder of the great leader of the imperialist armies, furnished the most striking episode for dramatic action. The character of Wallenstein himself, and the magnitude of his lofty design; the daring object, a crown and a mighty empire the stake; the celebrity of the personages, the grandeur of the enterprise, and the violence of the catastrophe, all rendered the subject one of the most striking and appropriate which the whole range of German history could present for a national and historical drama. But Schiller found or imagined it impossible to concentrate the pictures and ideas which the circumstances called up, into a single drama; and Wallenstein expanded into a trilogy, or series of three distinct plays—'the Camp of Wallenstein'—'the Piccolomini'—'and the Death of Wallenstein.' The first of these is only an irregular dramatic sketch, or overture to the two dramas; and exhibits the state of Wallenstein's camp, and the feelings of his soldiery; that discordant host of iron men from all nations, whom he led under the imperial banners. The second part, the 'Piccolomini,' is also in some measure introductory to the drama of the catastrophe, since it developes only the progress of Wallenstein's schemes of ambition, and breaks off abruptly without a consummated action. The third part, 'the death of Wallenstein,' leads directly to the catastrophe.

Of these different parts of the trilogy, which are all obviously essential, as Schiller intended, to the completeness of the story, we are here presented only with the two last; and our translator, after a very lively and spirited prosaic sketch of the scenes depicted in the 'Camp of Wallenstein,' asserts, as an apology for omitting them in his poetical version, that 'unfortunately this singular drama defies translation. The provincialisms of the original,' he adds, 'which give to the piece such an air of truth and nature, would appear vulgar in English; and he has therefore abandoned the idea, after several attempts, and with much reluctance: for every one who is acquainted with the original, must feel that this warlike prologue is highly conducive to the effect of the drama. It portrays, with a vividness which no description could reach, the state of that body over which Wallenstein ruled; and inspires the mind, by anticipation, with a profound veneration for the presiding spirit which binds the many-nationed mass together; whose name is ever in their mouths, in revelry or peril, and who is the object of universal reverence, where nothing else, human or divine, appears to be respected.'

We confess that we do not see all this impossibility of rendering the 'Wallenstein's Lager' into English; nor the necessity of the mere *provincialisms of* the dialogue to the exhibition. Doubtless *these, to a German ear,* heighten the quaint costume and graphic

keeping of the picture: but the rude discourse of a soldiery, and the coarse merriment of camps, under all climes and in all tongues, speak much the same feelings; and the spirit at least of the eleven irregular scenes, of which the Lager is composed, with its intermingled snatches of song and chorus, might have been made as intelligible to the English reader, with a little paraphrastic ingenuity, as any other part of the drama. We cannot help thinking that the translator has here, in abandoning a very necessary part of his task, shewn either too little resource, or too much diffidence in his own powers; and his omission of the camp scenes is certainly much to be regretted, for it has deprived the whole piece of its completeness as a dramatic poem, and curtailed it of its liveliest and most picturesque situations.

Having expressed our general opinion of the merits of this version, it only remains that we should offer some example of the translator's manner. As we can afford him room for no more than a single passage of length, we may, as well as any other, take that rather celebrated speech, in which Wallenstein, in the last part of the play, relates his visionary reason for confiding in the elder Piccolomini.

It is the speech which in the original (Wallenstein's Tod. act II. scene 3), begins, Es gibt im Menschenleben Augenblicke, &c.

'There are some moments in the life of man,
When he is nearer to the SOUL o' the WORLD
Than wont, and holds free question with his fate.
Such was with me the well-remember'd hour,
When, in the night before the field of Lutzen,
Thoughtful I leant against a tree, and look'd
Forth on the plain. The watch-fires of the camp
Burnt dimly through the vapours of the night;
The din of arms, the sentry's hollow call,
Monotonous, alone disturb'd the stillness.
It seem'd, at once, as if my life's whole course—
The past, the present, and the future—glided
Before the inner vision of the soul,
And my prophetic spirit had united
The latest past with the remotest future.
'Then said I to myself—These countless thousands
Are thine: It is thy star which leads them on.
As on some mighty member, they have staked
Their all upon thy single head, and clombe
With thee into the vessel of thy fortunes.
But yet a day will come, when fate will scatter
These hosts asunder, and when few, of all
Whom thou hast trusted, will remain beside thee.
Then let me know, who, at that hour, shall be
My truest friend, of all this camp enfolds.
Give me a token, Fate. It shall be he
Who, on the coming morning, shall be first

To meet me with some signal of affection.
So musing, slumber on mine eyelids fell.
" Into the heat of battle I was led
Amidst my dreams. The throng was great. A shot
Struck down my steed. I sank, and over me
Horsemen and horse held on their course, unheeding.
Panting I lay, as if in death, beneath
The thunder of their hoofs, all torn and trampled.
But then a friendly arm laid hold upon me:
It was OCTAVIO's. Sudden I awoke:
'Twas dawn; and there OCTAVIO stood before me.
'My brother, do not ride to day,' he said,
'The dappled horse, as thou wert wont; mount rather
The surer steed whom I have sought for thee.
Grant me this favour—'twas a dream that warn'd me.'
That horse's swiftness saved me in the fight
From the pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.
My cousin rode the dapple on that day—
And horse and horseman saw I never more."

ILLO.

'Yet that was but a chance.

WALLENSTEIN.

'There is no chance;
And what to us seems blindest accident,
Springs from the deepest source of destiny.
I have it seal'd and written, that that man
Is my good angel.—So no more of this.'—vol. ii., pp. 61—64.

This a very fair specimen of the translator's powers. We have praised his version for its literal accuracy, but we must not quit him without a hint that he carries this virtue sometimes a little too far. Thus, in the Piccolomini (act II. scene 7), Wallenstein says,

'Und sein sold
Muss dem Soldaten werden, darnach heisst er.'

Which our translator renders,

'And his pay
The soldier must have—even his name denotes it.'

Forgetting that in English his name does *not* denote it: the play of words being, in the German, on *sold* and *soldaten*, as in French it might have been on *solde* and *soldat*. Sometimes too, this close following of his author gives a feebleness to the expression, from which the original is free—as in the indignant remonstrance of Max Piccolomini to his perfidious father:

'Wärs möglich vater? vater? hättest dus
Mit vorbedacht bis dakin treiben wollen?
Du steigst durch seinen fall. Octavio
Das will mir nicht gefallen.'

Wert possible! father, father! if thou *could'st*
With setted purpose to this precipice,
Have led him on—his fall would be thy rising,
I like not that, Octavio.'—vol. ii., p. 86.

The sense of the concluding line is the same, but the expression 'I like not that', which, in the German words does not want either dignity or rhythm, is, in English, deplorably tame; and after the burst of passion, has a strange sound of the bathos. We could point to many little blemishes of the same nature: but these are after all but "specks i' the sun." We notice them only because we trust this is not the last translation from the dramas of Schiller, for which we may hope from the same pen. The repetition of such petty faults will be easily avoided: and we know of no English translator better capable of rendering a worthy homage to that German bard, who, of all foreign dramatists, has caught most of the inspiration of Shakspeare.

ART. III. *Resumé de l'histoire de la Littérature Française, depuis son origine jusque a nos jours.* 12mo. pp. 441. London: Treüttel & Wurtz.

ABOUT three years ago, some literary gentlemen in France announced their intention to publish, in about twenty-five consecutive duodecimo volumes, the literary history of the Jews, the Arabs, the Persians, the Indians, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Romans, the ancient Greeks, the modern Greeks, the Latin writers of the middle ages, the Italians, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Provençals, the French, the English, the Scots, the Germans, the Danes, the Dutch, the Flemish, the Swedes, the Russians, and the Poles. We have received their *Resumé* of French, Italian, and German literature; and shall now present to our readers a succinct account of the first of the three.

The history of French, Italian, and German literature ascends to Charlemagne. His empire consisted of the part of Spain which lies between the Ebro and the Pyrenees; of the part of Germany, which lies between the Rhine and the Oder; of the Gauls, or the countries between the ocean, the Pyrenees, and the Rhine; of the greatest part of the Austrian possessions on the southern side of the Danube; and of the whole of Italy, from the Alps to Benevento. By the treaty of Verdun, in 842, his empire was divided among his three sons, Lothaire, Lewis the German, and Charles the Bold. Lothaire preserved the title of emperor, the kingdom of Italy, with all the countries between the Rhone, the Saone, the Meuse, the Scheld, the Rhine, and the Alps; Lewis took all Germany, from the Rhine to the Oder, and the cantons of Mentz, Spires, and Wormes: the part of France, which lies between the *Scheld, the* Meuse, the Saone, the Rhone, and the Pyrenees, with

at portion of Spain lying between the Pyrenees and the Ebro, is assigned to Charles. The territory of Lothaire was called *kingdom of Italy;* that of Lewis was called *the kingdom Germany;* that of Charles the Bold was called *the kingdom France.*

In each of these three grand territorial divisions, two languages re spoken; in all, the Latin was the language of the church, of e courts of justice, and of diplomacy; in Germany, the Teuto- or German was the general language of the people; in Italy, e people spoke a debased Latin, with a large interpolation of rman words; in France, they spoke a mixture of Celtic, the ginal language of the country; of Latin, the language of their man conquerors, and of German, the language of their barba- n invaders. By degrees it was purged entirely from the latter, d partially from the former. Thus refined, it was called *the mande.* It was divided into two dialects—that of the *Oe* was oken on the southern, and that of the *Oil* was spoken on the rthern side of the Loire. The former was the language of the ovençal poets; the latter that of the Normans. The former was incipally employed in tales of love and gallantry; the latter in lebrating deeds of arms. An account of the former is reserved the writer of the work before us, for the subject of a future *esumé.*

The literature of France may be distributed into four periods: at which preceded the sixteenth century—that which intervened tween it and the reign of Louis XIV.—the period of his reign— d the period subsequent to it. The work before us treats of all ose periods. We shall confine our critique to what is said in it the two first of them; the literature of the two last being, as we ppose, familiar to all our readers, and leading to particulars too merous and minute to be noticed in the present article.

In the period which preceded the 16th century, the university as founded, and the seat of government was fixed, at Paris, which tracted to that city the attention of every part of France, and sensibly produced an uniformity of idiom throughout the Gallic rritory. From this time, the difference of the languages of the e and the *Oil* ceased to be discernible; and the French language, operly so called, though still in a very rough state, and with some riations of dialect, became, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, the iversal language of the nation. It appeared in a multitude of ys, irrelays, triolets, rondeaus, fables, ballets, canzonets, romances, d several other forms of poetical composition. Many of these ve reached us—they sometimes charm by simplicity and tender- ss, by exquisite touches of nature, and comic and playful turns; t insipidity too often prevails among them. From these, how- er, the literature of France arose. As a specimen of the best nong them, we shall transcribe the following description by *artial d'Auvergne,* in his "Vigiles de Charles VII." of the first

interview between that Monarch and the celebrated Maid of Orleans.

'Tost après, en cette douleur,
Vint au roi une bergerelle
Du village dit vaucoceleur,
Qu'on nomnait *Jehan la Pucelle.*

'C'etoit une povre bergiere,
Qui gardait les brebis de champs,
D'une doulce et humble maniére,
De la age de dix huit ans.

'Devant le roi on l'amena
Une ou deux de sa connoisance,
Et allors elle s'inclina,
En lui faisant la révérençe :

'Le roy par jeu si alla dire,
"A ! ma mye, çe ne suis je pas ! "
A quoi elle respondit, " Sire,
" C'estez vous, je ne faulx pas."

'" Au nom de Dieu ;" si, disoit elle,
Gentil roy, je vous meneray
Couronner a Reims, qui que veuille,
Et siége d'Orleans, l'everay."

A poet might require finer verses, but a historian would be satisfied with the conciseness and accuracy of the narrative.

One of the most eminent bards of this period, was Alexander, of Paris. He was the author of a continuation of a poem of 'Lambert le Cours,' on the exploits of Alexander the Great. He composed it in verses of twelve syllables : this mode of versification was soon generally adopted, and received the name of the Alexandrine verse, either from him, or from the hero of his poem. It has retained its appellation to our time ; in France it has been exclusively appropriated to heroic or serious poetry ; from this, it was at first banished by the English muse, and only admitted into gay and jocular poems ; but of late it has been frequently adopted with success in the philosophical, and even in loftier poetry.

The reign of St. Lewis abounded with poets ; several were illustrious for their birth ; as Charles of Anjou, his Majesty's brother, afterwards King of Naples and Sicily ; Henry, Duke of Brabant ; Peter Mauclerc Count of Britany ; Raoul Count of Soissons ; Thibault Count of Champagne, and afterwards King of Navarre. Some poems of the last of these bards have reached us. We possess many of Alain Chartiers. History has mentioned the unpleasantness of his outward appearance ; but his wit and manners made him always a favourite at court. Bouchet, in his annals of Aquitaine relates, that Margaret of Scotland, then the wife of the Dauphin, who was afterwards Lewis XI., passing through

room, in which Alain Chartier was asleep in a chair, approached im and kissed him. One of her attendants expressing his sur- rise at it, "I did not," she said to him, "kiss the man; but the outh from which so many witty words and virtuous sayings ave proceeded."

William of Loris, and John of Meun, have been more cele- rated: they owe their fame to the *Roman de la Rose.* This far xcelled all the French compositions in poetry, by which it was receded. French writers agree in pronouncing it the greatest ffort of the French muse, before the reign of Francis I. It escribes a dream of the author. He fancied himself walking in ie most delicious of meadows, adjoining a garden, laid out in xquisite taste, and abounding with the choisest fruits and flowers. le observed in it a rose of surprising beauty, and determined to btain the possession of it. But he met with many obstacles; ridges, ramparts, ditches, and bastions. The garden was filled ith good and evil divinities: love, kind-welcome, pity, and open- eart, were among the former; hypocrisy, danger, slander, and alousy, were among the latter. But he triumphed over every bstacle, and obtained the rose. If France produced, before the re- ival of letters, any poem that can be compared to those of *Chaucer,* is this renowned romance. But we must assert the superiority f our countryman. We may concede that, in imagination, in ie picturesque, and in the personification of allegorical beings, ie French and English bards are equal; but, in describing the elings and manners of real life, Chaucer has a clear superiority.

In the period of which we are now speaking, the drama first ppeared in France. During the reign of Charlemagne, and his oyal descendants, spectacles of different kinds were displayed at ie feasts of the great and the assemblies of the people. Beasts rought from foreign countries, feats of agility, wrestling and ancing, were exhibited; harpers, and slight-of-hand-men also ttended the meetings, and shewed their skill. Chivalry intro- uced into these shews, order, refinement, and magnificence: it probable that the tilts and tournaments of the middle ages, xcelled whatever modern times have produced in the form of ublic spectacle. To them we owe the revival of science and art*. he bards and minstrels often appeared at them in companies, nd recited tragic or comic poems. By degrees they formed them nto dialogues; and, to render them more interesting, put on a ress, and assumed a gait which they supposed to be similar to hose of the persons, whose characters they represented. From his, the passage to an exhibition, possessing all the essential equisites of a scenic entertainment, was easy. Nothing could be nore congenial than these, to the taste and manners of a chival- ous age. They soon acquired reputation, and attained a certain

* See Butler's Life of Bossuet, ch. v.

degree of grandeur; but there was more of pageantry in them than of dialogue, and almost every thing in them had a military air. Devotion, however, had some share in them. There were both jocular and religious dramas. They were distinguished into *mysteries*, in which remarkable events in Scripture, or the lives of saints were represented; *allegories*, in which faith, hope, and charity, and other mystic beings, spoke and acted in personification; and *moralities*, in which, sometimes real, and sometimes fictitious characters were brought upon the stage. Some general moral was usually drawn from the exhibition of these entertainments. The mysteries were the most popular; they were sometimes performed in churches. Grossness and buffoonery too often found a place in them. Such were the *Feast of Fools*, and the *Feast of the Ass*. Some of these dramas have reached us: grossiereté abounds in them; yet grave ministers, and dignitaries of the state frequently attended them. This shocks our feelings; "but the difference of the times," says the prudent Hennault, "solves the difficulty; and while it shews the simplicity and ignorance, proves the good nature and simplicity of the age." The church often protested against them; but they were protected by the state.

The theatre, according to the description of it in the *Resumé* now before us, consisted of a scaffold containing seven stages. The highest was filled by a representation of heaven; the next was a representation of the earth; the third contained the palace of Herod, Pilate's house, or some other representation suited to the drama of the day. The lowest stage of the scaffold was assigned to hell; it was guarded by a large dragon, which opened its mouth to admit, or let out, the passing devils. Side apartments were left for the actors, or for the furniture of the theatre, and for performers upon musical instruments. A splendid flag announced far and near the locality of the scenic exhibition.

Some of the dramas performed on these stages have been preserved; the most famous is the Avocat Pathelin. It had great celebrity in its day. The dialogue is well sustained throughout, and in some places approaches to grace and humour. The title of it has become proverbial in France: there, a low tricking lawyer is yet called l'Avocat Pathelin.

Such was the drama of France, at the period of which we are speaking. A brighter view of its literature appears in its Chroniclers. The principal of these are, during the period of which we are now writing, Joinville and Froissart: their characters are thus drawn in the work before us.

'In all the years, during which the first crusade lasted, *Joinville* was constantly near the person of the king; (Louis IX). But, after the monarch's return to France, nothing could induce Joinville to engage in the second crusade. He retired to the court of the king of Navarre; there, *he wrote his* memoirs, a faithful mirror of the opinions of the author, and

of the age in which he lived. We seem to live with Joinville, to travel with him, and to fight at his side. His language is rude, his style is any thing but classical; but it breathes truth. Joinville knew how to choose with discernment; how to give a full view of any object, which interested him, and to pass slightly over those of smaller moment. His allurements are undisguised, and his manners friendly. He wishes to make his readers share his own enthusiastic admiration of his hero, and seldom fails. But sometimes he overpasses his mark; and a desire of shewing his royal master in the most favourable point of view, sometimes carries him from recollection to recollection, from anecdote to anecdote, into the most vulgar details. He generally contrives to find, in the midst of his narratives, a place for himself.—His simplicity often degenerates into the burlesque and the low.

'*Froissart*'s history partakes, in some measure, of the nature of an epic poem: he strove to elevate history to poetry, or to a chivalrous romance; he knew no other means of effecting this object, than introducing the marvellous; but the marvellous existed in the events of his times. He wished rather to please than to instruct. He has not the judgment of Philip de Comines, who came after him: but this does not detract from the merit of his memoirs—they paint the spirit of his age, and fill up a chasm in history.'

We add, that he appears to have anxiously sought for information upon every fact to which his subject led: his work is so diffuse, that it is almost impossible to get through it. Sleidan published an abridgment of it; but as the Marquis d'Argenson excellently observes, though it is possible to abridge a history, it is impossibe to abridge a historian. French writers loudly accuse Froissart of partiality to the English, and attribute it to the kindness shewn him by our Edward the Third, and his queen, the daughter of the Count of Hainault.

To the early part of the period which intervened between the beginning of the sixteenth century, and the reign of Lewis XIV., belongs the celebrated Philip de Comines.

'Philip de Comines,' says our author, 'was descended from one of the most distinguished families in Flanders: he was brought up in the brilliant court of Philip the Good, the Duke of Burgundy; but the flatteries and intrigues of Louis XI. drew him to the court of France. Persons are not agreed on the morality of his character, but all do justice to his judgment. He never has the appearance of a bustling advocate, who endeavours to cast a veil over a bad part of his cause: it is with the tranquil dignity of a man above public clamour, that he writes of his monarch; and he expresses himself with the same liberty, as if he had written under Trajan or Marcus Aurelius.—The style of Comines has not the natural charm of the writings of Joinville; but Joinville has nothing of the sagacity or experience of the historiographer of Louis XI. His narratives excite reflection, even when they relate to the most ordinary circumstance. He possesses in the highest degree the talent of reasoning, while he merely seems to relate; and of insinuating his own opinions, while he merely seems to tell his story.'

French writers often compare Froissart to Herodotus, Comines

to Tacitus; it is much easier to shew in what they are unlike, than in what they are like. Nothing can resemble the Ionic purity of simple language and simple narrative of Herodotus, less than the Doric roughness and gorgeous exhibitions of Froissart. Between Tacitus and Comines, there is even less resemblance. The style of Tacitus is abrupt, sententious, inverted, ambitious, full of figures and the boldest imagery, and abounding in malignity. The style of Comines is flowing, graceful, and natural. Like Homer, he makes his actors develope their own characters. Very differently from those of Tacitus, all his reflections seem to be inspired by good nature. It must be confessed that the English possess no chronicler, who can be compared to Comines; but we doubt if the French can produce any historian, in the middle ages, who is equal to Matthew Paris.

We must mention another writer to whom England has none similar, and to whom, at the time in which he wrote, England had none equal—the celebrated Michael Montaigne. He was a phenomenon in the age in which he lived. Equally removed from pedantry and fanaticism, his manner has neither hardness nor enthusiasm. Having formed himself upon the great models of antiquity, he placed himself at an immeasurable distance above his contemporaries: though he wrote in an unformed language, his style is classical. He possessed both genius and learning in the highest degree, and when the age of good taste finally arrived, he not only retained his celebrity, but because his merit was then better appreciated, he was then more admired. In the reign of Charles IX., his Essays were to be found on the table, on the window seat, of every gentleman who could read, and were often his only library. In the reign of Lewis XIV. they were to be found in the collections of all men of taste; and these sometimes turned from the master-pieces of their own times, to breathe the simpler and purer air of the more ancient pages of Michael Montaigne.

The times of which we are writing, also produced a poet, whose works, even now, are frequently in the hands of men of taste—the celebrated Clement Marot. He greatly excelled all the former poets of France: he was the first whose works discover a mind familiarised with the classical poets of antiquity, and desirous of transferring their beauties into his own strains. In pastoral poetry and epigrams, he was very successful; but he principally shines in his epistles; they are composed in verses of ten syllables, wit and humour abound in them, and exhibit every where a certain *naiveté* and antique cast, which has an unspeakable charm. They have been frequently imitated by authors of the first eminence; as Jean Baptiste Rousseau and Voltaire: these imitations of him, form what is called in France, the *style marotique*. It is admirably suited to grave pleasantry. It corresponds with the English verses of ten syllables; but for

reasons which have not yet been explained, the *vers marotique* has not, at least, to English ears, the sonorous rhythm of the English ten-syllable metre.

After Marot, we must mention his protectress, and in some respects his rival, Margaret the Queen of Navarre, the sister of Francis I. She is celebrated by her contemporaries for her encouragement of every gay and every elegant art; and is yet known by her sprightly, but not always decent tales. The following verses, however, shew, that she sometimes moralised her song.

'Pour etre un digne et bon chretien,
Il faut a Christ etre semlable;
Il faut renonçer à tout bien,
A tout honneur qui est damnable;
A la dame belle et jolie,
A plaisir que la chair s'emeut,
Lasser biens, honnaurs et amie,
Ne faire pas tout çe qu' on veut.

'Les biens au pauvres faut donner,
D'un ceur joyeux et volontaire;
Faut les injures pardonner,
Et a ses ennemis bien faire;
S' ejouir en melancholie
Et tournement dont la chair s'emeut;
Aimer la mort come la vie,
Ne faire pas tout çe qu' on veut.'

With Marot, the ancient line of the poets of France may be said to close. Between him and those who compose the modern line of the poets of France, *the French Pleiad* held the temple. They derived their appellation from the following circumstance: Ptolomy Philadelphus, one of the most celebrated of the Macedonian kings of Egypt, favoured seven poets. In reference to one of the heavenly constellations, they were said to form *the Pleiad of Alexandria*, the seat of this monarch's government. In imitation of the association, the French public formed seven poets of their nation, *Ronsard, Irdelle, Dubillay, Ponthus, Rèmi, Belleau* and *Daurat*, into a constellation, and appointed Ronsard, Lord of the Ascendant. The French Pleiad aimed at a total alteration of the language and structure of French poetry. Shocked at its uncouthness and dissonance, they wished to introduce into it Latin inflections and terminations, and the ancient metre. But the experiment did not succeed: it has been tried in many other languages; and in all, with the same want of success. Still the attempt produced some good effects. It caused the Greek and Latin tongues to be studied; it introduced a multitude of happy expressions and well-sounding words, into the French language, and these greatly added both to its strength and melody. Some, however, have asserted, that these improvements effected too great an alteration of the true

French style, and that in consequence of the innovation, much of the raciness of the real French idiom evaporated, and that much of its naiveté vanished. In support of this observation, it has been remarked, that wherever the poets of subsequent times aimed at this naiveté, they have generally abandoned the modern style, and adopted much of the ancient *Gaulois*.

To the period of French literature to which our subject has now led us, their ancient romances belong. They may be divided into the chivalrous, the allegorical, the pastoral, and the historical: they were once perused with avidity, but now have few readers; none of them, we believe, excels Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*.

'Enfin MALHERBE vint, et le premier en France,
Fit sentir dans les vers, un juste cadençe,
D'un mot mis en sa place enseigna le pouvoir
Et reduisit la muse au regles du devoir.'

With Malherbe, modern French poetry commences. The *lofty epic* has not yet appeared in France; but there is no other species of poetry, in which the French have not eminently succeeded. We wish the works of *Jean Baptiste Rousseau* were more read in this country: almost all his sacred odes, and many of his other odes, are exquisite: the same may be generally said of his cantatas, allegories and epistles: no person of taste has ever read them, who has been contented with a single perusal of them.

We left the French drama on its scaffold of seven stages: sometime after it reached these exalted honours, an association, under the appellation of the *Confraternity of the Holy Passion*, obtained from the parliament of Paris, a patent, which conferred on its members, the exclusive right of representing sacred subjects. At a much earlier period, the exhibition of them in churches had been prohibited by the clergy. When the sacred exhibitions were interdicted to the confraternists of the Holy Passion, they assigned their patent to a troop of comic actors, called the *Enfans sans souçi*. Other companies existed, but these were always the favourite performers. Their patent was revoked in 1584; they were then succeded by the *Gelosi;* and those, by *l'Elite Royal*. These, in 1641, were indirectly sanctioned by an edict of Louis XIII.—the *Magna Charta* of the French theatre. This company afterwards diverged into two branches; one was established at the *Hotel de Bourgogne*; the other, at the *Hotel d'Argent au Marais*.

It was at the Hotel de Bourgogne, that the immortal *Cid* of Corneille was first performed: it is the first drama performed on the continent, which, at this time, is perused with pleasure.—It was so greatly admired, that "*Beau comme le Cid,*" became an ordinary phrase in every civilised nation of Europe. Cardinal Richélieu's jealousy of this tragedy, and his unsuccessful efforts to lower it in public estimation, is one of the few circumstances in the life of that terrific minister, which amuse.

With a translation of what is said by our author upon the foundation of the French academy, we shall conclude the present article.

'Cardinal Richélieu, whose energy served the vanity, while it seemed only to animate the glory of France, and who had raised himself so high, as to consider France as his patrimonial property, gave a new direction to it's literature. While he protected it, he reduced it to the most servile dependence upon the court. He created in France a new literature, as he had created in it a new government. Believing himself to be a poet, he loved poetry as he loved France, because he found his own advantage in its aggrandisement. He mixed together those sentiments in his soul; and he rewarded the poets who loved their country, because they favoured both his objects. He crowned his efforts in favour of the language and literature of his country, by founding the French academy; and, whatever were the motives of this extraordinary man, one does not go too far in calling him the creator of the age of Louis XIV. 'At least Napoleon,' once said too courteous a poet, 'preserves the *republic* of letters.' Richélieu thought differently; in founding the French academy, he introduced despotism into the Belles Lettres. It is, however, true, that the court did not impose on the *forty members of the academy* the obligation of praising or blaming what it favoured or discouraged; but, one way or other, it was always contrived, that the persons admitted into this protected body, should have the same taste and opinions as the persons in power. The court paid them, and they obtained their admission into the academy in consequence of the influence of the court.—Still, the academy did much for the improvement of the French language. In a short time, it acquired that precision which rendered it equally proper for works on the exact sciences; for political treatises, and for the most refined reflections; so much was this the case, that, in a short time, it became the universal language of Europe.'

ART. IV. *The Dramatic Works of John Ford, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory.* By William Gifford, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 36*s*. London: Murray. 1827.

THE destruction of the monarchy eclipsed for a season the glories of the truly national drama of our ancestors; and it was not till many years after the restoration, that any thing like a general feeling for its beauties was revived. The stern, unbending spirit of puritanic zeal, long survived the temporal authority of its advocates; and the foreign habits, manners and predilections of the court of Charles, and his successors, were almost equally unpropitious to the revival of a pure love of English dramatic literature. Towards the commencement of the ensuing century, however, the genuine feelings of nature regained their influence:—Shakspeare was restored to his supremacy on the stage, and his works thrown into general circulation. Such food naturally increased the appetite it gratified; *and the growth of a healthy* dramatic taste, is henceforth to be

traced with accuracy. Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, were studied with diligence, entertainment and profit, and from the riches they displayed, in absolute profusion, the useful inference was deduced, that (however inferior in general qualifications), it was not possible, but that their contemporaries and immediate successors must have caught some portion of the spirit, which inspired the great luminaries of our stage.

Volumes of specimens of the old dramatists were published, where it was not thought expedient to print the plays entire; if a portion only of an author's works was deemed worthy of attention, a selection of his best was made; sometimes separately printed, sometimes embodied in miscellaneous collections of old plays; sometimes the works of a dramatist were given to the world entire. The rage was carried, and (for it is not yet over), is still carrying, too far. Sufficient distinction was not made, between the old and the intrinsically valuable; between the merely curious, and works calculated for instruction and delight. The consequence may be anticipated: many plays have been dragged from an obscurity, in which they might well have been suffered to repose, and mingle their mouldering pages with the ashes of authors, to whose memories they are ill-calculated to impart any honourable fame. More solicitude, also, was displayed to make these several publications attractive to the eye, than to procure them an advantage of editorship, which would have insured integrity of text, and propriety of illustration.

The introduction of Ford on the modern stage, is connected with some curious circumstances. With the absurd view of striking a blow at the hopes of the Pretender, his "Perkin Warbeck" was reprinted in 1714: and, with similar enlightened expectations, the same play was acted at Goodman's Fields in 1745!—Three years subsequently Macklin selected "The Lover's Melancholy," for the benefit of his wife; and, finding the town ignorant alike of the merits of the play and of the author, with more craft than honesty, he inserted a letter in the "General Advertiser," dilating on the surpassing excellences of the "Lover's Melancholy," and ascribing them to the "*close intimacy that subsisted between the author and Shakspeare, as appears from several of Ford's sonnets and verses.*" Still the town was indifferent, and Macklin apprehensive of empty benches. He postponed the performance for a week, to await the effect of a new and more potent stimulant—a daring fabrication—which he called an extract from a pamphlet written in the reign of Charles 1st, with the quaint title of "Old Ben's Light Heart made heavy, by Young John's Melancholy Lover." The object of this forgery was, to exalt Ford in public estimation, by representing Jonson as jealous of his fame, talents, and superior dramatic success. However well Macklin's purpose might have been served at the time, by this scandalous transaction, its effects on Ford were *merely* transitory; one entire play, and a few selections only, were

printed between this period and 1811, when his works first appeared in a collected form.

'The person selected by the booksellers as the editor,' says Mr. Gifford, 'was Mr. Henry Weber. It would be curious to learn the motives of this felicitous choice. Mr. Weber had never read an old play in his life; he was but imperfectly acquainted with the language; and of the manners, customs, habits—of what was, and what was not familiar to us as a nation—he possessed no knowledge whatever: but secure in ignorance, he entertained a comfortable opinion of himself, and never doubted that he was qualified to instruct and enliven the public. With Ford's quarto, therefore, and a wallet containing Cotgrave's French Dictionary, the variorum edition of Shakspeare, and Dodsley's collection of Old Plays, he settled himself to his appointed task, and, in due time, produced two volumes now before the public.'—*Introduction*, pp. 51, 52.

This precious work now lies open on our table; and the reader cannot fail to agree in the justice of this sweeping condemnation of its editor, if he will only attend to one or two specimens of that gentleman's improvements. As for example, in the "Lover's Melancholy," Pelias asserts that his "nurse was a woman-surgeon," and, according to Mr. Weber, Rhetias makes this comment on the fact:—"a she-surgeon, which is in fact, a mere matter of colours." vol. i., pp. 131, 2. Now mark the author's words. "A she-surgeon, which is, *in effect*, a mere *matcher* of colours;"—that is, as the context shews, a dealer in paints and cosmetics. "Go, learn to paint and daub compliments." This is bad enough! But take another instance. "At Athens she lived in the habit of a young man. Till within these three months, or less, her *sweet hearty father* dying some year before, or more, she had notice of it, and with much joy *returned home*, and, as report voiced it, *at Athens enjoyed* her happiness; she was long an exile. For now, noble sir, if you did love, &c." vol. i., p. 147. We have here a *sweet hearty father* dead, *much joy* at the occurrence, and the lady still resident at Athens, notwithstanding her *return home* thence! Simple folly seems unequal to the production of such nonsense. Ford wrote, "At Athens, she lived in the habit of a young man; till within these three months or less (her *sweetheart's* father dying some year before or more), she had notice of it, and with much joy returned home; and as report *voiced it at Athens*, enjoyed the happiness she was long an *exile for*. Now, noble sir," &c.

It has been said, that Mr. Weber is but an alias for Mr. W. Scott, now Sir Walter; and that much of the bitterness which falls from Gifford's pen on this occasion, was produced by personal feelings of hostility. Be this as it may, it is certain that Weber, whoever he was, was a most bungling editor. Mr. Gifford exhibits a very copious list of his strange readings, a few of which are amusing. *Weber.*

"——— Stay thy paws,
Courageous beast! *also*, lo! the gorgeous skull,
That *shall transform* thee to that stone," &c.

Gifford.

" ——— Stay thy paws,
Courageous beast; *else*, lo, the *gorgon's* skull,
That shall transform thee," &c.

Weber.

" ——— How they *flatter*
Wagtails and jays together!"

Gifford.

" ——— How they *flutter*,
Wagtails and jays together!"

Weber.

" When any troubled passion makes *us halt*
On the unguarded castle of the mind."

Gifford.

" When any troubled passion makes *assault*
On the unguarded castle of the mind."

Weber.

" ——— Such harmony of *admiral* beauty."

Upon this Gifford drily observes,—'*Admiral Beauty* is very good. As the name, however, does not appear in the Navy List of Pavy, we may venture to dismiss him at once, and read

" ——— Such harmony of *admirable* beauty."'

Weber.

" Roaring oblations of a wounded heart
To thee, offended spirit.

Gifford.

" *Pouring* oblations of a wounded heart
To thee," &c.

But of these precious examples of Mr. Weber's editorial skill, we have given enough. We now turn to Mr. Gifford; and though we are willing to give him every praise for the care which he appears to have bestowed on his author, we could wish for the character of the critic and of our literature, that he had not indulged in the splenetic vein of remark which disfigures his Introduction, and some of his notes. It is impossible to defend Mr. Weber from the innumerable charges of negligence and of ignorance, which are here brought against him; but it seems to us, that they might have been stated and proved in terms less objectionable, than those which Mr. Gifford uniformly delights in using. Incidentally, other names are mentioned by him, and treated with a degree of acrimony for which we are at a loss to account, unless it might have sprung from that unpleasant state of the mind, *which being* often brought on by infirmity, is converted into a habit *before we* are aware of its influence.

In other respects, Mr. Gifford has proved himself fully equal to the task which he had undertaken. We do not mean to affirm, that he has not left some phrases of his author, and some of his obscurities, unexplained; but it is not too much to say, that his edition of Ford is the only one that can be read with satisfaction. It is in every respect equally valuable as his editions of Massinger and Ben Jonson: it is marked with the same care in establishing the accuracy of the text; and by the same apposite, concise, and conclusive illustrations, that characterise his previous labours. He is every where the master of his subject, and every where treats it with facility and clearness.

Ford was only partially contemporary with Shakspeare. Born in 1586, he did not appear as a dramatic writer till he was somewhat advanced in life, for his time was principally occupied by the profession of the law. As was the custom of the day, he executed several pieces in conjunction with other writers; but his first independent drama, "The Lover's Melancholy," did not appear till 1629, and could not have been written long before: he subsequently composed six others without assistance; and the whole of his surviving works, whether written entirely by himself, or in conjunction with others, consist of eight dramas*, a mask†, an elegiac poem, entitled "Fame's Memorial," and some verses to the memory of Ben Jonson: all of which are comprised in the present edition of Ford's Works.

Below Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, Ford stands next to the latter in the scale of dramatic excellence; and he might possibly have risen to an equality with Massinger, had he bestowed more pains in the cultivation of his judgment; for a large, a very large, portion of the defects which his works exhibit, are clearly attributable to a want of the controlling exercise of that necessary quality of mind.

What lamentable deficiency of judgment has he displayed in the selection of many of the subjects which he dramatised. The plot of "'Tis Pity," &c., is so absolutely repulsive, that, in spite of all the beauties of the composition, the play is scarcely to be tolerated even in the closet. So fertile is "The Broken Heart" in the most disgusting butchery, that but for the extraordinary powers exerted by the author, it must have proved intolerable. In "Love's Sacrifice," Fiormonda's shameless declaration of her passion for Fernando excites aversion; and did we not know that it actually had been tolerated, we should not have hesitated to pronounce, that no audience whatever would have endured the gross

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* "Lover's Melancholy." "Perkin Warbeck."
"'Tis Pity She's a Whore." "The Fancies, Chaste and Noble."
"The Broken Heart." "The Lady's Trial."
"Love's Sacrifice." "The Witch of Edmonton."

† "The Sun's Darling."

indecency of Bianca's conduct. The plot of "The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," hinges on a circumstance, which Ford himself could only touch on lightly, and which it is utterly impossible to mention here.

The better genius of Ford, however, sometimes presided over his selections; but he had ever a strange propensity to disfigure the works of his own hands. Too high praise can scarcely be bestowed on the skill with which he usually opens his play, and excites the interest of the spectator. But he does not long persevere in a course so nobly entered on. Unnecessary incidents and characters accumulate as the plot advances; its simplicity is destroyed, its progress impeded, and the main design drags heavily to the conclusion; or, being early disposed of, the play is prolonged, that all the extraneous matter may be wrought into a climax also. We except "Perkin Warbeck" from the censure of an involved plot, and redundancy of action, and would gladly have coupled with it the "Broken Heart." But it must not be. Through all the early part of that powerfully written drama, the interest centres in the lovely, injured, and innocent Penthea, who, in the fourth act, dies of a "Broken Heart." Calantha, then taking the lead in interest, is doomed to a similar fate in the last scene of the fifth act; so that the play would with more propriety have been entitled the "Broken Hearts," than the "Broken Heart." In the "Lady's Trial," we have no less than three actions, all independent of each other. The "Masque," in the "Lover's Melancholy," is as gratuitous a piece of folly as ever interrupted the serious business of a tragedy. Not to dwell on the useless banishment, and equally useless recall of Roseilli, in "Love's Sacrifice," for what reason could he have been degraded in the disguise of a slavering idiot, and made to dangle in attendance on his mistress in the garb of folly, senselessly jabbering, "Can speak; de e e e e."? "Dud—a clap cheek for nowne sake gaffer: hee é e e e?" No single end of the play is answered, or forwarded, by the metamorphosis! Such faint notions had Ford of the necessity of establishing a primary and leading interest, to run through the whole of his play, and of making all other parts dependant on, or subsidiary to it.

Ford's want of judgment is also conspicuous in the management of the necessary incidents of his dramas. When once determined on bringing a particular point about, he appears absolutely indifferent to the means by which it is effected. In the "Broken Heart," he is desirous that an interview should take place between Orgilus and Penthea, and there is no end to the inconsistencies he is guilty of to accomplish it. When Orgilus was to consummate his vengeance on Ithocles, Ford did not think it worth his while to task his invention for any noble or dignified revenge, but adopted the clumsy and grotesque expedient, common to the then meanly *furnished* stage, namely, "a chair with an engine," as it is proudly

called. By the assistance of a bit of packthread, the two moveable arms of the chair closed over the breast of the person who sat down in it; and thus is Ithocles, like a rat in a trap, caught, and afterwards barbarously put to death.

The perfection Ford so often reached, proves that his failures were not the result of poverty of invention. His mind, in fact, was rich and full, even to abundance; but, unfortunately, he was contented with his first thoughts, and knew not how to reject the faulty suggestions of his fancy. He committed, therefore, many errors; but excellence is ever at hand, which more than atones for his offences, and completely restores him to our favour. The passages are numerous in the "Lover's Melancholy," which bespeak the superiority of the intellect that formed them. Nobler scenes are scarcely to be met with, than the "Broken Heart" displays: the opening scene is an example of judiciousness; and the second scene in the third act, in which Ithocles has an interview with his sister, Penthea, whom he had wantonly and proudly thwarted in her affections, is hardly to be surpassed in truth of feeling, beauty of expression, discriminative delineation of character, and delicacy and chastity of tone. The faults, even of "Love's Sacrifice," are redeemed by the transcendent excellence of many of its scenes: it is, after all, a noble play. Once, and once only, Ford ventured on a historic subject. "Perkin Warbeck" cannot be ranked in the first order of excellence, but would well have justified a repetition of the experiment. There is a beautiful evenness and consistency in the conduct of the play, not common to Ford's productions, and which possesses more charms than those of novelty. Its chief faults, perhaps, are deficiency of action, and superabundance of narration; but the dialogue is very ably written.

Pope thought fit to say of Shakspeare, that if his dramas were printed without prefixing the names of the persons to the dialogue, each separate sentence might with certainty be attributed to the speaker. We would not recommend any one to try the experiment with Ford, who seems not always to have established a clear idea in his own mind of what he intended the characters in his dramas to appear; and when desirous of changing, or modifying them by circumstances, he not only frequently neglected to provide adequate and reasonable motives for the change, but often proceeded with so violent a hand, as to destroy that coherence between the character in its different stages, which is ever perceptible in nature. Bassanes, in the "Broken Heart," is as fine a picture of jealousy, in the early scenes, as ever was exhibited. His passion displays itself in all his words and actions; it absorbs his every thought. His lynx-eye, never tranquil, sees danger in the most trivial incident, and, with insane avidity, his jaundiced imagination perverts every circumstance into a confirmation of its morbid conceptions. Though erroneously, Bassanes does not lightly take up jealousy: his vigorous and active mind is per-

fectly imbued with a conviction of the truth of his suspicions. Yet suddenly, nay, upon the instant, he is converted from his folly; and that on no better evidence than his wife's declaration of her own integrity! He then sinks into mere dotage. Bassanes, therefore, is greatly inferior to Jonson's Kitely, who, from first to last, is inimitably and consistently delineated.

We might adduce another instance of inconsistency in "Love's Sacrifice," in which the author exhibits a character glaringly the reverse of that which he intended to portray, and which he evidently thought he had faithfully represented. In the first scene, the Duke addresses Fernando as his 'but divided self;' and his introduction of him to his wife is,

> 'Look Bianca,
> On this good man; in all respects to him
> Be as to me; only the name of husband,
> And reverent observance of our bed,
> Shall differ us in persons, else in soul
> We are all one.'

Bianca is brought forward in a manner that at once challenges admiration. The chosen friend of her husband becomes enamoured of her, and his suit is rejected with becoming dignity and indignation. But in the subsequent acts, she abandons all her virtuous resolves, and her character displays itself in its real deformity; though Ford still remains under the delusion that he is delineating a paragon of purity.

Notwithstanding these and other such inconsistencies, delineation of character is one of the excellences that distinguish Ford. By few dramatists is he surpassed in the variety, strength, beauty, and individuality of the personages whom he embodied. In female perfection, where are we to look, except in Shakspeare, for the equal of Penthea, that lovely personification of patience, meekness, resignation, and broken heartedness? With what intensity are the remorse and repentance of her brother, Ithocles, depicted? Nor must Ford's felicitous portrait of Perkin Warbeck be passed over without the highest praise.

'It would be unjust to the author,' remarks Mr. Gifford, 'to overlook the striking consistency with which he has marked Warbeck's character. Whatever might be his own opinion of this person's pretensions, he has never suffered him to betray his identity with the Duke of York, in a single thought or expression. Perkin has no soliloquies, no side speeches, to compromise his public assertions; and it is pleasing to see, with what ingenuity Ford has preserved him from the contamination of real history, and contrived to sustain his dignity to the last, with all imaginable decorum, and thus rendered him a fit subject for the tragic muse.'

But Warbeck is even surpassed in excellence by his father-in-law, Huntley; a character which may, perhaps, be justly fixed *upon*, as the most perfect of Ford's delineations. Katharine, the

unhappy Katharine, is a worthy child of such a sire. In one instance only, Gifford remarks, did the better genius of Ford desert him, and that was in the last speech which he assigned to her.

'By this sweet pledge of both our souls I swear
To die a faithful widow to thy bed;
Not to be forced, or won: oh, never, never!'

This savours somewhat of the "Player Queen," and it so happened that, after Warbeck's death, "she married Sir Mathie Cradock, of which marriage is descended William, Earl of Pembroke, by his grandmother, and had some lands by the Cradocks. Lady Katherine Gordon died in Wales, and was buried in a chappell at one of the Earl of Pembroke his dwelling places in that country. The English histories do much commend her for her beauty, comliness, and chastity." Sir Robert Gordon; whom Douglas calls the historian of the family.

It is honourable to Ford, that Meleander, in the "Lover's Melancholy," may be mentioned in conjunction with Lear. Meleander is inferior to Shakspeare's great original; but he brings Lear vividly to the mind, without exciting the invidious reflection, that the effect is produced by imitation. Ford often, indeed, imitated Shakspeare, but never with servility; he looked up to him as an example of exalted excellence, as an authority, as a master; and hence not unfrequent similarity of conception and expression is to be detected in the works of Ford and Shakspeare. But rich himself, Ford borrowed not to conceal the disgrace of his own poverty beneath the wealth of others.

We must conclude, with a few examples of the beauty of Ford's style, the delicacy of his sentiments, and the general impressive ardour of his composition. He was peculiarly happy in expressing the tender emotions of the soul; how beautiful does the following passage describe the felicity of a favoured lover!

'Kiss me——so! thus hung love on Leda's neck,
And sucked divine ambrosia from her lips.
I envy not the mightiest man alive;
But hold myself, in being king of thee,
More great than were I king of all the world.'

'Tis Pity, &c. Act 2, *sc.* 1.

The next is in a more desponding strain: it is the reflection of a husband, on parting from his bride.

'So leave the winter'd people of the north,
The minutes of their summer, when the sun
Departing, leaves them in cold robes of ice
As I leave Genoa.'

Lady's Trial. Act 1, *sc.* 1.

The blasting influence of thwarted love has never been more powerfully represented, than by Erclea to Palador, the object of her affections, to whom she is at last united.

'I am so worn away with fears and sorrows,
So winter'd with the tempests of affliction,
That the bright sun of your life-quickening presence,
Hath scarce one beam of force to warm again
That spring of cheerful comfort, which youth once
Apparell'd in fresh looks.'

The Lover's Melancholy. Act 4, *sc.* 3.

The contrast to this is delightful, in a fond father's notice of his darling child.

'Kate, Kate, thou grow'st upon my heart like peace,
Creating every hour a jubilee.'

Perkin Warbeck. Act 1, *sc.* 2.

From the works of Ford, a series of serious reflections upon man might be collected; but we are necessarily confined to a few instances.

'——— in the turmoils of our lives,
Men are like politic states, or troubled seas,
Toss'd up and down with several storms and tempests,
Change and variety of wrecks and fortunes;
Till labouring to the havens of our homes,
We struggle for the calm that crowns our ends.'

Lover's Melancholy. Act 5, *sc.* 1.

'Oh, what a thing is man,
To bandy factions of distemper'd passions
Against the sacred providence above him!

Ibid.

'In vain we labour in this course of life
To piece our journey out at length, or crave
Respite of breath, our home is in the grave.'

Broken Heart. Act 2, *sc.* 3.

It is pleasant to remark the beauty and variety of sentiment in Ford. How nobly do the following lines express the sacred obligation of friendship.

'I am so much a subject
To every law of noble honesty,
That to transgress the vows of friendship,
I hold a sacrilege as foul, and cursed,
As if some holy temple had been robbed,
And I the thief.'

Lover's Melancholy. Act 3, *sc.* 2.

Speaking of the return of a victorious warrior, Prophilus thus describes the independent dignity of the mind of Ithocles.

'He, in this firmament of honour, stands
Like a star fixed, not moved with any thunder
Of popular applause, or sudden lightning
Of self-opinion; he hath serv'd his country,
And he thinks 'twas but his duty.'

Broken Heart. Act 1, *sc.* 2.

Such chastened feelings afford us a favourable occasion for the introduction of a just and pointed reproof, to an undue estimation of the advantages of birth.

'Sister! Sister!
She who derives her blood from princes, ought
To glorify her greatness by humility.'
Love's Melancholy. Act 1, *sc.* 2.

Ford must have entertained most exalted ideas of virtue, for on many occasions he strongly and beautifully appeals to its dignity and power.

Spinella—'What friends have slept in your absence?'
Auria—'Many:
Thy virtues are such friends they cannot fail thee;
Faith, purity of thoughts, and such a meekness,
As would force scandal to a blush.'
Lady's Trial. Act 1, *sc.* 1.

Octavian—'* * * No more.
Castamela—'No worse you dare not to imagine,
Where such an awful innocency, as mine is,
Out-faces every wickedness your dotage
Has lull'd you in.'

The untainted purity of Castamela, is exquisitely illustrated in her exclamation:

'My stars, I thank thee, for being ignorant,
Of what this old in mischief can intend!'
The Fancies. Act 2, *sc.* 2.

'A devil
Is a rare juggler, and can cheat the eye,
But not corrupt the reason, in the throne
Of a pure soul.'
Lover's Melancholy. Act 5, *sc.* 1.

We must add one single extract more. It is a passage worthy of Dante, and of which any author might be justly proud:

Friar— * * * 'There is a place,
List, daughter! in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horrors of consuming fires,
A lightless sulphur, choak'd with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness: in this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never-dying deaths: there damned souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
On rocks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust.'
'Tis Pity, &c. Act 3, *sc.* 6.

ART. V. *Lettres sur les Elections Anglaises, et sur la Situation de L'Irlande.* 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 260. Paris: Sautelet. London: Treüttel & Wurtz. 1827.

WE have often been exceedingly provoked—sometimes we admit, amused—by those foreigners, who so mortally ill use us in their books of travels, as soon as they return home from a couple of months sojourn in one of the alleys that converge in Leicester Square. They have no bowels for England as a nation. They do not see the sin of caricaturing our "high life," on the authority of a bird's eye view of nobility, from the most *eminent* seat in the King's Theatre. It is a dangerous practice in such men to assume any longer, that the whole frame-work of British society may be inspected at their favourite restaurateurs in the Haymarket, and that the fifty-two counties of England and Wales may be viewed, and accurately described, from one of the most internal places of accommodation which the metropolis can afford.

But M. Duvergier de Hauranne, the writer before us, is a traveller of quite another stamp. In the early part of last summer, at the epoch of the commencement of the elections, he accompanied the Duke of Montebello, a French peer, in an excursion to this country. At the solicitation of a friend in Paris, who seems to have understood his talents, he was induced to promise an occasional letter on the state of England. But he soon began to despair of being able to redeem his pledge. By the aid of some twenty tomes, and the absence of all scruple about plagiarism, he might, to be sure, as he pleasantly observes, have furnished forth his "Tour;" but such an employment was contrary to his taste. Then he was neither painter, architect, nor antiquary, to dilate on those rare treasures of art of which England is the depositary: and our theatres were in too degenerate a state, to attract him to the subject of the drama. 'I should, therefore,' says he, 'infallibly have been put to silence, were it not for an exhibition far more curious than any of those for which you pay money at the door—an exhibition in the open air, where the principal actors generally pay all the expense—in short, an exhibition in which, as in the romantic pieces, tragedy and comedy are constantly blended: I speak of the elections.'

This writer, and his noble friend, arrived in England, in sufficient time to be present, during a day or two, at all the more interesting contests to which the late dissolution of parliament gave rise. During this varied tour, he collected the materials for a series of letters which appeared, from time to time, in an excellent French literary Journal, the *Globe*. The travellers then proceeded to Ireland, where abundance of subjects presented themselves, worthy of the epistolary talents of M. de Hauranne. These letters *collected* together, form the interesting volume which is now before

us; and we do not hesitate to say, that they give about the very best, because the most animated and correct, pictures, which could be presented to a foreigner, of one of those extraordinary political paroxysms, which has its uses along with its mischiefs, to be rejoiced in and deplored, called, a contested election. All the leading features of the "exhibition" are seized by the author, and, with something like the skill of a poet, combined in the formation of a series of vivid and highly impressive scenes. Truth, however, is never sacrificed. If, indeed, there be any one quality for which we admire this writer above another, it is for the just and precise discernment, which he evinces of every thing that passes before him, notwithstanding the novelty of the spectacle, the necessary confusion that attends its progress, and all the difficulties which arise on account of difference of language and habits.

To this superior talent for description, the author adds a candid and commanding judgment, which enables him to trace and acknowledge, amid the Babel of the hustings, a source of national good. Some of the details of electioneering movements as they actually take place, are, doubtless, exceedingly ludicrous, even to those who understand their drift, and are accustomed to them by repetition. They lose none of their ridiculous traits beneath the pencil of M. de Hauranne.

But he is also astute enough to see, as well as sufficiently impartial to state, that there is a great deal of serious profit in this merriment, and much political wisdom in all this folly. The account which he gives of a *canvass* at which he attended, will fully demonstrate the justice of this compliment. It is merely necessary to premise, that the author being personally known to Sir Robert Wilson, received from that gallant member every facility which his curiosity could desire, to observe the proceedings of the Southwark election.

'For about an hour and a half I accompanied Sir Robert on his canvass, which, perhaps, is the most curious part of the election. We went into every house, and every shop. There taking off his hat, and addressing the honourable elector,' I trust sir,' would the candidate say, 'that my parliamentary conduct has been such as to deserve your support, and that you will do me the favour to give me your vote.' Sometimes the elector would reply 'yes,' and add two or three words of compliment. Another would probably hesitate a while, until a little more pressing was used. 'I must acknowledge,' says a third—a shoemaker I think it was—'that I did not like this Catholic bill.' 'Aye, but surely you would like to have cheap bread.' 'By all means.' 'Well then, Mr. Polhill (an adverse candidate), will make you pay dear for it.' On some occasions we had refusals, but they were open and decided: and then a polite bow was given, instead of that cordial shake hands which always took place when we received a promise. Difference of opinion was, very fairly, alleged as the ground in the former case. However, we met with a ropemaker, who admitted, that in voting for Mr. Polhill he was governed by his interest, and not by his principles. 'A friend,' said he, 'recommended me to do so.' And there

was no persuading him to the contrary. Mr. Polhill is very rich, and Sir Robert cannot boast of a large fortune. Sometimes it happened that the husband was absent when we called—and then the wife was asked what were her husband's sentiments, and she was intreated to induce him to vote for the man of the people. We would then take our leave after giving her a card, with the words—'Sir Robert Wilson for the cause of reform and liberty.' What appeared to me most striking throughout all this proceeding, was, the profound sense which all these mechanics had of their rights, and the exalted duty which they were exercising. Almost every one of them received the solicitation of the candidate with a serious and reserved air. Whether or not they had already made up their minds, they still would never interrupt the applicant: they seemed to enjoy the homage which was paid to them, and to be desirous of making the most of the occasion. Then, with a degree of dignity, and quite like a minister who was giving away some great favour, they would say, 'Well, sir, you shall have it.'—Although this custom is very fatiguing to the candidate, yet it is one which I should be sorry to see suppressed, for it begets between the representative and his constituents, a sort of personal relation: it accustoms them to the firm, and at the same time, courteous declaration of their opinions: in fine, it confers on the electors an importance which considerably enhances the utility of the elections. Independently of this, it must be productive of good, to compel the haughty aristocracy of England, to bend occasionally before the humbler classes; to make them feel, at least once in seven years, that they exist only by the latter; it is, in fact, the counterpoise to that alarming state of inequality amongst its inhabitants, which is the great bane of this country'—pp. 15, 16.

Descriptions like this must necessarily create much surprise in France, where the business of government proceeds with such a silent and methodical pace. But it is not without solid reason that our author gives the preference to the system which, accompanied with a great deal of disorder and individual inconvenience though it may be, possesses the advantages of publicity and great agitation. Nothing can be better calculated to make representatives and constituents what they ought to be, than that round of meetings, of canvassings, of speeches, professions of principles, and personal conflicts, which always attends the course of an election in this country. Whilst twenty thousand persons are hanging upon the accents of one of the candidates for Southwark, five thousand more are fixed by the eloquence of an electioneering orator in Guildhall, at the same moment. And all these, perhaps, may be only listening to different versions of the same interesting lesson, which Sir F. Burdett may be then addressing to some ten thousand of the electors of Westminister. When we remember, that those who compose the various assemblages will be the conductors, and, for all substantial purposes, the faithful conductors, of the information they have acquired, to a still greater number, we may be able to judge of the extent to which political knowledge must spread itself amongst the population.

Determined to see the national exhibiton of elections under all

its phases, our traveller next turned his attention to the north: and, directed by curiosity, it was impossible he should have preferred visiting any other interesting scene in that great quarter before the celebrated borough of Preston.

'Now fancy yourself with me on the third day of the election, on the hustings in the mayor's box, where we can distinctly see and hear every thing. Each of the candidates has his booth separated from the others by means of strong barriers; and lest the electors should proceed to blows, they come to the hustings by different entrances. The area in front is filled with ragged mechanics, amongst whom are some women decorated in Cobbett's favours. The poll clerks are seated below the candidates; and Cobbett himself, standing on the barrier which separates his booth from that of captain Barrie, clings by one arm to the pillar of the hustings, whilst with the other he waves his hat and salutes the crowd. As soon as the mayor takes his place, Mr. Stanley addresses him, complaining violently of a handbill issued the evening before by Cobbett, whom he treats as a coward and a liar, and unworthy of further notice. Now look at Cobbett during this speech—he grows pale, his lips are contracted, and he who is so bold in attacking others, loses all his faculties when he is attacked himself. He replies in a tissue of absurdity and abuse—he stammers, clenches his fist at Stanley in the midst of the acclamations of the multitude, and uses expressions too disgusting to be repeated. This man was formerly a corporal, and is now a famous pamphleteer and radical—he is about sixty years of age—his hair is quite grey, and his complexion florid. Nothing can be more gross than his manners, or more vulgar than his tone of voice. Just to please the mob, he presents himself with his waiscoat open and his breast half exposed. If ever he smiles, his countenance assumes a sort of Satanic expression.—In short, his countenance and manner indicate, at once, wickedness, pride and meanness. This portrait is not flattering, but I believe it is faithful.'—pp. 47, 48.

From Preston, the traveller proceeded to the neighbouring county of Westmoreland, then agitated by a popular struggle, which had for its object, to break the unconstitutional power of the Lowther party. The moral and political reflections, which result from contemplating this singular scene, are just and striking.—But we infinitely prefer those local, or personal sketches, in which the writer appears to indulge only a natural inclination and facility. The portraits of the principal actors on the hustings at Appleby will be admitted, however happily and humorously coloured, to be drawn without exaggeration.

'After his ale, an Englishman likes a speech best of any thing—and this sort of appetite was very strikingly displayed by the groups that surrounded the hustings at Appleby, yesterday.—Lord Lowther is a little man, who speaks like one that is destined to be the lord of a million a year: his brother, the colonel, a little taller, is in every other respect exactly like him. You may judge how pleasantly these personages must feel in the presence of Henry Brougham. However, supported as they are by some zealous partizans, they contrive to stammer out some words, misdt the jeers and hootings of the multitude. The people appear to

revenge themselves for their long restraint.—How they must be gratified to see the proprietors of that splendid castle, which domineers over the country, appear before them, entreating their indulgence to be heard, and mendicants for their votes! The world appears upside down. For seven long years, the people have only this one opportunity of legally hissing their masters, and why should they not make use of the privilege?—When the Lowthers have done speaking, a profound silence ensues, and you might hear the busy whisper pop from mouth to mouth- -"There he is—that's he—he is going to begin—I'd stay here all night to hear him—Brougham for ever!" Mr. Brougham then takes off his hat, makes a signal with his hand, and proceeds. I do not know if you are acquainted with Mr. Brougham. His features are far from being handsome—and a convulsive shake of the upper lip gives them an extraordinary appearance. But there is something so expressive in his look, in his action and his voice, that the speaker, independently of the subject, is sure to gain you over—a cardinal quality upon those occasions, where the object of the orator is rather to bear away the feelings of the audience, than to convince their understandings. Endowed with a mind which embraces every description of knowledge, and gifted with an eloquence that can accommodate itself to any subject, Mr. Brougham also is aware of that species of elocution, which will answer with the people, and he excels in it. When he defends himself from the accusation of Papism, I defy the most hot headed churchman not to laugh at his own expense.'—pp. 77, 78.

We now accompany the agreeable writer to Ireland, and from the ability, the temper and liberality which he had hitherto manifested, we were not unprepared for the just and enlightened views which he has unfolded, respecting the condition of that unhappy country. He was not inclined, in consequence of any community of religious feelings, to side with the popular party. He is not insensible to the defects of the national character—he is not blind to folly and extravagance; but his indignation is not the less violent when he contemplates around him the elements of so much national prosperity, so much political and moral strength, so many gifts and bounties of nature, suffered to run to decay—a sacrifice to one of the most absurd theories of legislation, that ever was applied to the conduct of human affairs.

'The 12th September,' he writes, 'I came to Ireland. I left it at the close of November. During these two months, there was hardly a county which I did not visit—and never yet did the hideous effects of intolerance appear in so shocking a light to my eyes. There is a college in Switzerland, the youths of which, are accustomed, during the vacation, to make excursions together through the mountains. If this custom were established amongst a certain very grave assembly, I should recommend the honourable gentlemen for their first expedition, the mountains of Connaught. There they would be enabled to trace all the advantages of a state religion. The enemies of emancipation appear to me to argue altogether on false premises. To hear them, one would suppose, that the question was, whether or not Catholicism was agreeable to a constitutional *state?* If you had the power of creating in your hands, this would do very

well: but a creed cannot be thus established. The Irish Catholics constitute a fact—a powerful fact, against which the strength of England has for two centuries been breaking itself. Their existence is admitted—it only remains for you to determine, whether or not it is better for you to merge them in the great body of the nation, or keep them separate from it; grant them the few remaining rights which they want, or league them together against you in one common sentiment of hatred. You have pulled down the barriers which had prevented them from acquiring fortune, education, and influence: the bonds of a barbarous code which oppressed their faculties, are now broken, and you propose that they shall not make use of those faculties. They have become rich—they cannot sit in parliament: learned, the higher offices of justice are closed against them: influential, they are forbidden to administer, as well as to make laws: numerous, and yet they are treated every day like slaves, and slaves too, whom you profess to be anxious to confer favours upon, but who should not require any thing farther. "Destroy all the Romans," said an old Samnite, at the Caudine Forks, a profound politician for his age.—"Kill every one of the Romans, or admit them to freedom and honours: either course will save you— take the middle one, and you are lost." The Samnites did not listen to this.'—pp. 144, 145.

The portraits of the leading members of the Catholic Association are touched off in a very lively and faithful manner—from Mr. O'Connell to Mr. Eneas M'Donnell, of whom it is said, that 'at Ballinasloe, he spoke eighteen hours in three days; and I verily believe,' adds the writer, 'that he would have kept talking to this hour, had he not been stopped by the police.' The author then proceeds to trace the causes, both moral and political, of the present degraded and miserable state of the humbler classes, as well as the condition of the inhabitants generally, now thrown into conflict by the zeal of miscalculating fanatics; and concludes with the following summary of the natural advantages and the calamities of Ireland.

'There is no species of rational curiosity which may not be gratified in this country. To the philologist, it presents a language which is decaying every day; traditions and customs which are continually wasting; to the antiquary monuments of various ages, still unexplained; to the naturalist, it offers a long line of basaltic coast, a soil bearing every where volcanic traces, together with those wonderful bogs, volcanoes of mire, which now and then make an eruption, and, like the lava of Etna swell into the plains. The painter will find in Ireland an inexhaustible source of picturesque beauty: the political economist, the practical elements for the solution of the most important problems: the historian will be able to see there, the progress of a conquest as if it was only of recent occurrence, and a state of society, which will serve to explain analogous epochs in history, that are not to be easily studied. The politicians can there be present at the grand exhibition of a struggle, which is both national and religious, whilst the simple spectator can observe scenes of the highest dramatic effect: lastly, the philosopher, at the same time that he deplores the fortune of that country, which is governed only by violence and injustice, will point her out as a shining example of the truth of all

his theories, and a warning to other nations. Unfortunately, besides the blind persons who cannot see, there are those who *will* not see; and they are the worst. They are numerous in Ireland; but they chiefly abound in great houses. There, though they are in the midst of light, they grope their way along, and their lives are consumed in the care they take to keep their eyes shut. One day they will, perhaps, open them, but it may be to the light of conflagration.'—p. 245.

In this strain of animated wisdom and enlightened policy, M. Duvergier de Hauranne dwells upon the evils which centuries of mal-administration have accumulated in Ireland. His work necessarily assumes a sombre hue, almost from the moment that he sets his foot in that land of misfortune; and he has shewn that, though a Frenchman, he can treat serious interests with the same facility as those of an amusing kind. He is, we believe, the son of the author of an excellent work on the constitution of France, of which we have already given an account*; he inherits all the intelligence and patriotism, which are so conspicuous in that production; and now that he has made himself, and many of his countrymen, so well acquainted with the practical liberties of England, we hope he will not suffer the lesson to be wholly lost to the destinies of his own nation. Had there been even a moderate number of such politicians as M. Duvergier de Hauranne in France, the ministry never would have dared to restore the censorship.

ART. VI. *The Epicurean. A Tale.* By Thomas Moore. 12mo. pp. 322. 9*s*. Second Edition. London: Longman & Co. 1827.

WE are always happy to receive any thing from the pen of Mr. Moore. His composition, whether it be poetry or prose, is so brilliant, and, although peculiar in some respects, yet, so terse in its diction, and so musical in its structure, that we experience the same sort of relief from his writings, which we derive from the pages of Addison, or Fenelon, when we turn to them from the volumes of verbiage, of which our modern presses are so formidably prolific. Indeed, as a model of clear, harmonious, and idiomatic style, 'The Epicurean' has few rivals in our language. It is totally free from those conceits by which the "Life of Sheridan" was so strangely disfigured. The images used in it, appear to be the natural fruit of the country in which the scene is laid; and they spring so directly from the subject, that they are at once received as its legitimate offspring and ornament.

We conjecture, from a note at the end of the volume (p. 318), that the subject of this work, when it first engaged the author's fancy, was intended by him to be moulded into a poem, probably after the fashion of "Lalla Rookh." In fact, "The Loves of the Angels," we are told, formed one of its original episodes. Doubtless, it is to the conception of such a plan,

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* Monthly Review, vol. 1, p. 512.

that we owe the elevated strain of composition which we find in this tale—a strain not remote in beauty, from that in which the story of "Telemachus" is so magnificently detailed. The tone of the narrative is, throughout, sustained with unwearied equality of spirit; the most apposite expressions alone are adopted, in the selection of which Mr. Moore has shewn himself a perfect master of our language; all redundancies are excluded; and though the flow of his periods is remarkably melodious, yet it reaches the mind as well as the ear, and is uniformly free from declamation and tinsel.

But, though elegance of composition will do much for any production, in whatever department of literature it may be ranked, yet we doubt if it be of itself sufficient to give popularity to a tale in prose. In such cases the general reader, at least one reader in a hundred, looks more to the incidents which are to excite his curiosity, than to the diction in which they are clothed, and which, in his opinion, is but a mere auxiliary to the main purpose of the narrative. In a poem, a few events related with spirit, and felicitously decorated by sentiment and imagery, will be deemed an abundant ground-work for half a dozen cantos; whereas, in a narrative set in prose, the mind is likely to be more attentive to the plot, than to the language in which it is disclosed. With such readers as these, and we fear they are the majority, 'The Epicurean' will lose more than half its charms. Incidents there are, indeed, and some of them to our apprehension, interesting to a high degree; but they are not very copious, nor are they of a character to captivate the sympathies of those, who have not been, in some degree, initiated in the course of studies which has enabled Mr. Moore to invent them.

The most fatal objection, however, that will be made against 'The Epicurean,' will be founded on its being what is usually called a philosophical, or rather, perhaps, we should say, a religious romance. The principal object of the author was manifestly to point out the natural longings, even of the most corrupt mind, after the blessings of immortality; to paint the beauty of innocence and virtue; and to proclaim the incomparable superiority which a lively and sincere faith possesses over a vacillating hypocrisy. Such, at least, are the lessons which the story inculcates: they are found pervading every part of it, at the sametime that they are seldom put forward in a prominent or isolated point of view.

The hero Alciphron is an Athenian, a follower of the doctrines of Epicurus, as those doctrines were misunderstood and perverted by such of his disciples, who preferred the enjoyments which satiate the sense, to those which purify and exalt the mind. Discontented with the pleasures which he found in the garden at Athens, and anxious to discover the secret of immortality, which he dreamed would be found in the religious worship then established in Egypt, he sought the shores of that country in the summer of the year 257, A.D. We shall give the whole of the chapter which describes

his first impressions on arriving there from Alexandria, as perhaps (with exception of the poetry, which is indifferent), it is one of the most exquisitely written portions of the volume.

'Egypt was the country, of all others, from that mixture of the melancholy and the voluptuous, which marked the character of her people, her religion, and her scenery, to affect deeply a temperament and fancy like mine, and keep tremblingly alive the sensibilities of both. Wherever I turned, I saw the desert and the garden, mingling their bloom and desolation together. I saw the love-bower and the tomb standing side by side, and pleasure and death keeping hourly watch upon each other. In the very luxury of the climate, there was the same saddening influence. The monotonous splendour of the days, the solemn radiance of the nights—all tended to cherish that ardent melancholy, the offspring of passion and of thought, which had so long been the inmate of my soul.

'When I sailed from Alexandria, the inundation of the Nile was at its full. The whole valley of Egypt lay covered by its flood; and, as I saw around me, in the light of the setting sun, shrines, palaces, and monuments, encircled by the waters, I could almost fancy that I beheld the sinking island of Atalantis, on the last evening its temples were visible above the wave. Such varieties, too, of animation as presented themselves on every side!—

'While, far as sight can reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heaven as ever blessed this sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty gods, and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

'Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make
One theatre of this vast, peopled lake,
Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.
Here, up the steps of temples, from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests, in white garments, go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands:
While, there, rich barks—fresh from those sunny tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts—
Glide with their precious lading to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros' ivory,
Gems from the isle of Meröe, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.

'Here, where the waters wind into a bay
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims, on their way
To Saïs or Bubastus, among beds
Of lotus-flowers, that close above their heads,
Push their light barks, and hid, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour;
While haply, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank

Is play'd in the cool current by a train
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she, whose chain
Around two conquerors of the world was cast,
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last!

'Enchanted with the whole scene, I lingered on my voyage, visiting all those luxurious and venerable places, whose names have been consecrated by the wonder of ages. At Saïs I was present during her Festival of Lamps, and read, by the blaze of innumerable lights, those sublime words on the temple of Neitha: "I am all that has been, that is, and that will be! and no man hath ever lifted my veil." I wandered among the prostrate obelisks of Heliopolis, and saw, not without a sigh, the sun smiling over her ruins, as if in mockery of the mass of perishable grandeur, that had once called itself, in its pride, "the City of the Sun." But to the isle of the Golden Venus was my fondest pilgrimage;—and as I explored its shades, where bowers are the only temples, I felt how far more fit to form the shrine of a deity are the ever-living stems of the garden and the grove, than the most precious columns that the inanimate quarry can supply.

'Every where new pleasures, new interests awaited me; and though melancholy, as usual, stood always near, her shadow fell but half-way over my vagrant path, and left the rest more welcomely brilliant from the contrast. To relate my various adventures, during this short voyage, would only detain me from events, far, far more worthy of record. Amidst such endless variety of attractions, the great object of my journey was forgotten;—the mysteries of this land of the sun were, to me, as much mysteries as ever, and I had as yet been initiated in nothing but its pleasures.

'It was not till that evening, when I first stood before the Pyramids of Memphis, and saw them towering aloft, like the watch-towers of time, from whose summit, when he expires, he will look his last,—it was not till this moment that the great secret, of which I had dreamed, again rose, in all its inscrutable darkness, upon my thoughts. There was a solemnity in the sunshine that rested upon those monuments—a stillness, as of reverence, in the air around them, that stole, like the music of past times, into my heart. I thought, what myriads of the wise, the beautiful, and the brave, had sunk into dust since earth first beheld those wonders; and, in the sadness of my soul, I exclaimed,—"Must man alone, then, perish? must minds and hearts be annihilated, while pyramids endure? Death, Death, even on these everlasting tablets,—the only approach to immortality that kings themselves could purchase,—thou hast written our doom, saying, awfully and intelligibly, 'there is, for man, no eternal mansion, but the tomb!'"

'My heart sunk at the thought; and, for the moment, I yielded to that desolate feeling, which overspreads the soul that hath no light from the future. But again the buoyancy of my nature prevailed, and again, the willing dupe of vain dreams, I deluded myself into the belief of all that I most wished, with that happy facility which makes imagination stand in place of happiness. "Yes," I cried, "immortality *must* be within man's reach; and, as wisdom alone is worthy of such a blessing, to the wise alone must the secret have been revealed. Deep, it is said, under yonder pyramid, has for ages lain concealed the Table of Emerald, on which the

Thrice-Great Hermes engraved, before the flood, the secret of Alchemy, that gives gold at will. Why may not the mightier, the more god-like secret, that gives life at will, be recorded there also? It was by the power of gold, of endless gold, that the kings, who repose in those massy structures, scooped earth to the centre, and raised quarries into the air, to provide themselves with tombs that might outstand the world. Who can tell but that the gift of immortality was also theirs? who knows but that they themselves, triumphant over decay, still live—those mansions, which we call tombs, being rich and everlasting palaces, within whose depths, concealed from this withering world, they still wander, with the few who are sharers of their gift, through a sunless, but illuminated, elysium of their own? Else, wherefore those structures? wherefore that subterraneous realm, by which the whole valley of Egypt is undermined? Why, else, those labyrinths, which none of earth hath ever beheld—which none of heaven, except that God, with the finger on his hushed lip, hath trodden!"

'While I indulged in these dreams, the sun, half sunk beneath the horizon, was taking, calmly and gloriously, his leave of the Pyramids,—as he had done, evening after evening, for ages, till they had become familiar to him as the earth itself. On the side turned to his ray, they now presented a front of dazzling whiteness, while, on the other, their great shadows, lengthening to the eastward, looked like the first steps of Night, hastening to envelope the hills of Araby in her shade.

'No sooner had the last gleam of the sun disappeared, than, on every house-top in Memphis, gay, gilded banners were seen waving aloft, to proclaim his setting,—while a full burst of harmony pealed from all the temples along the shores.

'Startled from my musing by these sounds, I at once recollected, that, on that very evening, the great festival of the Moon was to be celebrated. On a little island, half-way over between the gardens of Memphis and the eastern shore, stood the temple of that goddess,

> 'Whose beams
> Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams.
> *Not* the cold Dian of the North, who chains
> In vestal ice the current of young veins;
> But she, who haunts the gay, Bubastian grove,
> And owns she sees, from her bright heav'n above,
> Nothing on earth, to match that heav'n, but love!

'Thus did I exclaim, in the words of one of their own Egyptian poets, as, anticipating the various delights of the festival, I cast away from my mind all gloomy thoughts, and, hastening to my little bark, in which I now lived, like a Nile-bird, on the waters, steered my course to the island-temple of the Moon.'—pp. 33—41.

It was during the ceremonies of this festival, that Alciphron encountered a fair vision, which soon banished from his mind all his fond dreams of philosophy.

'The rising of the moon, slow and majestic, as if conscious of the honours that awaited her upon earth, was welcomed with a loud acclaim from every eminence, where multitudes stood watching for her first light. *And seldom* had she risen upon a scene more beautiful. Memphis—still

grand, though no longer the unrivalled Memphis, that had borne away from Thebes the crown of supremacy, and worn it undisputed through so many centuries,—now, softened by the moonlight that harmonised with her decline, shone forth among her lakes, her pyramids, and her shrines, like a dream of glory that was soon to pass away. Ruin, even now, was but too visible around her. The sands of the Libyan desert gained upon her like a sea; and, among solitary columns and sphinxes, already half sunk from sight, time seemed to stand waiting, till all, that now flourished around, should fall beneath his desolating hand, like the rest.

'On the waters all was life and gaiety. As far as eye could reach, the lights of innumerable boats were seen, studding, like rubies, the surface of the stream. Vessels of all kinds—from the light coracle, built for shooting down the cataracts, to the large yacht that glides to the sound of flutes—all were afloat for this sacred festival, filled with crowds of the young and gay, not only from Memphis and Babylon, but from cities still farther removed from the scene.

'As I approached the island, I could see, glittering through the trees on the bank, the lamps of the pilgrims hastening to the ceremony. Landing in the direction which those lights pointed out, I soon joined the crowd; and, passing through a long alley of sphinxes, whose spangling marbles shone out from the dark sycamores around them, in a short time reached the grand vestibule of the temple, where I found the ceremonies of the evening already commenced.

'In this vast hall, which was surrounded by a double range of columns, and lay open over-head to the stars of heaven, I saw a group of young maidens, moving in a sort of measured step, between walk and dance, round a small shrine, upon which stood one of those sacred birds, that, on account of the variegated colour of their wings, are dedicated to the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted—there being but one lamp of naphtha on each of the great pillars that encircled it. But, having taken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a distinct view of the young dancers, as in succession they passed me.

'Their long, graceful drapery was as white as snow; and each wore loosely, beneath the rounded bosom, a dark-blue zone, or bandelet, studded, like the skies at midnight, with little silver stars. Through their dark locks was wreathed the white lily of the Nile—that flower being accounted as welcome to the moon, as the golden blossoms of the bean-flower are to the sun. As they passed under the lamp, a gleam of light flashed from their bosoms, which, I could perceive, was the reflection of a small mirror, that, in the manner of the women of the East, each wore beneath her left shoulder.

'There was no music to regulate their steps; but, as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some, by the beat of the castanet, some, by the shrill ring of the sistrum—which they held uplifted in the attitude of their own divine Isis—harmoniously timed the cadence of their feet; while others, at every step, shook a small chain of silver, whose sound, mingled with those of the castanets and sistrums, produced a wild, but not an unpleasing harmony.

'They seemed all lovely; but there was one—whose face the light had not yet reached, so downcast she held it—who attracted, and, at length, rivetted all my attention. I knew not why, but there was a something in

those half-seen features—a charm in the very shadow, that hung over imagined beauty—which took me more than all the out-shining loveliness of her companions. So enchained was my fancy by this coy mystery, that her alone, of all the group, could I either see or think of—her alone I watched, as, with the same downcast brow, she glided round the altar, gently and aërially, as if her presence, like that of a spirit, was something to be felt, not seen.

'Suddenly, while I gazed, the loud crash of a thousand cymbals was heard;—the massy gates of the Temple flew open, as if by magic, and a flood of radiance from the illuminated aisle filled the whole vestibule; while, at the same instant, as if the light and the sounds were born together, a peal of rich harmony came mingling with the radiance.

'It was then—by that light, which shone full upon the young maiden's features, as, starting at the blaze, she raised her eyes to the portal, and, as suddenly, let fall their lids again—it was then I beheld, what even my own ardent imagination, in its most vivid dreams of beauty, had never pictured. Not Psyche herself, when pausing on the threshhold of heaven, while its first glories fell on her dazzled lids, could have looked more beautiful, or blushed with a more innocent shame. Often as I had felt the power of looks, none had ever entered into my soul so far. It was a new feeling—a new sense—coming as suddenly as that radiance into the vestibule, and, at once, filling my whole being;—and had that vision but lingered another moment before my eyes, I should have wholly forgotten who I was, and where, and thrown myself, in prostrate adoration, at her feet. —pp. 42—47.

At this moment, however, no opportunity is given him for paying her such an enthusiastic compliment. She vanishes amid the group of young priestesses into the temple. Shortly after, he accidentally obtains a view of her, as, accompanied by her mother, she passes into one of the pyramids, to perform some of the duties of her office. He follows them unobserved, discovers the secret door of the pyramid, gains admission, and sees the object of his pursuit engaged in mystic rites of the dead; after which he quits the pyramid without disturbing her. But the desire of once more beholding her, induces him to revisit the pyramid the next day, and here commences his initiation into the mysteries of Isis, upon the description of which, it is evident, that Mr. Moore relies, as one of his leading points of interest.

In order that the reader should be prepared for these ceremonies, it is necessary for him to know, that the Epicurean's first descent into the pyramid, was instantly communicated to the priests by their lynx-eyed "familiars." They therefore determined, if he should repeat his visit, to lead him through all the subterranean wonders of their far-famed necropolis, or city of the dead. Accordingly, after effecting his entrance a second time into the pyramid, he is involved in a series of adventures, or rather trials, which are related with tiresome prolixity. After traversing several narrow windings, he enters a gallery, lined on each side with *piles of* lifeless bodies, whose glassy eyes threw a preternatural

glare on him as he passed. He next descends into a 'huge well,' whence he passes into a cavern, and here he is permitted to see, but not to enter, a long alley illuminated with an extraordinary degree of splendour, planted with odoriferous shrubs, and echoing with choral strains of the most enchanting music. But his way lies over a different path. He is obliged to pass through a thicket, the trees of which are on fire on all sides; then he is forced to make his passage through a fierce torrent, haunted by gaunt spectres; from this he is relieved by ascending a stair kindly provided for him at the other side, and he has the delight of seeing each step crumble beneath him after he has passed it. On mounting to the top, he has no resource to support him but 'a huge brazen ring,' which hangs out of the clouds. He grasps it, and is blown about like a scare-crow in a terrible tempest, until the priests at length permit him to descend once more to the ground, where he is compensated for all his sufferings.

'At the same moment, a light of the most delicious softness filled the whole air. Music, such as is heard in dreams, came floating at a distance; and, as my eyes gradually recovered their powers of vision, a scene of glory was revealed to them, almost too bright for imagination, and yet living and real. As far as the sight could reach, enchanting gardens were seen, opening away through long tracts of light and verdure, and sparkling every where with fountains, that circulated, like streams of life, among the flowers. Not a charm was here wanting that the imagination of poet or prophet, in their pictures of Elysium, ever yet dreamed or promised. Vistas, opening into scenes of indistinct grandeur,—streams, shining out at intervals, in their shadowy course,—and labyrinths of flowers, leading, by mysterious windings, to green, spacious glades, full of splendour and repose. Over all this, too, there fell a light, from some unseen source, resembling nothing that illumines our upper world—a sort of golden moonlight, mingling the warm radiance of day with the calm and melancholy lustre of night.

'Nor were there wanting inhabitants for this sunless Paradise. Through all the bright gardens were wandering, with the serene air and step of happy spirits, groups both of young and old, and of lovely forms, bearing, most of them, the Nile's white flowers on their heads, and branches of the eternal palm in their hands; while, over the verdant turf, fair children and maidens went dancing to aërial music, whose source was, like that of the light, invisible, but which filled the whole air with its mystic sweetness.'—pp. 84—86.

These scenes, most of which by the way are borrowed from that curious romance, "La Vie de Séthos," are but mere preliminaries to the ceremonies of initiation, which still await the aspirant—for such the priests assumed him to be, without asking him even one question on the matter. He is next clothed in a robe and tunic of white linen, and a chaplet of myrtle is placed on his head, in which 'a golden grasshopper, the symbol of initiation, was seen shining out among the dark leaves.' After being duly instructed by one of the priests in the doctrine of pre-existence, and in the

nature of the soul, he is led through the valley of visions; is shewn the seven tables of stone, found by Hermes, in the valley of Hebron; visits a multitude of small shrines, where the 'mysterious nature of animal worship, and the refined doctrines of theology that lay veiled under its forms,' are explained to him. He is permitted, also, to see the great hall of the Zodiac, and at length he enters the sanctuary of the goddess Isis, where he is left alone, and where was to be disclosed to him the grand mystery of her image, from behind the sacred veils within which it was enshrined. He perceives the space behind those veils grow bright and brighter every moment; but just as the full glory of the scene was about to burst on his expectant eye, the fair priestess, in search of whom he had first entered the pyramid, slips out from beneath a corner of the mystic curtain, and he escapes with her from the sanctuary.

We know not what fascination it was, that led Mr. Moore into the long description of these Egyptian mysteries, which he has thought fit to introduce into this part of his tale. They are much better told in the romance of Sethos, or in the "Voyages d'Antenor," which copies them from the romance, or even in the "Histoire du Ciel." It is evident that he has deemed them likely to create great interest; but we are much deceived if ten of his readers will bestow the least attention upon them. They will be much more desirous of knowing the cause of this apparently sudden confidence, which the young priestess Alethe placed in the 'Epicurean,' when she induced him to forego the gratification of his curiosity at the moment it was most excited, and to fly with her, whither he knew not.

All this is fully and carefully explained by the author. Alethe was educated by her mother in the Christian faith; but fear of the priests of Isis, and of the persecutions then raging under the iron rule of Valerian, prevented her from declaring her religion. Upon the arrival of Alciphron in Egypt, she heard much of his accomplishments as a philosopher, and she concluded that he would not hesitate to become instrumental to her deliverance, if a suitable opportunity should offer itself: such an opportunity she found, when he was left by the priest in the sanctuary of Isis, and as she was all along the main object of his pursuit, it may be supposed that he had no hesitation in becoming the companion of her flight.

The object of Alethe was, to discover the residence of one of those holy hermits, who, in the early ages of Christianity, dwelt in secresy in the mountains of Upper Egypt, the ministers and patriarchs of small congregations, which assembled with caution in crypts and caverns, to hear the precepts of the new religion expounded. To one of these hermits, Alethe was recommended by her mother; the place of his residence was figured out on a small leaf of papyrus, together with portions of the scenery *around it.* She succeeded, with the assistance of Alciphron, in

effecting her escape from the sanctuary, and on arriving at a lake leading to a canal, that communicated with the Nile, they embarked on board a small vessel, which soon wafted them beyond the reach of pursuit.

Here again the poet shines out in his narrative of this voyage. His descriptions of the scenery, and of the objects that presented themselves on the lake, the canal and the Nile, are rich, and admirably varied. We shall indulge the reader with one of them.

'Every thing looked smiling around us as we embarked. The morning was now in its first freshness, and the path of the breeze might be traced over the Lake, wakening up its waters from their sleep of the night. The gay, golden-winged birds that haunt these shores, were, in every direction, skimming along the lake; while, with a graver consciousness of beauty, the swan and the pelican were seen dressing their white plumage in the mirror of its wave. To add to the animation of the scene, a sweet tinkling of musical instruments came, at intervals, on the breeze, from boats at a distance, employed thus early in pursuing the fish of these waters, that suffer themselves to be decoyed into the nets by music.

'The vessel which I selected for our voyage was one of those small pleasure-boats or yachts,—so much in use among the luxurious navigators of the Nile,—in the centre of which rises a pavilion of cedar or cypress wood, gilded gorgeously, without, with religious emblems, and fitted up, within, for all the purposes of feasting and repose. To the door of this pavilion I now led my companion, and, after a few words of kindness—tempered with as much respectful reserve as the deep tenderness which I felt would admit of—left her in solitude to court that restoring rest, which the agitation of her spirits but too much required.

'For myself, though repose was hardly less necessary to me, the ferment in which my thoughts had been kept seemed to render it hopeless. Throwing myself upon the deck, under an awning which the sailors had raised for me, I continued, for some hours, in a sort of vague day-dream,—sometimes passing in review the scenes of that subterranean drama, and sometimes, with my eyes fixed in drowsy vacancy, receiving passively the impressions of the bright scenery through which we passed.

'The banks of the canal were then luxuriantly wooded. Under the tufts of the light and towering palm were seen the orange and the citron, interlacing their boughs; while, here and there, huge tamarisks thickened the shade, and, at the very edge of the bank, the willow of Babylon stood bending its graceful branches into the water. Occasionally, out of the depth of these groves, there shone a small temple or pleasure-house;—while, now and then, an opening in their line of foliage allowed the eye to wander over extensive fields, all covered with beds of those pale, sweet roses, for which this district of Egypt is so celebrated.

'The activity of the morning hour was visible every where. Flights of doves and lapwings were fluttering among the leaves, and the white heron, which had roosted all night in some date-tree, now stood sunning its wings upon the green bank, or floated, like living silver, over the flood. The flowers, too, both of land and water, looked freshly awakened;—and most of all, the superb lotus, which had risen with the sun from the wave, and was now holding up her chalice for a full draught of his light.

'Such were the scenes that now passed before my eyes, and mingled with the reveries that floated through my mind, as our boat, with its high, capacious sail, swept over the flood. Though the occurrences of the last few days appeared to me one series of wonders, yet by far the most miraculous wonder of all was, that she, whose first look had sent wild-fire into my heart,—whom I had thought of ever since with a restlessness of passion, that would have dared any thing on earth to obtain its object,—was now sleeping sacredly in that small pavilion, while guarding her, even from myself, I lay calmly at its threshhold.

'Meanwhile, the sun had reached his meridian. The busy hum of the morning had died gradually away, and all around was sleeping in the hot stillness of noon. The Nile-goose, folding her splendid wings, was lying motionless on the shadow of the sycamores in the water. Even the nimble lizards upon the bank seemed to move more languidly, as the light fell upon their gold and azure hues. Overcome as I was with watching, and weary with thought, it was not long before I yielded to the becalming influence of the hour. Looking fixedly at the pavilion,—as if once more to assure my senses, that I was not already in a dream, but that the young Egyptian was really there,—I felt my eyes close as I looked, and in a few minutes sunk into a profound sleep.'—pp. 142—146.

The Epicurean did not of course lose the many seasonable opportunities, which this voyage afforded him, of recommending himself to Alethe. She was not insensible to his attentions; but her mind, which, like her person, is represented to be a model of purity, is bent on higher objects. After some days' sailing, they discover the mountain on which the hermit, of whom she is in search, resides, and here she tells our Epicurean that she must part from him for ever. This, however, was the very last thing in the world that he could think of doing; and he resolves, on the spot, to become a Christian. Had she been a Mahometan, he would with equal facility have assumed the Crescent.

The narrative of the voyage forms the most interesting part of the tale, if we except the catastrophe, which is managed with admirable taste. After discovering the hermit, Alethe and Alciphron are for a while separated by the prudence of the holy man. The conversion of the Greek is a work that takes some time, and enables the author to express many excellent sentiments concerning the religion of the early Christians, as well as to describe their manners, and the means which they were obliged to adopt, in order to elude their persecutors. As to Alciphron, it is pretty clear, that if Alethe had not been a Christian, he would never have turned his thoughts that way. He finds great difficulty in bowing down his mind to the reception of the sublime and chastening precepts which he found in the sacred volume; and much of his conviction is, at first, but mere pretence, in order to qualify himself to become the husband of Alethe. Unfortunately for the story of his love, soon after they are affianced, a new edict against the *Christians* arrives at the neighbouring city of Antinoe, from Valerian, and the first victims of its cruelty are the hermit and Alethe.

In describing the martyrdom of the latter, a common writer would have introduced an abundance of racks and wheels, and he would have shocked every sense with the cries which he would have elicited from the tortured sufferer. The reader will mark how gracefully Mr. Moore treats this very difficult part of his subject. It is necessary to premise, that the high priest had given orders 'that there should be tied round her brow, one of those chaplets of coral, with which it is the custom of young Christian maidens to array themselves on the day of their martyrdom,' and that the day before she was to suffer, Alciphron was admitted by a friendly tribune, to see her.

'She was half reclining, with her face hid in her hands, upon a couch—at the foot of which stood an idol, over whose hideous features a lamp of naptha, hanging from the ceiling, shed a wild and ghastly glare. On a table before the image stood a censer, with a small vessel of incense beside it—one grain of which, thrown voluntarily into the flame, would, even now, save that precious life. So strange, so fearful was the whole scene, that I almost doubted its reality. Alethe! my own, happy Alethe! *can* it, I thought, be thou that I look upon?

'She now, slowly and with difficulty, raised her head from the couch; on observing which, the kind Tribune withdrew, and we were left alone. There was a paleness, as of death, over her features; and those eyes, which when last I saw them, were but too bright, too happy for this world, looked dim and sunken. In raising herself up, she put her hand, as if from pain, to her forehead, whose marble hue but appeared more death-like from those red bands that lay so awfully across it.

'After wandering vaguely for a minute, her eyes rested upon me—and, with a shriek, half terror, half joy, she sprang from the couch, and sunk upon her knees by my side. She had believed me dead; and, even now, scarcely trusted her senses. "My husband! my love!" she exclaimed; "oh, if thou come to call me from this world, behold I am ready!" In saying thus, she pointed wildly to that ominous wreath, and then dropped her head down upon my knee, as if an arrow had pierced it.

'"Alethe!"—I cried, terrified to the very soul by that mysterious pang—and the sound of my voice seemed to reanimate her; she looked up, with a faint smile, in my face. Her thoughts, which had evidently been wandering, became collected; and in her joy at my safety, her sorrow at my suffering, she forgot wholly the fate that impended over herself. Love, innocent love, alone occupied all her thoughts; and the tenderness with which she spoke—oh, at any other moment, how I would have listened, have lingered upon, have blessed every word!

'But the time flew fast—the dreadful morrow was approaching. Already I saw her writhing in the hands of the torturer—the flames, the racks, the wheels were before my eyes! Half frantic with the fear that her resolution was fixed, I flung myself from the litter, in an agony of weeping, and supplicated her, by the love she bore me, by the happiness that awaited us, by her own merciful God, who was too good to require such a sacrifice—by all that the most passionate anxiety could dictate, I implored that she would avert from us the doom that was coming, and—but for once—comply with the vain ceremony demanded of her.

'Shrinking from me, as I spoke—but with a look more of sorrow than reproach—"What, thou, too!" she said mournfully—"thou, into whose spirit I had fondly hoped the same heavenly truth had descended as into my own! Oh! be not thou leagued with those, who would tempt me to make shipwreck of my faith! Thou, who couldst alone bind me to life, use not thy power; but let me die, as He I serve hath commanded—die for the truth! Remember the holy lessons we heard on those nights, those happy nights! when both the Present and Future smiled upon us—when even the gift of eternal life came more welcome to my soul, from the blessed conviction that thou wert to be a sharer in it; shall I forfeit now that divine privilege? shall I deny the true God, whom we then learned to love?

'"No, my own betrothed," she continued—pointing to the two rings on her finger—"behold these pledges—they are both sacred. I should have been as true to thee as I am now to heaven—nor in that life to which I am hastening shall our love be forgotten. Should the baptism of fire, through which I shall pass to-morrow, make me worthy to be heard before the Throne of Grace, I will intercede for thy soul—I will pray that it may yet share with mine that 'inheritance, immortal, and undefiled,' which Mercy offers, and that thou—my dear mother—and I—"

She here dropped her voice; the momentary animation, with which devotion and affection had inspired her, vanished; and a darkness overspread all her features, a livid darkness—like the coming of death—that made me shudder through every limb. Seizing my hand convulsively, and looking at me with a fearful eagerness, as if anxious to hear some consoling assurance from my own lips—"Believe me," she continued, "not all the torments they are preparing for me—not even this deep, burning pain in my brow, which they will hardly equal—could be half so dreadful to me, as the thought that I leave thee—"

'Here, her voice again failed; her head sunk upon my arm, and—merciful God, let me forget what I then felt—I saw that she was dying! Whether I uttered any cry, I know not; but the Tribune came rushing into the chamber, and, looking on the maiden, said, with a face full of horror, "It is but too true!"

'He then told me in a low voice, what he had just learned from the guardian of the prison, that the band round the young Christian's brow was—oh horrible cruelty!—a compound of the most deadly poison—the hellish invention of Orcus, to satiate his vengeance, and make the fate of his poor victim secure. My first movement was to untie that fatal wreath—but it would not come away—it would not come away!

'Roused by the pain, she again looked in my face; but, unable to speak, took hastily from her bosom the small silver cross which she had brought with her from my cave. Having pressed it to her own lips, she held it anxiously to mine, and seeing me kiss the holy symbol with fervour, looked happy, and smiled. The agony of death seemed to have passed away; there came suddenly over her features a heavenly light, some share of which I felt descending into my own soul, and, in a few minutes more, she expired in my arms.'—pp. 300—306.

It is added, of Alciphron, that immediately upon the death of *Alethe, he betook* himself to the desert, and lived a life of much *holiness and* penitence, which he terminated at an advanced age, in

the brass mines of Palestine, having been condemned to labour there, for refusing to comply with an Imperial edict.

Such is the tale of 'The Epicurean.' We confess that we found great pleasure in reading it, and that it has, if possible, raised the author in our estimation. But at the same time, we are inclined to apprehend, that this will be one of the least popular of Mr. Moore's works. It will not do for the circulating libraries; it is any thing but a tale for the multitude.

ART. VII. *The History of Ireland.* By John O'Driscol. In 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s.* London: Longman & Co. 1827.

MR. O'DRISCOL's work is an attempt to supply a great want—namely, an accurate and philosophical history of Ireland. The annals of that country, composed with a view to nothing but the only valuable subject of historical narrative—the influence of creeds and institutions and laws upon the happiness of men—would, especially at present, be a book of infinite importance. We cannot say that Mr. O'Driscol has quite attained the almost ideal model of history which we have just mentioned. He does not think sufficiently deeply; he often dwells at too great length on subjects of minor importance; and he is so far from assigning their due proportions to the several events and periods, as to cover one half of his whole work with little more than the military details of that short—though certainly important contest—which was ended by the treaty of Limerick. Yet Mr. O'Driscol has great accomplishments—for an Irish historian, *most rare*;—unvarying fidelity, good sense, temper, moderation, and benevolence. It would be happy for Ireland, if she had more such spirits—and well for England, if she could be induced to encourage and admire more such writers.

Mr. O'Driscol has the very peculiar merit of seeing, that while every century of the past history of his native land is a record of foreign oppression—it will yet be the most favourable destiny for Ireland, not to stir up and cherish her indignation, or to gnaw at the bonds which unite the islands; but to endeavour to seduce England into wisdom—and, by assisting to spread good feeling and good sense over the turbulent domain of politics, to hasten and mature that consummation, which will end at once the shame of the one country, and the sorrow of the other.

There are various specks in the minutiæ of Mr. O'Driscol's work—such as his supremely absurd expression, that some of the Catholic priests, who had changed their religion in the reign of Edward VI., 'had unfortunately carried their convictions into the bosom of beauty, and had taken wives!'—and his mention, under the reign of Elizabeth, of 'Sir William Russell, son of the Duke of Bedford,' at a time when there certainly was no

duke of that name. Such matters as these, however, even if there were more of them, weigh as nothing in the balance, against his lucid and impressive view of the mode in which the whole system of Irish government tended, for centuries, to make the disaffection of the people an object of desire to the rulers, and to produce by universal discontent, a succession of pretexts for universal confiscation. The manner in which he has developed the operation, and traced into all its refinements, the complex influence exercised by the conflict, or the conspiracy, of different interests and factions at different times, is deserving of the most unqualified admiration.

It is unnecessary to deny, that when the first English adventurer set foot in Ireland, that country could lay claim to no high degree of civilization. It was certainly not then governed by lords of the bed-chamber—it probably contained no loquacious and well-paid secretaries—it did not enjoy a single tithe-proctor—it was not adorned by one clerical magistrate. It may be allowed, that instead of these glories—it at that time displayed exactly the amount of evils and of blessings, which necessarily attend upon a semi-barbarous state of society;—and it is impossible to doubt, that had it been left without the benefits and the honours of English connexion, the struggling atoms would, in the course of ages, have formed themselves into order and quiet—and that Ireland would have presented the spectacle, which has been exhibited in our own country, of a people gradually emerging into light, taming its exuberant energies, and building up the fabric of its knowledge—till we can exult in the certain progress of science and of virtue,—and behold in each succeeding age, but the womb of a brighter and more extensive prospect. But this was not destined for Ireland:—and the bands which transported thither the terror of more disciplined arms, and the shew of more mature civilization, carried with them the germs of as great and as lasting misery as nation ever inflicted upon nation. The success of a campaign has been fertile in the crimes of centuries—and the attempt of a reckless and profligate adventurer has given birth to the uninterrupted suffering of Ireland, and the eternal disgrace of England.

The first effects of English influence were ominous of what was to be its future character—and a people who, among the nations of those dark and violent ages, had been previously remarkable for their piety and their learning, were subjected to the payment of tithe by the mandate of a foreign invader. But this was a small and contemptible portion of the evil which was inflicted on Ireland by the usurpation of Henry, for then began that system, which divided the population into the hostile portions of an English and Irish interest, and doomed the one to be always the slave, while it destined the other to be invariably the oppressor; which made the *perpetuity* of English supremacy, rather than of Irish happiness, *the sole object* of the government; and which bound the one country

to the other, as the Titan was chained to his rock, only that it might be subjected to a hopeless eternity of suffering.

It would be vain to enter upon the task of enumerating all the particulars in the catalogue of that country's miseries :—every page is but a transcript of the preceding; and we find recorded in each alike, encroachments without a pretext, and butcheries without an object. We shudder at the spectacle of a whole kingdom made desolate by a band of adventurers, who when strong, were uniformly cruel, and when weak, were uniformly treacherous. Suffice it to say, that the outrages which then filled the island with horror, were not the casual excesses, and bloody quarrels of rude and barbarous neighbours—but they were the offspring and fulfilment of solemn laws, whereby the forms and sanctions of justice were profaned into the attributes of wrong. The enactments, which regulated the conduct of the English settlers towards the Irish, wore, during four centuries, the shape which has so often been assumed by the subsequent acts of the same legislature—the shape of legalised anarchy. So shameless were these iniquities, that the smallest fine, and that in many cases eluded, was the maximum of punishment which followed the murder of an Irishman :—and this, too, in a country to which England, weary of their atrocities, constantly drove away the offscourings of her population :—whither resorted for plunder and for license—as to an outlet for their crimes, or a refuge for their infamy—the tyrannous baron—the reckless and hardened soldier of fortune—the exhausted spendthrift—the detected knave—the pardoned felon—whatever of most base and remorseless could be generated in a land, itself fertile in civil wars, and overrun by all the evils, the inevitable produce of bad government. To the conduct of these wretches, who could scarcely have been restrained by the strongest laws, there were not opposed the penalties of even the weakest. The only protection for the property of the Irishman, was the conscience of habitual robbers—the only check to the thirst for his blood, was the satiety which sometimes follows on unstinted enjoyment. The plunder of churches—the burning of houses—the slavery of those who could only yield—the massacre of all who resisted—and still more horrible outrages exercised, without fear or shame, on the timidity and modesty of women—were the daily recreations of those, from whom alone Ireland could learn the national character of England.

It is singular to observe, over how small a portion of the whole surface of the country, the efficient dominion of England extended, down, at least, to the time of Henry VIII. During those ages, there was no regular jurisdiction exercised by the English authorities, except within twenty miles from Dublin, and in two or three towns upon the coast. The government was utterly impotent for enforcing order and security; but there were no bounds to its power of persecuting and plundering the whole people of Ireland, by its own direct interference, and still more, by the forays and

outrages of the adventurers whom it encouraged. The entire island was parcelled out, under the dominion of various forms of misgovernment—ignorant and barbarous septs, paying almost unlimited obedience to their chieftains, were perpetually at war with each other, and with the English marauders. Whenever the more vigorous tyranny of some new deputy, or the more daring brutality of an augmented army, made endurance no longer possible, they rushed headlong into war, without concert or discipline; and slaughter, famine and confiscation, were the only peace-makers interposed by the English ascendancy.

Yet the natives, with a faith in the justice of the government, equally astonishing and pitiable, addressed to it a petition in the reign of Edward I., not, indeed, for the compensation of their injuries, or the punishment of their oppressors—this, they well knew, would be considered far too bold a pitch of insolence on the part of the Irish enemy; but they ventured humbly and submissively to implore, that they might be allowed to purchase from the sovereign, at a large price (8000 marks), the protection of the English laws. But, no; *the English interest*, which then served all the purpose of that other sounding jargon—*the Protestant interest*—the interest of the settlers of the pale, was opposed to this vast and dangerous concession. The petition of the Irish was rejected. A rebellion followed—and is there a human being who will dare to confess, that in the same circumstances he would not rebel! Again—in the reign of Edward III., a similar petition was offered: it was again rejected, and again a rebellion followed. More than this—in this very reign, during which the Irish summed up their desires by the one request for equal laws—a request, the fulfilment of which, five hundred years have failed to obtain—in this very reign, it was solemnly decreed, that intermarriage with the Irish should be punished as high treason; and in order to guard against the chance of any amity arising between the hostile races in after generations, the giving children to be fostered by the natives, was loaded with the same penalties. Religion also began, even then, to be turned into the means and food for hatred; and the receiving an Irishman into a monastery, was declared to be an act of the deepest criminality.

At the same time, the country was oppressed by all those evils, which the historian often disdains to record, which he often has no means of measuring, but which add enormously to the amount of human misery,—the silent but perpetual evils necessarily arising from irresponsible government—the obliquities of selfish power entering into all the details of life—the unheard complaints of the humble—the purchased impunity of the wealthy—the fearless insolence of the strong—and the determination of each new satrap to gorge new hordes of minions. Such was the mode of government, in which all those materials of sorrow that the fierceness of worldly interests, and the unshackled dominion of corrupted pas-

sions can supply, were accumulated into a regular system, and wielded against this unhappy people, with irresistible power and unflinching cruelty. There, as in all other countries during those ages, the monastic institutions are the only spots of verdure and tranquillity, in which the eye can find refreshment. In Ireland they were numerous, wealthy, and respected: and while every man, to whom religion is a source of thought and feeling, will regard with a deeper sentiment than simple approbation, these retreats of untempted penitence and undisturbed repose, the mere politician must give his applause to establishments which, in ages of the wildest license, furnished safeguards for the lives of men, and security for their properties; and which were almost the only instruments of subduing to human convenience the wilderness, the morass, and the blasted stage of warfare. But these institutions were too tempting a prey for royal bigotry and aristocratical rapine, to be permitted to survive that revolution in the church, which was begun in the reign of Henry.

The Reformation brought into the armoury of politics, a principle of still greater power for good and for evil, than any which had previously operated in Ireland. That principle was religion. This, the subject of all others on which men feel the most strongly—the one through which opinion may most readily be aggravated into passion, and passion be kindled into strife;—this, under the influence of which, the feelings that are at one moment the purest and the gentlest of our nature, may be changed at the next into all that is brutal, malignant, and remorseless;—this was greedily adopted by the English ascendancy, as a pretext for the continuation of Irish misery.

No sooner had the triumph of the reformed religion been secured in England, than it was attempted to introduce it into Ireland; heralded by those teachers of peace and goodwill—soldiers and executioners, and polemical bishops; and adorned by those glorious attributes—the sword, the altar, and the torch. The experiment did not succeed. The Irish preferred a faith, the only inheritance from their fathers, of which English oppression could not despoil them;—a faith which had been the only consolation of their race, through ages of unvaried misery; they preferred this to a mode of religion, of which they only knew, that the mildness of its tenets was proved by the cruelties of the tyrants who enforced it—and the truth of its inspiration demonstrated, by the contempt of its preachers for the commands of its benevolent author. Religious persecution hurried the Irish into rebellion; but on the suppression of the revolt, its leaders, finding that success was hopeless, readily conformed themselves to the creed of their conquerors, and sold their ancient faith for favours and titles, for the privilege of fawning in an ante-chamber, or of asserting their servility at the council-board. *The people* still clung to their hereditary altars, with a *proud and uncompromising* fidelity; but at the same time that they

were subjected to the heaviest grievances on account of their religion, a body of them displayed the desperate venom of popish disloyalty, by fighting with headlong valour under the standard of Henry. It is singular also, that in this reign, a measure was practised, which, repeated in another century, and combated by the pen of Swift, excited the earliest burst of national feeling, in which Catholics and Protestants united their indignation and their efforts. The government of Henry furnished a precedent for Wood's coinage, and caused base money to be struck in Ireland, which was forced into circulation at a high value.

Though the Irish did not become Protestants in the reign of Henry or Edward, they taught Protestants a lesson, and gave them an example, in the reign of Mary, by which we have unfortunately refused to profit, and which every Englishman must blush in referring to. In that reign, while Mary was persecuting and burning those whom she considered heretics, under laws which had been passed by her Protestant predecessors, for the purpose of persecuting and burning Roman Catholics; in that very reign, the Catholics of Ireland never molested, in the slightest degree, the members of the reformed church; and the Protestants of England fled for refuge from English intolerance, to the protection of Irish Papists.

To the reign of Elizabeth, there clings so much of delightful recollection in the heart of every Englishman, that the dim atmosphere of antiquity, which surrounds its names and monuments, seems to take a tinge of brightness from the delusive splendours of its warlike story, and from the more permanent renown of its varied and brilliant literature. The traces which her dominion has left in Ireland, are those of grief and horror: to the eye of an Irishman, her diadem is foul with blood—and the rod of her empire is wreathed with serpents. The years of her protracted reign were but one long rebellion in Ireland. The natives were driven into war by religious persecution, and they were kept at war by the threat of utter extermination. The ravages of our commanders brought on universal famine, till at length, instead of the green and teeming soil of Ireland, the triumphant march of English ascendancy, trod only on the ashes of ruined towns and wasted corn fields; and the air which waved its standards, was corrupted by the stench of human carcases. Even on the darkness of this scene, there were still darker blots. Though the bigot may rejoice in the fierceness of his polemical rancour, the wise and the good will sigh to remember, that deliberate assassination were the perpetual resources of the government; that when an Irish garrison had surrendered upon mercy, the eloquent, the romantic, the generous Raleigh, polluted the splendour of his chivalrous sword, in the massacre of seven hundred defenceless prisoners: that in the midst of all this, while the authors of these atrocities *rode forth*, in the pride of victory, from side to side of a desolated *land*, and trampled down the feeble relics of hostility; and while

e plague-struck survivors of a famished population were preying on the corpses of their brethren, the counsellors of Elizabeth rote down, as if for our instruction, the deliberate record—"we ill perpetuate the wretchedness of Ireland, because, if the country ere prosperous, such are its natural advantages, that it would be le to vindicate its independence." Thus were the very blessings nature, which might have secured the happiness of a whole peo-e, made pretexts for the continance of their misery.

The successor of Elizabeth, who seems to have been the most rned, and was, perhaps, though this is far more difficult to de-rmine, the least wise of English kings; weak at home, and ridi-lous abroad; a coward by nature, and a bully from circum-nces; a pedant among courtiers, and a tyrant over scholars; perious to his parliament, and servile to his favourites; pursued, th all the frenzy of imbecility, the inglorious path which had en made easy by the use of centuries. Irish history is thickly uminated by James with those brilliant pictures, of which we ve already glanced at so many: the banishment of all the Catho-priests; compulsory attendance on Protestant worship; an ormous confiscation of property, in many cases, without the ghtest pretext of guilt of any kind; and the outrages of martial w, in the midst of unresisting subjection. Among other memo-ls of the condition of Ireland in this reign, we have the advan-ge of referring to a report made by Royal Commissioners, as to e license exercised by the soldiers towards the people; and it is ted in that document, that the most shameful exactions (all of em minutely detailed), were habitually perpetrated, without the ghtest interference of the government, except to aggravate the il.

Among the busy and bloody annals of the elder Charles, among the evils which he brought on England, and the ten times multi-ied sorrows which he inflicted upon Ireland, through the instru-ents of his treachery, his folly, and his revenge, the dark shadow of rafford stalks with a terrible superiority—and we feel that shud-ring horror which we might experience in the presence of an evil irit, when we read of the steady, remorseless, and seemingly omni-tent superiority, with which he continually pressed on, with a hun-ed varieties of machinery, to some corrupt or violent consumma-n. That contracted brow, and iron glance, and form bent towards e earth, as if he were looking for ministers of his guilt to start up neath his footsteps—these still live in the memory of the Irish ople. After his removal from his supremacy, though no one of ual abilities was found to occupy the same bad eminence, yet ere was still at the head of affairs enough of sordid and selfish nning, to work out the completion of his designs, and even to gment them with new enormities. When, during what is com-only called the Rebellion of 1641, almost the whole Irish nation is *in arms under an oath* of association, drawn up at Kilkenny,

when its commissioners had presented to Charles proposals t
most reasonable and moderate, to many of which, the assent
subsequent governments has been wrung or purchased, the wish
of the people were defeated by the deceitful negociations of Ormon
and the faithless irresolution of the king.

From the effects of the commonwealth upon Ireland, we mig
almost incline to believe, that be the government of England wh
it may, let it fluctuate as it will from despotism to democracy, it
destined to be for ever the engine of the same dark doom, whi
decrees that England shall always be oppressive, and Ireland alwa
wretched. As the tyranny of Charles and his officers drove t
Irish to an insurrection, which was fostered by his treachery,
Cromwell, who, though he betrayed the happiness of Englan
was on the whole, a better sovereign than any she had know
before him—displayed in Ireland, a perfect consistency of crim
and has left behind him there, a record of uniform infamy. I
renewed the system of confiscation, slaughtered the garrisons
Drogheda and Wexford, after having being admitted on promise
quarter, and then gave God thanks for his mercy: and he sent befo
his army the menace, that every native should be butchered,
whatever sex or age, who was found beyond the limits of Connaugh
The result of this system was, that a people, whom centuries
misery had still left numerous, were almost extirpated by the v
gorous genius of one consummate destroyer. At the return
Charles II., the wisdom of our ancestors gave the sanction of
legitimate tyranny to the cruelties of Cromwell, and ratified th
spoliation of those Catholics who had fought against him. So th
the bravest and the most persevering supporters of the monarchy
were punished at the restoration of the Stuarts for having oppose
the regicide army.

It is painful and disgusting to pursue this cloudy pillar of mi
government, and wade through the carnage of centuries; yet the
are a few more points in the history of Ireland, which imperiously
demand our attention. On the attempt of James to give to th
Catholics that share in the government of their country, to whic
they were fairly entitled, the Protestants, with heroic indignatio
at the prospect of losing their great political monopoly, concerte
measures for a rebellion. This rebellion soon broke out—and wh
aided by an army of English, Dutch, and Danes, was unfortunatel
successful. Yet, for a short time before the submission of th
island to William, there was a hope of that consummation, whic
at a period when religious intolerance ran so high, could alone hav
secured the happiness of Ireland—the separation, namely, of th
two countries. This hope was blasted by the treaty of Limerick
which secured to the Catholics, perfect religious equality, and fre
admission to parliament—and how was the treaty kept? To decid
upon this matter, we need discuss no points of speculative differenc
between the sects, we need appeal to no abstruse principles, w

need not seek for judges in the retreats of learned casuistry or in the tribunals of doubtful law. No—go to the illiterate peasant, or the untamed wanderer of the wilderness, and tell him, that a great people made a solemn contract with a hostile nation, which thereupon rendered up its arms, and submitted itself to the laws of its enemy—that this treaty was instantly violated, and those who had insisted on its stipulations were reduced to be the serfs of those who had agreed to it—that years and generations rolled away, and still the complaints of the oppressed people were despised, and all this in the name of religion and for the glory of God:—tell these things, not to the jurist or the statesman, not to the philosopher or the Christian; but tell them to the hunter of the American forest, or to the Arab of the desert; and, appealing to the simple rule of right, which, no instructed reason, no revealed morality has taught him, the brow of the savage will grow dark at the story, his pulse will throb, his face will be flushed with indignation, and his hand will clutch the dagger, as the only vindicator of wrongs so outrageous.

Shortly after the first infraction of a treaty, which has never up to this moment been fulfilled, the penal code was established. There is not we hope an educated gentleman unacquainted with the nature of that system. In the celebration of our triumph at the superior wisdom and liberality which have marked the institutions of this country, an Irish Catholic might fill the place of the slave who stood behind the conqueror in the ancient solemnity, and dash the exultation of national pride by the name of the penal code;—a code, of the existence of which it would be as much for the honour of England to destroy the slightest record, as it would be for the advantage of Ireland, if we could efface all vestige of its disgusting and horrible influence;—a code, by which, among innumerable other enormities, the hypocrisy of the son made him master of the property of the father. By another act, of similar spirit, the whole burthen of tithe was thrown upon the Roman Catholic peasantry, while the pastures of the wealthy proprietors, who were almost uniformly Protestants, were exempted from contributing to the maintenance of the Protestant clergy. Even these measures were not the utmost pitch of oppression to which the inventive genius of the Protestant ascendancy could soar: for in the reign of George II., Primate Boulter, who had something more of political zeal than of Christian charity, procured an act which, at one blow, deprived of his right of suffrage every Catholic elector in the kingdom. While the Catholics were in this condition, excluded from every station of emolument or honour, and forbidden even to acquire property, the interior of the government of Ireland contained a system of audacious corruption, which has seldom been equalled even in England, and which could never take place, except among virtual representatives. The members of the Irish parliament were, no doubt, men of respectable station, persons well received in society, who would have attempted to shoot any one that dared to call in question their

honour. But they were, also, men without a spark of principle, without a tinge of shame; and who, with the name of religion perpetually in their mouths as a pretext for trampling on the Catholics, yet exhibited so disgusting an inconsistency of character, that they were at once profligates and bigots. But while, in that precious assembly, the Irish parliament, the pretence of virtue was ridiculous, and an honest man was gazed at as a miracle of folly, it was really powerful only for evil; and while it insulted, oppressed, and impoverished the country, the English government in reality exercised all efficient authority. The hideous mask only concealed features still more horrible. There was a demon within the serpent. And how did this country govern? It did not put forth even the pretence of ruling Ireland for the benefit of the Irishman: the Catholics were openly misgoverned for the benefit of the Protestants, and Ireland was as openly misgoverned for the benefit of England. Whenever any branch of Irish commerce or Irish manufactures, came at all into competition with the merchandize or manufactures of England, the English "commercial interest" boldly presented petitions, in which it was taken for granted, that Ireland was only to be held for our advantage; and the obnoxious channel for employing its skill and capital, was instantly shut upon the wretched and famished population. There is a memorable instance of this supplied to us from the reign of William, when parliament declared the exportation of woollens from Ireland to be highly penal.

In the reign of George II., the impolitic oppressions of the English ascendancy had reduced the people to extreme misery,—the mass of the nation were suffering from all the evils of scarcity, and shuddered on the verge of absolute famine. These things went on, year after year, till the peasantry were goaded into violence; but the frenzies of their despair, were uniformly attributed to the malignity of their religion: and when, in the reign of George III., a committee was appointed in the Irish House of Commons to report upon these disturbances, and a proposal was made that it should also be directed to examine into the causes of the outrages, such was the fear of the aristocracy lest the truth should become notorious, that the motion was rejected by an immense majority of voices. But when the rebellion of the North American colonies had startled the repose of power, as it lay fattening on corruption in the darkness of its den;—when the clang of battle, and the shout of a nation in arms for their independence, burst over the Atlantic to Europe; the glorious sounds were answered from the shores of Ireland, by the voices of an awakened people, and above them all were heard, the thrilling appeals of Grattan, in the eloquence of a most righteous indignation. After six centuries of servitude, Ireland was again a nation.

The new position which had been assumed by the Irish people, immediately produced a powerful effect on the resolution of England *with* regard to commercial restriction. For the government of

this country has sometimes granted Ireland much from terror—but never any thing from justice or benevolence: and those measures for breaking up the English mercantile monopoly, which had been opposed year after year by legions of petitions from the people, and contemptuous refusals from the ministers, were now yielded of necessity, to the bold demands of the Irish volunteers. But still much was to be done: Ireland still wanted securities for good government—it still wanted the blessings of religious equality. It had not yet effaced the vestiges of its penal code; it had not yet established the responsibility of the legislature to the people. The tottering mass of evil institutions; the barbarous establishments of aristocracy, still encumbered and overshadowed the soil. Their strength, however, departed from them every hour; and the new-found energies of the people must speedily have hurled to earth the weight that so long had crushed them. But the government of England had too much at stake in the permanence of Irish misrule, and by a mixture of perfidy and cruelty, almost without example, it drove the country into rebellion.

Then came again that scene of rapine and butchery, which has so often desolated Ireland. The legions of England, and the Orangemen, whose enormities those legions protected, burnt the cabins of the peasantry, and tortured the miserable inhabitants, till from shore to shore of the island there was one wide arena of famine and of war, of flame and massacre. After we had accumulated against ourselves the record of a tremendous amount of suffering, the rebellion was extinguished; and then followed, in no long period, the shame and the guilt of our crowning iniquity. Then, by the exertions of the governments both of England and of Ireland,—by all the secret influence of the crown, and all the open power of the aristocracy,—by intimidating the weakness of some, and by acting on the corruption of others,—by the clamours of every menial of power,—by largesses which ought never to have been given, and promises which ought long ago to have been performed,—the Irish parliament was at once bribed and bullied into the surrender of its country's independence. From a nation, that could have been stopped by no external authority in working out her own happiness, Ireland became an oppressed and degraded province, in which every effort for the improvement of her own condition is punished as rebellion against a foreign supremacy. The race whom seven centuries ago we found barbarous, we have left barbarous until now: we found them ignorant, and ignorant we have kept them: we found them turbulent, and turbulent they remain; but we did not find them what they are—the victims of religious intolerance; the helots of foreign tyranny; the most miserable people of Europe.

When we consider the circumstances in which this state of things has arisen, there is abundant cause for the astonishment of the *crowd, and the inquiry* of the reflecting. For Ireland is not

a country branded with the curse of heaven. Its sky is not the home of the tempest—nor a vault of eternal cloud—nor a parching atmosphere of fire. Its soil is not as iron to the husbandman, and no vapours of death brood upon its verdure. We gaze from its mountains over a land of beauty and fertility; and when we trace its shore, from the channel to the Atlantic, and from its northern crags to the disastrous spot where the first English invader reared his standard, we measure out as choice a portion of this goodly world as ever repaid the labour, or cheered the eye of man. Neither is it in the character of Irishmen that we are to look for the causes of Irish misery; they are laborious when labour will procure subsistence, and persevering when perseverance is not hopeless.

And what if, among the manifestations of these qualities, of a generosity which knows no bounds, of a courage which recoils from no obstacle, of an enthusiasm which, though sometimes erroneous in its object, yet is always pure in its motive,—of fancy and feeling alike admirable and amiable; what if, in the aspect of the national character, we may find vestiges of those tremendous convulsions which have so long agitated the people? A wretched peasantry may be made suspicious by the habit of enduring, and treacherous in the attempt to elude oppression; or they may sometimes be maddened by injustice, till they condense into one moment of fury the accumulated vengeance of ages. They may be creatures of impulse, because they have never been taught to act upon principle, and are victims of all that is unfavourable in circumstances; they may be superstitious, because they are ignorant; they may be improvident, because they have nothing to hope for; they may be discontented, for with them contentment is despair; they may be brutal, for we have treated them as brutes. But these things no more belong to their nature, than the bruises of his chains to the captive, or the traces of the lash to the slave.

But we turn from this, to a picture of brighter prospects. We hope much from the improvement of public opinion; above all, the recent changes in the government, seem to warrant us in calculating on the expectation that justice will, at length, be done to Ireland. There are, at present, two great sources of evil in that country—civil misgovernment, and religious disputes. The various *forms* in which the peasantry pay away the produce of their labours, have been made instruments of the most grievous and general misery. We do not now speak of the actual want of necessaries which results from their poverty. This proceeds from the growth of a population, whose increase is opposed by no moral restraint;—and from the want of capital, which is kept out of the country by the perpetual turbulence of the poorest orders, and the fearful insecurity of property. But the mere external *modes* of levying money from the people—the processes by which every thing is wrung *from them* beyond a bare subsistence, have become irresistible *engines for* the tyranny of the more powerful classes. The cess—

the tithe—the rent—each has been uniformly employed to make and to keep the mass of the population the unresisting serfs of an aristocracy. In the memorable words of Lord Redesdale, "there is in Ireland one law for the rich, and another for the poor." And this has gone on so long, and has so lately begun to be remedied, that the people have the habit of looking at the laws as a system and code of tyranny. They see in them, not the rules of war to which both they and their enemies must conform; but the plan of operations agreed upon by their oppressors. They have no confidence in the administration of justice, and we have taken care that they should have none. For those on whom alone they are likely to rely for protection—the educated and wealthy of their own faith, have been till very lately debarred from the office of magistrate*, and are still excluded from the honours of the judicial bench. It has been, till the administration of the present viceroy, the unvarying system of Irish government to depress and discountenance the Catholics; to support the Protestant interest, by giving its members an absolute monopoly of privilege, authority, and place; to heap all distinction and all wealth, on the heads of an engrossing and encroaching oligarchy, and to deny to the people the use of the scales, while it waved over their heads the reeking sword of justice. We have been instructing them for three centuries, to feel themselves an inferior caste;—and it will not now be sufficient to say to them—unlearn the bitter lesson we have taught you, without, at the same time, doing away for ever with that machinery of pain and disgrace, which is still darkening their hearts, and weighing down their spirits. It is a cruel mockery to say to the slave that he is free, while you are brandishing the whip, and riveting the gyves and the collar.

But while the Catholics have been thus chained by our laws to the consciousness, that they are outcasts from the advantages of civil equality—the degraded step-children of the constitution—a new peculiarity has been added to their circumstances, by the recent determination to convert them. It is worth while to consider for a moment, how singular in every respect is this attempt. We have, in Ireland, a government of one religion, and a people of another. The people have been clamouring for years to be admitted to an equality with their Protestant brethren, as framers and ministers of the laws. The Irish aristocracy say, no—we will not grant your desire, but we will change your opinions—and so, under the shadow of 25,000 bayonets, the missionaries of the reformed faith go forth on their errand of converting a famished and discontented nation! Of the motives of the zealous Protestants

* The administration of Lord Wellesley, has done much towards making a due proportion of Catholics justices of the peace. The recent rejection of Sir Patrick Bellew, will be an indelible blot on the fame of Lord Manners.

engaged in this great task, we desire to speak with nothing but the most sincere respect. Yet we much fear, that they have not well weighed the delicacy of addressing the people of Ireland on the subject of religion, that they have not much considered, how deep will be their guilt if they do, what it will be so hard to abstain from doing—if they hold out to their audiences any the slightest inducement to a change of creed, beyond the mere preponderance of evidence. Till Catholic emancipation is carried, the attempt to proselytise Ireland can do nothing more than heap upon that unhappy country new subjects for angry feeling, and open up new fountains of bitterness.

Art. VIII. *Cécile, ou Les Passions.* Par M. Jouy, de l'Académie Française. 5 vols. 12mo. Paris: Chez l'Editeur. London: Treüttel & Wurtz. 1827.

This tale is a detestable production: but fortunately its immorality is, if possible, even yet more disgusting than licentious; for it consists in the complacent exhibition, not of ordinary profligacy, but of incest and blasphemy. The absurdity of the story, the utter want of interest and probability in the characters and fortunes of its actors, and the intolerable dullness of its miserable rhapsodies, all combine, with the loathsome depravity of the invention, to neutralise the tendency of the author's descriptions and sentiments. If the book, therefore, were the work of an anonymous or obscure individual, we should abstain altogether from polluting our pages with the explanation of its contents. We should cautiously avoid the possibility of directing public curiosity to so abominable a composition; and should be satisfied that, if silently left to its fate, it would possess no attraction, and rapidly pass into a desirable oblivion.

But our duty does not here leave us the option of silence: for Cécile is avowedly the offspring of one of the most popular French writers of the age. As the well-known "Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin," M. Jouy has acquired some reputation, by his lively and humorous caricatures of the Parisian manners and follies of the hour, and has had a whole tribe of imitators, French, German, and English *hermits*, among the small fry of ephemeral literature. He has hitherto contributed, without offence, to the purposes of public amusement; and his sketches, if not exactly favourable to the cause of morality, have never before positively sinned against it. Any work from his pen might hence unsuspiciously be admitted into the circles of families; and therefore it is, that we feel bound to expose the real character of the infamous performance before us, if only for the sake of cautioning every parent of daughters against admitting into his house, under the guise of a novel, so revolting a *farrago of* impurity.

The deliberate purpose with which M. Jouy has thus insulted all the decent feelings of society, is not the least remarkable evidence which these volumes betray of an imbecile judgment, as well as a corrupt heart and depraved fancy. Actuated by a degree of self conceit, which amounts almost to fatuity, he has produced this work with the serious and formal design of effecting a new revolution in the taste of the world for romantic literature! Having composed Cécile in letters, nearly a fourth part of his first volume is occupied with an introductory essay on the origin and progress of fiction, in which it is his object to prove, that the epistolary form is essential to the nature of the romance; and that the partiality of the times for the historical novel, is a vitiated caprice d'un goût dépravé. He then, in publishing this series of letters 'in opposition to the opinion of his age,' declares his conviction, that the reigning preference for 'scenes which are borrowed from the low melo-drama of the Boulevards,' must before long give way to 'the faithful picture of the movements of the human heart:'—contained, of course, in this delineation of *Les Passions!*

The mixture of false critcism and drivelling vanity in this introductory essay, sufficiently initiates us into the condition of M. Jouy's intellect. Perhaps so unnatural and cumbrous a machinery of fiction as the epistolatory never was invented. The ungraceful appearance of egotism which it entails upon the favourite personages of the story, the troublesome necessity of frequent repetition, the unavoidable interruptions which break the continuous flow of events, the awkward transfer of the narration from one writer to another, and the absurdity of supposing the whole business and minute details of life to be represented in an eternal interchange of letters:—all these inconveniences completely dissipate the illusions of fiction, and destroy that air of reality which is its principal charm. M. Jouy, however, insists that the author of a romance should never appear in his proper person, and that when a tale assumes this form of narrative, all semblance of truth disappears. But in fact, there is no such necessity for the obtrusion of the narrator: if his story be skilfully constructed, we lose him altogether in the interest which he excites by his subject; and our illusion is no more disturbed by his presence, than our belief in authentic history is affected, by the knowledge that we receive its details through the agency of the historian. In epistolary fiction, on the contrary, our credulity is unavoidably shocked at the commencement of every new letter; and we believe, that no person ever succeeded in toiling through half a volume of an epistolary novel, without being repeatedly and provokingly reminded of the defective construction of the vehicle of action.

M. Jouy endeavours to fortify his paradoxical theory, by the example and the success of Richardson: as if there were any thing in common, between the graceful purity of that writer's senti-

and the depravity of his own! But the charm of Richardson's novels—prolix and languid in the developement of incident, and tame and mawkish in the elaboration of feeling, as they frequently are—is chiefly in the pleasing delineation of virtuous principle; nor would it be easy in all his writings, to point to a single scene of highly wrought imagination, or spirit stirring excitement. A more negative illustration than is afforded by Richardson's works, of the convenience of epistolary fiction, could scarcely have been chosen.

But the scope and tendency of M. Jouy's precious essay on romance, is most creditably displayed in his eulogy of Rousseau's Heloise, which he proclaims to be 'une noble creation,' and in his insidious censure of the historical romance, which he declares to be 'an eminently false species of writing, which all the suppleness of the most varied talent can clothe only with frivolous charms!' The meaning of all this is very soon made to appear: the whole drift of this long and laboured preface, is only to depreciate the genius of Sir Walter Scott. Such is the pervading spirit of the following passage:

'The historical romance, since it must be called by its name, has not the merit of novelty. The mixture of fiction with real events, is one of the oldest inventions of the infancy of literature. The chroniclers, who, in their emphatic style, relate the prowess of Amadis de Gaul and the peers of Charlemagne, are in fact only historical romancers. All the romances of chivalry rest upon a foundation of truth: Scudéry, La Calprenède, and their school, are only imitators of archbishop Turpin. Mademoiselle de Lussan, also, amused herself during the seventeenth century in investing the court of Philip Augustus in romanesque costume. And lastly, if I wished to trace in all its branches, and analyse with precision the species of half historical, half imaginary composition which we are here considering, I could prove that the Abbé de Vertot, the Abbé de Saint Real, and Sarrazin, writers of the academy, and the inventors of fictitious details for the embellishment of real events, have infinitely more right to the title of the creators of the historical romance, than Madame de Genlis and Walter Scott.'

Madame de Genlis and Walter Scott! This sneering detractor, we suspect, is the first person who ever dreamt of reducing the masterly creations of the author of "Waverly" to such an equality and juxta-position with the flimsy common-place of the "Tales of the Castle."

'The historical romancer, abandoning to the historian all that is useful in his labours, pretends to select all that is pleasing in the recollections of history: he does not trouble himself with the lessons of the bye-gone time, he is contented to envelope himself in the illusions which he borrows from it. To paint costumes, describe armour, trace imaginary physiognomies; to lend to real heroes movements, words, and actions, the reality of which nothing can prove; such is his business. Instead of raising history *to its own level*, he degrades it to an equality with fiction; he forces the *veracious* muse to become the witness of falsehood; his talent can never

enable him to approach, except in an uncertain and scarcely probable manner, to the reality, such as we may imagine that it must have been.

'A writer has appeared, more distinguished for erudition than strength of thought; profoundly versed in the antiquities of Scotland, his country; a correct prose-writer and an elegant poet; gifted with a prodigious memory, and the talent of recalling into life, as it were, the recollections of the past: destitute, however, of philosophy, and never troubling himself to bring to judgment the morality of actions or of men. After having published some brilliant poetry, but which displayed neither depth nor vigour of poetical genius, he bethought himself to reduce into the form of narration, the greater part of the antiquarian recollections which he had made his study: he retraced the ancient manners of a country, which is still barbarous, even to this day: the customs, the dialect, the scenery, the superstitions of these descendants of the ancient Celts, who have preserved even their primitive costumes, astonished by their singularity. The faculty of inventing ideal figures, of clothing them in celestial beauty, of communicating to them a superhuman existence, that faculty of creation which belongs to great poets, was altogether withheld from Walter Scott. He wrote from the dictation of his recollections; and after having turned over old chronicles, he was contented to copy whatever they offered that was curious and surprising.'

Nothing can be more palpable, than that the popularity of our great novelist's works is here the living wound of M. Jouy's bitterest mortification and envy; and the occasion of his impotent spleen and malignity is most ludicrously visible. The station which the 'Scotch Baronet,' as he calls him, has won in France, by his conquest over national vanity and prejudice, has interfered with the great M. Jouy's projects of literary ambition:—et hinc illæ lacrymæ. If he can push the "historical romancer" from his seat, this inculcator of incest designs to take his place for the edification of society: denying to Walter Scott the faculty of inventing ideal figures, of clothing them with celestial beauty, of communicating to them a *superhuman* existence, M. Jouy is prepared to develope such powers in himself. He has no doubt, that the merit of the epistolary novel, founded on the very nature of romance, will survive the capricious taste of the present generation; and that, when a crowd of imitators shall have fatigued the attention of the readers of pretended historical fictions, the public will return to the objects of earlier predilection. A new era in romance writing will then arise, in short—of which 'Cécile ou les Passions' will form the commencement, and its modest and moral author the great Coryphœus and master!

Having thus laid down his very profound canons of criticism, M. Jouy gravely proceeds to usher in the salutary example of his system, by the stale trick of pretending that the correspondence which he publishes is genuine, and that, it having fallen into his hands by 'une suite d'évenemens extraordinaries,' he has left it in the epistolary form, 'lest he should deprive it of that impress of truth, so precious to the observer of human nature.' He next

vehemently protests, that the personages and the facts, presented in these letters, are not imaginary; that there are few histories more true than this romance; and that 'not only its foundation, its characters, its episodes, and its principal details, are rigorously correct, but that a portion of the letters themselves, even that portion of them whose authenticity might with most apparent reason be questioned, are only faithful copies and extracts of original letters confided to his charge.' At the same time, he ingenuously confesses, that the real names of the writers he cannot give, without betraying a secret, of which friendship has made him the depository. We care not to inquire, whether any part may be true of this assertion, which he introduces in so earnest a manner, not as a business of the fiction, but in a critical preface, and upon the grave responsibility of his personal veracity. But if we could suppose that he *had* known such characters as are introduced in his novel, and consented to be made the confidant of their abominable guilt, we should only conclude, that the company which he kept was quite worthy of his principles.

In proceeding to speak of the subject of the novel itself, we shall gladly escape from all more particular details than are necessary to justify the reprobation with which we have branded it. Briefly then, it is the tale of an incestuous and mutual passion between an uncle and a niece, the revolting sentiment and disgusting circumstances of which, are elaborately expanded through five volumes. The avowed, or even the sincere, intention of exhibiting guilt so unnatural, for the purpose of marking its fearful retribution, would not justify the outrage upon all the better feelings of a Christian society, which is involved in the very introduction of such a subject. But the author of this work has not even the insufficient plea of such an object. His incestuous lovers abandon themselves, after a few struggles, to infamy; yet they are made, not even to suffer those penalties of disgrace which wait upon the illicit indulgence of ordinary feelings, they encounter only the griefs of separation, and obstacles to their union, which form the common-stock miseries of every novel; and finally, after having violated all laws of religion and nature, of God and man, they are restored to each other, HAPPILY UNITED, and cherished by their mutual friends. And, yet, M. Jouy has had the audacious hypocrisy to claim a good intention for his work; and he concludes his introduction with an expression of hope 'that the moral aim which he has proposed to himself in writing it will not be mistaken!'

The language of the descriptions and sentiments which enter into the story, is plainly a grovelling imitation of the most impassioned and voluptuous manner of Rousseau. Indeed, the whole work is a sorry, and, strange to say, a corrupted copy of the Nouvelle Heloise. But it were an injustice to Jean Jacques himself, to compare the libertinage of his mind with that of M. Jouy. He, at least, *respected* the distinctions which separate mankind from the brutes

that perish: he painted a guilty passion with every vicious allurement and sentiment, but it was not a passion at which society revolts. There, too, some antidote was, perhaps compunctiously, administered with the poison: and at least we are convinced, that few readers ever rose from the perusal of the Heloise, all licentious as it is, without a deep impression, that the lengthened misery far overbalances the shortlived enjoyment of unrestrained passions. But this man shamelessly labours, not only to exhibit the crime of his story to palliation and sympathy, but to imagine its reward in the eventual happiness of the parties. Moreover, in the voluptuous portraiture of passion, he has only the inclination, not the power of Rousseau, to decorate sensuality with the graces of meretricious sentiment. The present volumes are full of scenes of the most impure and indecent nature; and the effort is every where apparent to dilate on circumstances of amorous abandonment, and studiously to excite the imagination by the most glowing and elaborate pictures of forbidden indulgence. But the amiable author has here totally failed of his effect: there is something in the nature of his subject, which admits of no other feeling than unqualified disgust; and we turn, with an involuntary shudder of horror, from the gross and palpable details of a passion, in which the uncle is the favoured lover, and the niece the willing object of seduction.

The whole circumstances of the tale are such, as it could enter only into the most depraved or insane imagination to conceive. The scene is laid in the house of the parents of Cécile, and it is the daughter of his sister, who receives and returns the flagitious passion of the seducer. The vaults of his family chapel and the tomb of his mother, are described by this hero of M. Juoy's invention as the seat of the guilty consummation. 'Que te dirai-je Charles! Cécile eperdue, prosternée sur la tombe maturnelle, embrassant d'une main l'urne funeraire ne fut pas un objet sacré pour moi; le delire qui m'egarait s'empara de ses sens—— l'inceste et le sacrilége furent consommés.' This Charles, to whom he makes the recital, is the worthy bosom companion of the hero; and their virtuous friendship, which treasures the confidence of this atrocious guilt, and is shewn in a thousand extravagances of weeping sentimentality, is another of the 'Passions,' consecrated by M. Jouy. Thus, also, the mother, the aunt, and the maiden friend of Cécile, are all made acquainted with the intrigue, and countenance either its progress or its results. Every act in this drama of iniquity is carefully detailed, and minutely dwelt upon; and that the birth of its fruits may be circumstantially described, the heroine is made to address a letter to her seducer, in the intervals of her travail. Nor is this prurience of description confined to the principal story; and, among the minor offences of the book against virtue and decency, there is one episode, the story of a nun in the first volume, which would alone render the whole production fit only for a brothel. But enough, and more than enough, of such scenes; the

nature of the revolution which M. Jouy would effect in the taste for romance, will be sufficiently understood from the insight which we have ventured to give into the plot of Cécile.

In the business of the tale are interwoven a thousand absurdities, which might be only ludicrous in any less offensive production, but which here serve to heighten the disgust of the story. In one place, with true national frivolity, we have an elaborate description of the graceful dancing of the uncle and niece; in another, we are introduced into a grave detail of his taking part of her medicine for her during an alarming illness, that he may induce her to drink the remainder from the same cup; again they eat from the one plate, 'la même fourchette passant de sa bouche à la mienne, mes lèvres, mes heureuses lèvres imprimées sur le même verre, au même endroit qu'ont effleuré les siennes;' and, to complete the gross vulgarity and burlesque which mingle with the heavier depravity of the author's mind, we are told, 'elle étanche avec son voile la sueur qui couvre mon visage; ô delices, ô volupté dont rien ne peut donner l'idée sur la terre!'

From the sentiments and arguments which an author ascribes to the favourite personages of his creation, we are entitled to judge of his own opinions. The whole of the tale before us is not only an exhibition, but a defence of incestuous passion. Charles d'Epival is M. Jouy's model of virtuous sentiment; and he commences by cautioning his friend against his danger, not because of the enormity of the crimes which he meditates, but because 'laws, *prejudices*, and circumstances were opposed to it.' A little farther on, he changes this caution into *advice* to his friend, that to save the object of their mutual passion from despair, he should avow to her his attachment. In the same strain we have repeated defences of the crime, as opposed only to 'barbarous prejudices;' and the subject is made the frequent source of the raillery of a virtuous young lady, at the scruples of her friend against 'loving the handsomest man in France, because he happened to have the misfortune of being the brother of her mother, which, after all, was only the fault of her grandfather.' It is quite in the same spirit of enlightened freedom from 'barbarous prejudices,' that M. Jouy (vol. ii., pp. 43—49), introduces a long dissertation against the inhuman cruelty of punishing infanticide with death, wherein he declares that crime to be prompted by the infamy with which society unjustly visits the unmarried female, who, yielding to the most irresistible of feelings, exposes herself to become a mother. Such is M. Jouy's morality: his philosophy and religion are not much more obscurely developed. His hero is—doubtless, not inconsistently—represented as an atheist, who is suffered to utter such blasphemies as we dare not to repeat, and whose impious objections to the existence of a God, are met only by the feeblest suppositions of *Deism*. But we are weary of our task; and have discharged our *duty of* exposing this hoary sensualist and blasphemer. M. Jouy

has not even the excuse of youth and ignorance to offer for that, for which the licentiousness and levity of youth would be scarcely a palliation. That he holds a station in the French Academy, has now become a disgrace to that learned body; but his admission would seem to argue some previous pretension to respectability; and from the long period during which he has been known in the world of French literature, he must also be far advanced in years. What then, in the vigour of life, must have been the condition of the mind and heart, which have left the taint of so deadly an infection upon old age? What spectacle can be more loathsome, than that of a wretched old man employing the brief remainder of his days, for the corruption of religion and morals, and spreading over his pages that impotent prurience, which is the last curse of a vitiated and a worn-out imagination?

ART. IX. *Musical Reminiscences of an Old Amateur, chiefly respecting the Italian Opera in England, for Fifty Years, from* 1773 *to* 1823. *The Second Edition, continued to the present time.* 8vo. London: Clarke. 1827.

ALL that Mr. Sheridan, in his "Monody on Mr. Garrick," has said of the evanescent nature of excellence in dramatic acting, is equally applicable to the excellence of a public singer. It expires with the instant of the exhibition; the memory of it decreases rapidly; and, however its general merits may be afterwards lauded, the peculiar character of it can only be faintly described. Still something may be said of it that may please, and mayeven be useful to subsequent artists and amateurs. In this point of view, the publication before us may be considered a valuable chronicle of some who lived to please, and who succeeded in their aim. It shews the writer's real knowledge of the subject; his taste and his judgment: we willingly believe him to have been an *elegans spectator formarum;* we are sure he has been an elegant hearer of sweet sound. We wish his reminiscences had been more numerous—we hope the number of them will be increased in every future edition.

We also wish, that the noble amateur—to whom the work is attributed—had commenced his observations at an earlier period. We should have been glad to have been favoured with his sentiments on Vinci, Jomelli, and Hasse, the fathers of the modern opera—unsurpassed, we believe, by their sons. Of the music of Vinci, little is now heard in England, except his *Vo Solcando in mar crudele*, the poetry and music of which are equally sublime. More is known of Jomelli; his *Berenice ove sei*, is pre-eminently great; it is frequently sung. Of the music of Hasse, the English may generally be said to be entirely ignorant. For a long time none of it has been on sale in the London market; yet it is grand, pathetic, and elegant; and generally possesses the first of merits—

a learned simplicity. We doubt, whether the school of the modern opera has produced any composition equal to the best choruses, or best airs, of Hasse.

Here too, we wish our author had diverged a little to the chamber music of Scarlatti, Pergolesi, Durante, Stephani, and Clari. The *Stabat Mater*, and the *Deus ad adjuvandum me festina*, and one of the masses of Pergolesi, may be sometimes heard; but how few have listened to the cantatas of Scarlatti, or the duettoes formed from them, by Durante! If we desired to put the real taste of a soi-disant amateur to a trial, we should have the first of these duettoes performed in his hearing. If he did not feel its beauties with something like musical rapture, we should resign him to his fate: we should think it possible that he might, after great practice, be found capable of sustaining a part in a serious glee; but might confidently assure him, that this would be the utmost of his musical achievements*.

The duettoes and trios of Steffani and Clari, are more known; but have not the popularity which they deserve.

We also wish our author would favour us, in a future edition of his work, with his notions of the comparative merit of the operas of Handel, and those of Sacchini, and his most eminent successors. We venture to ask him, whether, from Handel's operas, a dozen airs, at least, might not be selected, to which no equal can be found in any opera, which Italy or Germany has produced? Such are his *Verdi prati*, his *Alma di Gran Pompeio*, and his *Vo tacito et nascosta*, an air for a single voice, forming with its accompaniments, *five real parts*, a composition, almost unknown in the music of the opera. Here too, we beg leave to mention, *Handel's Thirteen Chamber Duettoes*—none of these are surpassed in learning—few equalled in beauty. The profound skill in counterpoint which they exhibit, is wonderful: the more so, as the wonders are effected with so much ease, that the difficulties, which are surmounted by them, escape the observation of all but the most accomplished scholars. They are more recondite than any to be found in Durante; but they are so much animated and enobled by genius, as to justify the remark of a great artist, that "the difference between Durante and Handel, is that between a grammarian and a poet." It is by practising, and incessantly practising, under a severe and tasteful master, the compositions we have mentioned, and attending to the best singers in the opera —particularly to the recitatives—that skill, grace, and pathos, are

* In this duetto, there is *one note* of inappreciable value: we leave our young female friends to discover it. In Mr. Cramer's beautiful imitation of Avison, a passage in which there *seems* to be a superfluous *phrase*, is thrice repeated: this too we leave to the discovery of our young female *friends*: the passage is a happy imitation of a peculiarity in the style of *Avison*.

to be acquired. A master is necessary to perfect a singer; but hearing the best music is equally necessary. Hearing this, without regular instruction, is little better than a musical phantasmagoria; instruction, without hearing the best music, is little better than a diagram.

But, before either the opera is frequented, or the master engaged, it should be ascertained that the proposed scholar really posseses an ear for music. This, although at the present time it is more frequent than it was formerly, is by no means so common as is usually supposed. How often have we heard professors declare, that a large boarding-school seldom contains one scholar, whom nature has qualified for the acquisition of musical excellence? When she is not thus gifted, what years of miserable ennui are prepared for her, when she begins her musical studies! After teasing herself, and wearying her hearers for years, the pursuit is abandoned; her musical collections are thrown aside, and the piano is locked up, to be preserved as a family rod, for the next generation. "But," says the parent, "we d'ont wish our child to excel: we only wish her to know as much as will amuse herself." Even for this, we rejoin, years of drudgery are necessary: and most often, they are unavailing even for this object.

So much for music, considered as an employment for persons in high life; but what we have said applies also to persons in humble condition. "The days of comfortable travelling are over," the late Mr. Bridges Brudenell used to say, and to groan, when he said it: "formerly, when I travelled from Northampton to London, I found at every inn I stopped at, a fine rosy girl, who presented herself at my chaise; unlocked the door, shewed me into a warm room, dusted the hearth, and was sure to dress me a good mutton-chop, a good beef-steak, good scotched-collups, or excellent hashed mutton. Now, no rosy girl appears; the ostler must be bawled for, the room is cold, the hearth dusty, and I can get no chop, collup, steak, or hash: all the while I am plagued with the endless tinkling of Miss's forte piano. The justices should interfere: we should come to a resolution, not to license a public-house or an inn, where the daughter learns music."

The first edition of the work before us, consisted of seven sections: these are retained in the present; and a supplementary section is added to them. The whole extends to half a century. Our author divides his book into what he terms his *dark*, and his *clear* recollections: the former are those, which, on account of their distance, are only faintly present to his mind; the latter are those, of which he has a distinct remembrance.

Section I. 1773—1778. The noble author begins his musical reminiscences, with the mention of Millico. His canzonets for a single voice, with the accompaniment of the harp, have not

been excelled.—His lordship then mentions the singularly beautiful and peculiar tone of Savoi; it had a mellowness, seldom found in such voices: it put us in mind of a voice very common in Germany and the Netherlands, but never heard in Italy or England, a full and mellow counter-tenor, a *voce di petto*, entirely proceeding from the breast. He mentions Signora Galli, as the companion of Miss Ray, and notices the murder of this lady by Hackman. Our author's account of this outrage is not perfectly accurate. The nobleman, with whom Miss Ray was connected, was always jealous of Hackman. To put an end to his dreaded attachment to her, he prevailed on Signora Galli to persuade Hackman, that Miss Ray was perfectly indifferent both to him and his lordship, having conceived a violent passion for a young gentleman, recently introduced to his lordship's festivities. This irritated Hackman to madness. Having heard that Miss Ray had engaged a box at Drury-lane, he armed himself with two pistols, and watched her return, with an intention of shooting himself at her feet, and of resorting to the second pistol if the first should fail. In proceeding from the theatre to her carriage, Miss Ray was handed into it by the late Mr. John Macnamara, a shewy, dressy young gentleman, affecting gallantry: he had not the least acquaintance with Miss Ray. Hackman, supposed him to be the young gentleman alluded to by Galli, and, in a moment of frenzied indignation, hurried towards her, and fired the fatal pistol. There was not the slightest truth in Galli's tale.

Lord Sandwich, the protector of Miss Ray, lived in music: he was the soul of the catch-club; one of the presidents of the commemoration of Handel; a director of the Ancient Music; had oratorios performed at his country seat; and frequent musical parties in London. He revived the Handellian school. We wish it success: but it is not doing justice either to Handel, or to *the Art*, to allow his work too great a proportion of the bill of fare.

Section II. 1778—1783. A great part of this section is dedicated to the praise of Pacchierotti. We agree with our author, that, in vocal excellence, Pacchierotti is yet unrivalled: none but those who heard him, can form any idea of his soul-entrancing strains. Of their supreme excellence, there is, we believe, but one opinion.

We think our author does not justice to the *Buona Figliuola*, or to Sestini, its great support. Has the *Alla Larga* been excelled? We think the music was delightful, and that all the deficiences of the actress were redeemed by the archness of her looks, the varied vivacity of her action, and the natural simplicity of her manner. He gives due praise to the Frascettana of Paesiello: he informs us, that such was its estimation in Italy, that it was always brought forward, on the failure of any new opera, as sure to appease a dissatisfied audience. Beyond this, encomium of an opera cannot go.

Section III. 1783—1785. Our author was, during the whole of this period, on the continent: we are surprised that he makes no mention of the *Matrimonio Segretto* of Cimarosa, a comic opera, very seldom equalled, and never excelled. He mentions the sublime and elegant operas of *Alceste* and *Ifigenia* of Signor Gluck; we wish he had written in these terms, of the *Orfeo* of the same master; and the '*Chiari Fonti* of Bach, which was introduced into it, when it was performed in England; and is confessedly the best song composed by Bach. Among the singers whom our author cursorily mentions, he notices Mademoiselle Huberti—afterwards the wife of the Count d'Antraigues—and the shocking end of both; they were killed by an Italian footman, who instantaneously shot himself. It is strange, but to our knowledge, it is perfectly true, that the Count had always a presentiment of his fate.

Our author assures his readers, that nothing can be more affecting or sublime, than the *Miserere*, performed during Holy Week, at Rome, in the Sistine chapel, in the presence of the Pope! From authentic copies, it has been performed at Vienna, and in other parts of the continent, and once, with great exertions for its success, in London, for the benefit of Signor Ansani. But it never has produced the effect uniformly attending it in the Sistine chapel. We have been informed, by a performer of it in that chapel, that there is no forte or piano in the intonation of the voices of the performers, that they sing always in the same level tone, and that they effect the forte and piano, and the crescendo and diminuendo, by advancing and retreating to and from marks upon the floor. This has greatly the air of a fable; but we believe, that in a certain extent, it may be true. Our author's account of the Commemoration of Handel is very accurate. His remark, that in the tuning of the instruments, dissonance was little perceivable, is correct: it might have been added, that among the trumpets, (twelve in number), no discord was heard.

Section IV. 1786—1792. We are surprised that our author makes no mention of the concerts, given during many successive years, about this time, by Bach and Abel. All the instrumental performers were of the highest degree of excellence: the vocal were of the second order. The compositions performed were never lower than the second, and often in the first, line of merit. Here, Abel performed on his *viol da gamba*, a trifling instrument in other hands; but in Abel's, it was a wonder: never did an instrument produce more elegant, or more plaintive strains. To enjoy its sounds in perfection, it was necessary to be at no great distance from the performer, to abstract the mind from every thing else, and give up the soul entirely to the magician. All the music fancied by Milton, at the end of his Penseroso, then surrounded the hearer. We wish our author had favoured us with a comparison of the music composed by Bach and his school, with that of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Is it quite clear, that Bach

was surpassed by these?—or, to put the question more favourably for Bach, is it not quite clear, that a greater degree of pleasure was generally diffused at the concerts of Bach and Abel, than at the concerts of their successors?

Our author justly terms Banti the first of singers: we believe that those who have not heard her, have not heard the perfection of the female singing in the Italian style. We think he does not justice to Mara: he admits that her talents were of the first order: that in the *bravura* she was unrivalled; and that she succeeded as well in some solemn and pathetic songs of Handel: "yet," he intimates, that "while it was impossible to find fault, still there appeared to him to be a want of that feeling in herself, which she could communicate to others." Here, our author is silent on Mara's particular excellence—the intellectual style of her song. This gave it a charm, which no words can describe. We have heard—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," most beautifully sung; but its sublimity, when it was sung by Mara, we have heard from no other vocalist. When she sung, "Yet in my flesh shall I see God," the present deity was almost felt. We have already subscribed our assent to our author's assertion of the supremacy of Pacchierotti over all other singers; *Marchesi* and *Rubinelli* approached nearer to him than any other vocalist did to them. We transcribe the description, which Dr. Burney gives of the famous Triad: "Pacchierotti's voice was naturally sweet and touching; he had a fine taste, great fancy, and a divine expression of the pathetic. Rubinelli's voice was full, majestic and steady; and besides the accuracy of his intonations, he was parsimonious and judicious in his graces. Marchesi's voice was elegant and flexible; he was grand in recitative, and unbounded in fancy and embellishments."

Section V. 1793—1803. We are still in the golden days of the opera. In the comic hemisphere, Viganoni was now seen to arise: he soon became lord of the ascendant. His voice was not sufficiently powerful for the stage, but it was otherwise good: his gaiety, his playfulness, his graces—always suited to the air, always varied, always learned, and sometimes fantastical—never failed to delight, to enchant all his hearers, and to put them into good humour with the composer, the performer, the stage, and themselves. But he was never so much himself as in a private room, surrounded by those who felt, and therefore could not but admire, his excellence: his evident exertions on these occasions to please, always added to the pleasure afforded by his song. To hear his *Mamma Mia*, or his *Clori la Pastorella*, was one of the greatest musical treats that could be obtained. We have heard a professor of great eminence declare, when he was no longer young, that the greatest pleasure he had ever received from music, was, when Viganoni accompanied his own voice on the forte-piano.

Section VI. 1803—1813. Our author now introduces us to

Mrs. Billington, unequal to Banti and Mara; and afterwards eclipsed by Catalani, but possessing great strength, great sweetness, great flexibility of voice, great brilliancy and neatness of execution, and consummate skill. In a bravaura air, where neither tenderness, nor grandeur, nor passion, was required, she had few rivals. She performed in a masterly manner on the piano forte. While she was in the full career of her glory, Grassini came to England, and by her angelic form—the sweet expression of her face, contrived, with one octave, of which not more than three notes were perfect, to captivate every hearer, and to be almost always the unrivalled favourite of the audience. Still, the small compass of her voice, and the uniformity of her style, made her often monotonous.

On the retreat of Grassini and Mrs. Billington, 'the great, the far-famed Catalani,' we now transcribe our author's words, 'took the place of both, and for many years, reigned alone, for she would bear no rival, nor any singer sufficiently good, to divide the applause.' Of this celebrated performer, our author thus expresses himself.

'It is well known, that her voice is of the most uncommon quality, and capable of exertions almost supernatural. Her throat seems, as is remarked by medical men, to move with a power of expansive and muscular motion by no means usual; and when she throws out all her voice to the utmost, it has a volume and strength quite surprising, while its agility in divisions, running up and down the scale in semi-tones, and its compass in jumping over two octaves at once, are equally astonishing.'

We may add, that she possessed, what we never heard from any other performer, the power of shaking in major thirds.

'Both in the serious and comic opera, says our author, her acting is excellent; in the one, majestic, forcible and expressive; in the other, natural, plaintive, and genteel. Her face and figure were suited to both; for she is very handsome: with a face peculiarly so on the stage, and capable of great variety of expression. Though the outline of her features is decidedly tragic (almost Siddonian), yet she can relax them into the most enchanting smile,—(he might have added—or the most enchanting frown)—assume the character not merely of gaiety, but even of *niáiserie*, or arch simplicity. I consider her to be the last great singer heard in this country, whose name is likely to be recorded in musical annals; and soon after her departure, a new era began in our opera.'

We are surprised that our author scarcely mentions the name of Naldi. We are sensible of the superior charms of the treble voice; but subtracting from Naldi's merit all that should be deducted from it on this account, we must still assert our belief, that he was one of the first vocal performers in the Italian opera of England. He was thoroughly acquainted with Italian poetry, had exquisite taste and great humour: he was profoundly versed *both in the theory*—even the mathematical theory—and the prac-

tice of music; he was gifted with a fancy that was never exhausted, and a judgment, which never failed. He was comic in the highest degree; but never degenerated into buffoonery. His voice was a bari-tone; the sweetest perhaps, of the kind, that was ever heard; his performances were strictly classical. No actor on any stage carried off the hearer, and made him think he beheld a scene of real life, more than Naldi; those who remember him in the *Fanatico per Musica*, will admit this character. We add that he was a learned man, and a polite scholar—we loved and esteemed him when living, we lamented his death, and we feel great pleasure in paying this tribute to his memory.

SECTION VII. 1814—1823.—By musical amateurs this section will, perhaps, be found the most interesting part of the present publication. Our author notices in it, at some length, the change which has taken place within a few years, both in the poetry and the music of the opera. Its primary cause appears to have been the want of *soprano* singers; this rendered it necessary to assign the principal male characters to tenor performers, and sometimes, as in Mozart's best operas, *Don Giovanni* and the *Nozze di Figaro*, to bass singers. This unavoidably had a great influence both in the poetry and the music of the opera. It also multiplied its choral parts. To the increase of these, Mozart also contributed by his introduction of what has been termed "symphonious airs" into his compositions. In these, the air incessantly passes from the voice to an instrumental part, and from this to another, or returns to the voice. This is infinitely pleasing to scientific hearers, but is caviare to the multitude! From this circumstance, the operas of Mozart may be thought to hold a middle place between the oratorio and the real Italian opera; but approaching, particularly in consequence of several simple melodies which he always brings with such effect into most of his operas, much nearer to the latter than to the former. The incessant performance of Handel's oratorios had prepared us for the innovation, and made it highly pleasing. The misfortune is, that the vocal parts of these choral strains are seldom executed perfectly, in time or tune, by *all* the performers. If we could have an adequate supply of *soprano* voices, it would be lawful to wish for a return to the old school; but till the supply arrives, matters, we apprehend, must remain in their present state. One of the greatest differences between the former opera and the present, is, that in the former, both the hero and heroine had treble voices: their duettos were therefore composed for two trebles; in the modern operas, the hero necessarily has either a tenor or a bass voice; the construction of the duetto must, therefore, vary.

We accord with our author in all he says in praise of Camporese; even in Catalani's most brilliant days, we preferred Camporese to her. Some foreigners have accused the English of *a want of* a musical ear. Their admiration of Pacchierotti, Marchesi, Rubinelli, and Banti, and their long and persevering

attachment to Mara, seems to prove the contrary. It has been remarked, and we believe with truth, that foreign performers, both vocal and instrumental, improve during their residence in England; that the English always select their musical favourites with judgment, that they applaud the right passages, and that an air of transcendant merit cannot be mentioned, which has not been discovered by them and stamped by their discriminating and continuous approbation.

Our author observes, in a note, that 'many songs of old masters would be very indifferently sung by modern performers, not only on account of their difficulty, but their apparent facility: composers, when writing for a first rate singer, noted down only a simple *tema* with the slightest possible accompaniment; which, if sung as written, would be cold and insipid. It was left for the singer to fill up the outline, to give it light and shade; and all its graces and expression; which required not only a thorough knowledge of music, but the greatest taste and judgment.' No one can be more sensible than ourselves, how greatly it becomes us to be diffident when we differ from our author: but we must unequivocally protest against these positions; we are convinced that a performer, whatever be the beauty of his voice, his power, his imagination, or his taste, generally injures the air by embellishments. We are confident that any addition to "Comfort ye my people,"—"He was despised,"—"Verdi Prati,"—"Que faro senza Euridice,"—"Mi donna, mi rende,"—"Chiari Fonti," and a hundred other airs which might be mentioned, would always detract from their effect. In support of our assertion, we appeal to the practice of Mara, so completely chaste, with all her powers of embellishment. We must say with the bard, in his *Ode to Simplicity*,

> "Though taste, though genius bless,
> To some divine excess,
> Faint 's the cold work, 'till thou inspire the whole
> What each, what all supply,
> May court, may charm our eye,
> Thou, only thou, cans't raise the melting soul."
>
> *Collins.*

Section. VIII. This section contains our author's observations on *English singing*. We are contrapuntists enough to feel the justice of the praise which he bestows on our cathedral music; but we are decidedly of opinion, that the simple strains of the Evangelical Congregations, in which, when the music is choral, the performers of every part sung not only the same word, but the same syllable, are much better calculated to promote devotion, than the learned but complex music of the English cathedrals. Our author seems to think that this style of music is peculiar to the English; but it existed equally in the cathedrals of Germany, and the Netherlands; and is exhibited in Marcello's psalms in its highest perfection.

Of the English glee, our author speaks with quite as much reverence as might be expected *from him*. May we not apply to it an expression of the late duke of Orleans, respecting port wine? A glass of the very finest port was put into his hands; he seemed to drink it with pleasure, "Cest bien bon," he said, "mais ce n'est pas du vin." As English glees are generally sung, would not a true Italian amateur, while he praised the performance ask, if it was singing?—For many years the catch club did not admit treble voices to their table; what loss of effect, what sins against harmony, necessarily resulted from the exclusion of them? Why are not Italian Madrigals more sung? Can there be a greater treat to a person who has the soul of harmony, than to hear those of Luca Marenzio, or Bononcini?

Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Bates are mentioned by our author in terms of the highest praise. The former was gifted with a finer voice, and a much greater degree of fire and imagination. Her articulation was singularly perfect. Mrs. Bates possessed all the merit which our author ascribes to her; but, when he says, that it was a 'subject of regret that Mrs. Bates was not permitted to sing at the commemoration of Handel; for great as Mara was, Mrs. Bates' performance would have been still finer,' we must be permitted to doubt the justice of the observation. We read with great pleasure the encomium which our author passes on the late Mr. Bartleman; we, too, admired his energy and animation. His greatest exhibition was, "Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus." It was most impressive and sublime, still it was not singing; perhaps it was something better. He also chaunted with great effect, "O Lord, be merciful to me a sinner," an air composed by Pergolesi, adapted to English words. But could any one who had heard, or who could imagine, it sung in Italian, and by an Italian first rate singer, endure to hear it performed by Bartleman? Should not our author have allowed more lines to, and bestowed greater praise on, Miss Stephens, and her enchanting correctness and simplicity?

THE SUPPLEMENTARY SECTION is employed on the opera of 1824, 1825, 1826. Here, our author presents us with a candid account of Velluti, of his peculiar style of singing, of the manner in which he was received, and of the effect which his performances produced on the audience.

We wish our author had devoted a few words to one, whose performance on the favourite instrument of the present day cannot be too highly praised, Mr. John Cramer. We believe it is the universal opinion of professors, that the world does not contain one whose performance on any instrument is so perfect as Mr. John Cramer's on the Forte Piano. We must add, that none but those who have heard him perform *Handel's lessons*, can have an adequate idea of the unrivalled excellence, either of the composer or the performance. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the very *greatest* treat that can be given to a real amateur.

We also wish our author had favoured us with his sentiments on *Oratorios*. We have long thought, that even when they are best performed, justice is not done to the choruses on account of the dissonance of the voices; the trebles and the tenors almost always sing above, and the counter-tenors almost always sing below their proper pitch. We wish it were enjoined to the instrumental performers, not to force their instruments, and to the vocal performers not to strain their voices. Till this is done, the merit of these sublime compositions may be imagined, but they will not be adequately heard.—We hoped our author would have noticed the *Royal Concert of Ancient Music;* and that he had hinted at their incessant repetition of some pieces, which, however excellent, the public have heard so often as to be completely tired of them; while the proprietors possess an abundance of music, particularly of the genuine old Italian school, which every real amateur would delight to hear; but which are never or very seldom performed. We think he might have given some lines of useful admonition to *the Philharmonics;* to allow fewer solo-concertos; and to provide better singers?—In the present degraded state of the opera, would it not be very acceptable to the subscribers to the Philharmonic concert, that on each night, a portion of some favourite opera should be performed,—the vocalists reading their parts, as amateurs, from books?

Our author, towards the end of his work, makes some very just observations on the present traffic for boxes in the Opera House. We join him on reprobating it; nothing can be less gentlemanly or less lady-like. 'Formerly', says our author, 'every lady possessing a box, considered it as much her home as her house; and was sure to be found there; few missing any of the performances. If prevented from going, the loan of the box, and the gratuitous use of the tickets, was a favour always cheerfully offered and thankfully received,—as a matter of course, without any idea of payment.' How very different is the actual dealing by too many of the proprietors with their boxes? Is not the practice to be lamented?

'From all the causes we have mentioned, concludes our author, the whole style of the Opera House is totally changed; its audiences are of a different description, its comfort entirely lost. The whole system is radically bad, and nothing can restore the opera in this country to its former respectable and agreeable footing, or the performances to that excellence, which the public—*paying so dearly*, has a right to expect, but a total reformation;—an entire change of proprietors, of managers, of all parties connected with the theatre—I had almost said—hampered and embarrassed as it is, of the theatre itself.'

Here we conclude our account of this curious and interesting publication. The critical accuracy of the judgments passed by our author, on the various compositions and performers brought by him before his readers, shew him to be thoroughly acquainted with

his subject, and to be gifted with more knowledge and taste, in all that relates to music, than generally falls to the amateur. That the taste of the British public for music has increased, and has been considerably improved, within the last ten years, admits of no doubt.

Our author notices the merit of the English opera: he predicts that, if the English opera continues to rise, and the Italian opera continues to fall, as they have lately done, the latter will lose its superiority, and both be on a level. We do not know whether we should wish that this prediction should be verified.

Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam Urbem.

We do not wish England to become a musical nation; we lament to see the quantity of time and money thrown away by our countrymen on music. We are indignant to see them bestowed so unprofitably: if they must be thus profusely squandered, let us at least have for our money what we contract for.

Our author concludes his publication, by recommending to the compassion of the public Miss Cecilia Davis, a performer eminent in her day: a miserable pittance, he informs us, of 20*l.* a year, is all she has to depend on for support.

'The most trifling donations, or smallest annual subscription, would save her from perishing from want; and when it is considered, that she was not only at the head of her profession, but is our *countrywoman*, and the first who ever obtained perfection on an Italian stage, her case will appear one of uncommon hardship; and a hope may be indulged, that some few persons into whose hands these pages may fall, will lend their charitable aid to relieve her distress, and cheer the short remainder of a life so nearly drawn to a close.'

Our author informs us, that her address is left with the publisher, and that subscriptions for her will be received by Messrs. Cocks and Biddulph, Charing Cross. With these sentences, highly honourable to him, he concludes the work. We join him in recommending Miss Davis's case to the public: we have often witnessed her performance; we beg leave to give our testimony to its excellence; and we know that through life she has been truly respectable.

ART. X. *Personal Narrative of Travels in the United States and Canada, in* 1826; *Illustrated by Plates: with Remarks on the present state of the American Navy.* By Lieut. the Hon. Fred. Fitzgerald de Roos. 8vo. pp. 207. 12*s.* London: Ainsworth. 1827.

ALTHOUGH this is a pleasant book, written in a gay and gentleman-like style, yet it must generally disappoint those who expect much from the pregnant promise of its title. Why is it called a

'Personal Narrative?' It was by such a phrase, that the Baron de Humboldt properly distinguished those volumes of his great work on Spanish America, which detailed his personal adventures, from those which treated of the character and productions of the country. Lieutenant de Roos, however, would assuredly have had no occasion for resorting to any such distinction, even if his tour had been much more extended; still less is he justified in adopting such a pompous title, when the fact is, that what he is pleased to term a 'Personal Narrative of Travels in the United States,' contains nothing more than a journal of an excursion to that country, limited in point of time, to one month; and in point of territory, to two or three provinces of the Union! It is just as if a John Bull went over in the steam-boat from Brighton to Dieppe, and after spending four weeks among the coast towns, returned and gave to the world his "Personal Narrative of Travels in France."

We do not mean to say, that even his brief tour might not have furnished an intelligent officer, such as we hold Lieutenant de Roos to be, with materials for interesting observation and anecdote. As far as he was able to acquire such materials, he has not been deficient in industry, and to so much advantage has he used them, that we only regret that he had not time for accumulating more. But so many of his numbered days were employed in actual loco-motion, and so few opportunities did he enjoy for making himself acquainted with American society, that, with the exception of the American navy, concerning which he appears to have gained some authentic information, it would be unsafe to refer to his volume as an authority upon any subject whatever. Always hurried, his views of men and manners, and institutions, were necessarily imperfect and superficial. Indeed, what could a traveller learn on subjects of such importance, who, during his journey of a month, had not perhaps been able to devote a single day to the study of them?

Yet we find that there is scarcely an important topic connected with the social and political condition of the United States, upon which Lieutenant de Roos has not ventured to offer his opinion. He gives us his notions of the general feeling of the people of the United States towards England, with as much decision as if he had spent a whole life among them. We would gladly believe that that feeling was as kind and as friendly as he represents it to be, but we own we should like to know the fact from a more competent witness. He presents us also with general characteristics of the Americans, though it is impossible that he could have acquired any thing more than very loose notions concerning them. He appears to have dined with some two or three families in New York, and to have been at as many evening parties in that city, and in Washington; and with the usual disposition of travellers, to argue from a few particular premises to extensive conclusions, he has thought himself justified in speaking from these instances of the whole order of American society. He describes it as very pure

in its morals, respectable in its demeanour, and particularly hospitable and affable. We are disposed to admit the truth of his picture, but as it was impossible that he could have drawn it from nature, we must look elsewhere for the proof of the resemblance.

Again, though his knowledge of the condition, and consequently, of the prospects, of the United States, was so extremely circumscribed, yet he fearlessly discusses the question, "whether the Union is likely to be permanent?" It is obvious that he must have approached this important subject, under all the disadvantages which necessarily must embarrass any person, who has not deposited in his mind a single well ascertained datum concerning it. An excursion in a steam-boat from London to Richmond, would have rendered Lieutenant de Roos quite as well qualified to treat this question, as that which he appears to have performed.

But how, indeed, could he be expected to speak with any authority upon the future destinies of the United States, who appears not to have even read their constitution? He informs us (p. 21), that one of the subjects debated in the session of congress preceding his visit, was a proposed alteration in the constitution, the object of which was, 'to rest the election of the president entirely in the people.' 'By the present law,' he adds, 'every man in the United States has a vote, but to obtain the presidency, the first candidate must have more votes than all the rest put together; in default of this, the election devolves upon the representatives.' It is obvious, that if it were true that 'every man in the United States has a vote,' it would be difficult to devise any scheme by which the election could be more entirely vested in the people. But the constitution, in fact, says no such thing. It is not any thing like the truth, that 'every man in the United States has a vote' for the election of the president. The law is this; each state appoints a number of electors, equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the state may be entitled in the congress; and the electors vote for the president. Thus, for instance, the state of New Hampshire appoints five or six electors; Massachusetts ten or twelve; and so with the other states, according to their number of representatives and senators. The difference between this system, and that imagined by Lieutenant de Roos, shews of itself with how much caution we should receive his statements, since upon a matter so notorious he has fallen into so extravagant an error.

Yet we have said that his book is a pleasant production, and we are not disposed to retract that praise. As far as the work is conversant with matters which fell under the author's personal observation, there is no reason to doubt its accuracy, and there is every reason to be pleased with its sprightliness. We shall take leave to join him at Washington, or rather at George's Town, the "west end" of that capital.

'*At eight* in the evening, we went to our party in George's Town, which

had all the agreeable characteristics of an European assembly. Singing, and finally dancing, were the amusements of the evening. Every body complained of the insufferable heat, but danced on notwithstanding; the American young ladies holding a very respectable competition with their European entertainers, in point of dress, beauty, and conversational powers.

'The next day (Sunday), a gentleman to whom we had been introduced, was so good as to call and take us to church; the building, which was small, was the only episcopal establishment in the city. We saw the president of the United States, and Mr. Rush, at their devotions. In manner and appearance, the clergyman bore a strong resemblance to Liston, in the character of Mawworm. The Americans have altered, and I think not improved, some parts of the Liturgy.

'The sermon was worthy of the preacher; it treated of the oppression which the United States formerly endured while under the yoke of England, whose downfal, discomfiture, and damnation, he confidently predicted. He referred to Young, whose poetry he quoted copiously, and then diverged into an impious allegory, which he fathered upon a Welsh curate. But as in no English church such allusions would be tolerated, I strongly suspected that the blasphemous absurdity was the produce of his own brain. I was sorry to learn that this man was considered much superior to American preachers in general.

'We afterwards paid some visits; one to a Virginian family. The gentleman's daughter was considered a beauty and a great fortune, having nearly fifteen thousand dollars.

'From New York to the southward, the women are in general pale, with slight figures. The higher ranks resemble in manner the middling classes in England. It is long before the ear is reconciled to the nasal twang of their pronunciation, Politics and travelling form the usual topics of conversation, in which the ladies take an active part. The events of the last war, and the capture of Washington in particular, I found to be a frequent topic of conversation.'—pp. 25—27.

The mode of travelling in America by coaches, sometimes with, oftener without, springs, and by steamers, is so well known, that we make no apology for passing over all that relates to it. We next find our tourist at New York, where he appears to have exhausted four or five days of his limited time very pleasantly.

'We had letters to persons composing the best society of the town, and such is the kindness and hospitality that prevail, that one introduction is sufficient to secure to an Englishman a general and cordial reception. Most unfortunately, we had arrived at an unpropritious season, when the heats of the summer had driven many of the inhabitants to the North. As there was no time to be lost, we delivered our letters; and our first introduction to a New York family was, on our parts, impudent enough.

'We inquired for the lady who presided over the house: she was not at home. What was to be done? Our time was too precious to be wasted in ceremony. We heard music. Was the young lady at home? Yes! The impulse was irresistible, and in we walked. We found an extremely fine and interesting-looking girl, who was uncommonly pleasing and communicative. She said that nearly every body was out of town;

but that her family would do all in their power to render our stay at New York agreeable, and would immediately set about to arrange some parties for our amusement. We afterwards discovered that she had not the slightest conception who we were, having forwarded our letter of introduction to her sister. At New York, the character of an Englishman is a passport, and it was to this circumstance that we owed the facility of our entrance, and the kindness of our reception.'—pp. 47, 48.

So much for an introduction in America! Upon the part of our traveller and his companion, it must be owned that nothing could have been more cool than their *entré*. But it would really seem that society in America admits of a "pretty considerable" latitude, to borrow a phrase from our author's vocabulary.

'In American society, there is far less formality and restraint than is found in that of Europe; but I must observe, that notwithstanding the freedom of intercourse which is allowed, the strictest propriety prevails both in conversation and demeanour. It is not only permitted to young women, both married and single, to walk out in the morning without a servant, but to be accompanied by a gentleman. Walking arm-in-arm is not generally customary, so that the pleasure of the excursion is frequently *damped*, when the streets are crowded, by being compelled to walk in the gutter.

'I had an opportunity of witnessing an instance of the cordial and unreserved communication which exists among the upper classes of this delightful city. During the course of a walk, which I had the honour to take with a young lady, I happened to express a wish to see a celebrated beauty, whose charms I had heard frequently quoted. My companion immediately conducted me to her residence, and introduced me to her, although it was evident their acquaintance was very slight.'—pp. 51, 52.

We must extract two or three curious traits of American manners and phraseology, which are agreeably detailed by our author.

'I cannot omit this opportunity of mentioning another singular deviation from European habits. Having received a formal invitation to dinner from a "citizen of credit and renown," we repaired to his abode at the appointed hour, and sat down to dinner with a number of persons, amongst whom were some ladies. We were unacquainted with any of the party except our entertainer, and we were beginning to make some internal reflections upon the strange appearance of things in general, when the unceremonious manner of some of the guests withdrew the veil of mystery, and informed us that we were dining at a *table d'hôte*. We were, however, treated with the greatest civility by the promiscuous party, who drank the king's health out of compliment to our nation.

'The manners of the men, though they may appear rough and coarse to a fastidious observer, are cordial, frank, and open. It has been the fashion among travellers to accuse the Americans of an habitual violation of veracity in conversation; but, as far as my observation went, this accusation is without foundation. Their thirst for information might be construed, by a person disposed to criticise, into an inquisitiveness bordering upon impertinence.

'The manners of the women are so easy and natural, that they seem

issipate the unpleasing impression which is generally excited at first by he drawl of their pronunciation, and the peculiarities of their idiom. ome of their expressions and metaphors are so singular, as to be nearly nintelligible, and lead to strange misconceptions.

'Upon one occasion, the conversation turned upon a lady who was lescribed as being "quite prostrated." On inquiring what had happened o her, I learned that being "quite prostrated" was being very ill in bed.

'Many of their expressions are derived from their mercantile habits. A young lady, talking of the most eligible class of life from which to choose a husband, declared that, for her part, she was all for the *commissions*. This elicited from my companion, the major, one of his best bows, in the fond presumption that she alluded to the military profession—not at all; the sequel of her conversation explained, but too clearly, that *Commission Merchants* were the fortunate objects of her preference.'—pp. 53—55.

It is not surprising that after the hospitable reception which Lieutenant de Roos experienced in New York, from both the sexes, he should have formed a favourable opinion of the American character in general. We very sincerely hope that his report may be found accurate, by all those of our countrymen who may hereafter visit the United States. We shall not say one word which might impair the effect of his eulogy.

'Nothing can be more unfounded than the notion which is generally entertained, that a feeling of rancour and animosity against England and Englishmen pervades the United States. I am at a loss to guess by what peculiar mark we are known; but it is certain that an Englishman is always distinguished at the very first glance by the Americans; and I beg to subscribe a grateful acknowledgment, that the discovery invariably ensured to me civility, and frequently led to offices of kindness and goodwill.

'It has been too much the fashion with our press to sneer at these hard-headed Republicans. Though vilified in our journals, and ridiculed upon our stage, they will be found, upon a nearer inspection, to be brave, intelligent, kind-hearted, and unprejudiced: though impressed with an ardent, perhaps an exaggerated, admiration of their own country, they speak of others without envy, malignity, or detraction. Secure in their native strength, and intent upon the interests of the western world, they pay comparatively but little attention to transatlantic politics; and though they laugh to scorn the notion of European aggression, they pity and lament the spirit in which it is frequently menaced.'—pp. 57—59.

We would take leave to ask Lieutenant de Roos, how he can reconcile this passage with one which we find at page 106, where he describes the satisfaction which he felt upon his return to Nova Scotia. His words are these:—

'Never in my whole life did I more fully appreciate the benefits of our own good English customs, or feel in better humour with my country in general, than when I sat down in a clean parlour by myself, to the snug dinner prepared for me by the widow Wilcocks, landlady of a comfortable inn in the good town of Windsor. How different from an American table d'hôte! *where you are deafened by* the clamour, and disgusted by the selfish glut*tony of your companions*; where you must either bolt your victuals, or

starve, from the ravenous rapidity with which every thing is despatched; and where the inattention of the servants is only to be equalled by their insolence and familiarity. Soothed by civility to which I had been long a stranger, and refreshed by the widow's comfortable cheer, I set out for Halifax.'—pp. 106, 107.

Thus we perceive the difference between a traveller's first impressions, and those which remain on the mind after a little experience.

Short as was the period of our author's visit to the United States, he appears to have found time for inspecting most of their dock yards, and for gaining some information concerning the actual state of their navy, which he presents in an official shape. The details would not much interest our readers; the result seems to be, that the strength of the American navy is by no means so formidable as we have been hitherto taught to expect. Our author is indebted to an unpublished pamphlet, on the importance of the Colonies, written by Mr. Haliburton, for a very able argument, the object of which is to shew, from the geographical character of the United States, that they are not *inevitably* destined to become a great maritime power. Those who think otherwise, found their opinion on the great extent of the American coast. But France and Spain have quite as many advantages in this respect, to which the former adds a vast population, and yet in point of maritime strength, England has nothing to fear from them. The more populous the United States become, the less likely are they to augment their naval power; for the population will constantly tend westward, towards the interior states, and they will be actuated by the same dislike for a sea-life, which notoriously characterises the inhabitants of the interior provinces of France. There is some weight in the argument, but more we think in the practical difficulty which the government of the United States has experienced in providing seamen. It has not the power of impressment—a power which, in a constitutional point of view, is indeed open to objections that, in America, never can be surmounted, but which it cannot be denied is a never-failing resource for the navy of England.

There is one fact connected with the American navy, which it is useful to know; we give it in the author's words.

'A mistaken notion has gone abroad as to the Americans calling such ships as the Pennsylvannia, seventy-fours, which at first sight, and to one unacquainted with the reason, bears the appearance of intentional deception. But this is explained by the peculiar wording of the Act of Congress, by which a fund was voted for the gradual increase of the American navy. In it the largest vessels were described as seventy-fours; but great latitude being allowed to the commissioners of the navy, they built them on a much more extended scale. The only official mode of registering these is as seventy-fours, but for all purposes of comparison, they must be classed according to *the guns* which they actually carry, and in this light they are considered by *all liberal* Americans.'—pp. 41, 42.

We deem it unnecessary to accompany our author on his return through the Canadas. The chief "lions" of those colonies, the celebrated Falls of Niagara, have been often described, and every description and representation of them, which we have yet seen, fall immeasurably below those unrivalled wonders of nature. The lakes of Canada also furnish Lieutenant de Roos with matter both for his pen and pencil. Perhaps there is nothing peculiar to those lakes so curious as the ice-boat which glides over them, when they are frozen.

'It is about twenty-three feet in length, resting on three skates; one attached to each end of a strong cross-bar, fixed under the fore-part, and the remaining one to the bottom of the rudder, which supports the stern of the vessel. Her mast and sail are similar to those of a common boat. Being placed on the ice when the lake is sufficiently frozen over, she is brought into play. Her properties are wonderful, and her motion is fearfully rapid. She can not only sail before the wind, but is actually capable of beating to windward. It requires an experienced hand to manage her, particularly in tacking, as her extreme velocity renders the least motion of the rudder of the utmost consequence. A friend of mine, a lieutenant in the navy, assured me, that he himself last year had gone a distance of twenty-three miles in an hour: and he knew an instance of an ice-boat having crossed from York to Fort Niagara (a distance of forty miles) in little more than three quarters of an hour. This will be readily believed, when we reflect on the velocity which such a vessel must acquire when driven on skates before a gale of wind. These boats are necessarily peculiar to the lakes of Canada.'—pp. 142, 143.

Lieutenant de Roos speaks with just approbation of the canals now in course of excavation in the Canadas, at the expense of the British government. We believe, with him, that they will tend materially, not only to the security of the Colonies, but also to the acceleration and increase of their prosperity. Those public works have been objected to by some persons at home, who really, although in parliament, appear to be utterly ignorant of the country, and of the purposes, which those works are so well calculated to serve. Our author joins in the expression of universal surprise and regret, with which the Canadians contemplate the proposed cession of Drummond's Island to the Americans. 'It is the key of all communication between lakes Huron and Superior,' and as we must presume the Colonial department to be fully aware of its importance, we cannot conjecture how such a measure can be justified.

It gives us great pleasure to find our author adding his testimony to the mass of evidence, of which the public is already in possession, shewing the great advantages which industrious emigrants may obtain in the Canadas. Under the present intelligent and active Colonial administration, it is clear that those settlements have already advanced very rapidly in the career of improvement.

ART. XI. *Olgiati, Tragedia di S. B. Testa.* 8vo. Londra: Rolandi. 1827.

TRAGEDY is to poets, what historical composition is to writers in prose. Both these important branches of literature require their aspirants to possess, in an equal degree, an exactness of judgment, and a purity of taste, as well as a consummate knowledge of the world, and of man in his general and in his particular state. But while young authors in most instances avoid the laborious task of history, as implying a degree of patient investigation, and previous application to study, not always congenial to the vivacity and restlessness of youth, they frequently expose themselves with blind temerity to the arduous task of the composition of tragedy, relying no doubt on the energy of their powers, and fondly believing, that the warmth of their imaginations will supply every defect, and secure their triumph in this difficult enterprise. From this ill-grounded expectation arise the numerous shipwrecks of literary fame, on the rocks and quicksands of the drama, and the frequent failures of success, as usual, dispose the public to look upon the art with some degree of contempt.

In order to form a correct estimate of the tragedy which is the subject of the present article, it will be necessary to unfold the transaction which constitutes the subject of it, such as it is related by Machiavel, Sismondi, and the other historians of Italy, and such as the poet himself has thought proper to represent it.

Taleazzo Sforza, a man of blood and violence, had obtained the superiority at Milan. He was a tyrannical and profligate character, immersed in every crime and vice, and guilty of the most enormous excesses. He had reduced the country to a state of degrading slavery, had become absolute master of the lives and fortunes of the citizens, and had trampled their honour in the dust. He took a delight in mortifying the most distinguished families for the indulgence of his brutal passions, and moreover, with the depraved and malignant motive, of divesting them of the conscious dignity resulting from purity of morals and virtue. He drove his own mother from his presence; and, amidst other enormities, he was accused by his contemporaries of having procured her death by poison. Surrounded by his guards and accomplices, who were always at hand to execute his orders, he made his court a theatre of sanguinary violence, and depraved debauchery. At this crisis, three young men belonging to the noble families of Visconti, Lampugnani, and Olgiati, determined to rid their country of this monster. In addition to the general evils of his sway, they had personal injuries of their own to revenge, as the tyrant had dishonoured the sister of Visconti, and was contemplating the same affront to the sister of Olgiati, whom the author supposes to have been *betrothed* to Lampugnani. The poet also introduces deputies from

e different states of Italy, whom he represents as repairing to ilan in order to engage in the conspiracy. The plan agreed on, was, that Sforza should be stabbed in the church of St. ephen, on the very day on which, according to ancient usage, he is to celebrate the festival of the Protomartyr, with the utmost mp and solemnity.

The intended murder took place, but with respect to the conspitors, two of them were immediately put to death by the populace at rose in defence of the despot, and the head of the third fell the axe of the executioner, while the heir of Sforza ascended e throne in regular succession without any obstacle, and every ing else proceeded in the usual established mode.

As the basis of this action is substantiated in the history of ose times, the question is now, whether it admits any degree of amatic interest; for although every thing that is poetical is true, t the converse is not established, that every thing that is true is ways poetical. The death of Cæsar has been the subject of many igedies, and he, too, was a tyrant who fell a prey to a band of solute and intrepid conspirators. But Brutus and Cassius were portant personages; they belonged to the senate of the republic; ey were men of mature age and intellect, possessing a high dee of credit and influence with the Roman people. They had ctorious legions at their call, and a population that had not yet ibibed the infectious contagion of servitude.

As such, they succeeded in restoring the liberties of Rome, and the cause fell with them, it was the result of the chances of war, id on a theatre remote from Italy. This point is so clearly estaished, that Anthony, who was a partizan of Cæsar, was compelled have recourse to the utmost artifice and cunning, in order to dide the people from the army, and to form a faction in favour of ctavius. Shakspeare was fully sensible of the importance of at fatal crisis, when he put forth all the resources of his mighty enius, and composed that wonderful speech to be put into the outh of the warlike Anthony, with a view to throw the band of nspirators into the shade, under the plausible pretext of paying e last tribute to the murdered dictator. From all these circumances, result the splendour and importance of this theatrical perrmance, which excites the suprise of the spectators, and strikes em with terror, astonishment, and admiration.

In Olgiati, on the contrary, the conspirators are three young en, without any influence or consideration, or any strong party nnected with them. Their object is only to kill the tyrant, and ey give themselves no concern about the consequences, either as fecting themselves, or their country. The catastrophe of the ece proves the propriety of this assertion; for after the execution their plot, not a soul engages in their defence, or allows them to rvive for a single moment the courageous exploit which they had rried into effect. It must be acknowledged, however, that Lam-

pugnani intimated that he would collect some of the labourers employed on his estate, and bring them with him into the church of St. Stephen; but it appears that he did not succeed in mustering them together, or that these poor rustics, armed probably only with their pitch-forks, took to flight at the first symptoms of tumult, and left him in the lurch. At all events, they afforded no assistance to their chieftains, or offered any resistance to the satellites of the tyrant, while the three conspirators, who were rather quarrelsome by nature, since they were ever ready to come to blows about trifles, were not patiently reconciled afterwards, and scarcely found means to agree on the time and place of attack upon the monster, separating to ratify, on the following night, their intended exploit before a more solemn assembly. So far the business of the piece resembles the sports of children, and is, by-the-bye, a fair object for criticism, since, if it is deficient in dramatic dignity, it is at fast founded on real history. The author, however, has taken care to add some circumstances out of his own head, in order, as it were, to convince us by some solid proofs that his conspirators were complete fools. He supposes that Olgiati's father deprived his son of his arms, his horse, and his books. A very pleasant resolution, indeed; for if he intended his son for the military profession, and if he wished him to be a philosopher, he should have left him his arms and books. But he deprives him of both, without assigning any reason; and, consequently, we must imagine that he considered his son to be a great simpleton, fit only to be chastised as a schoolboy, who is deprived of his playthings when he has misbehaved, or neglected his task, or his rudiments. But as Olgiati is the hero of the piece, it would have been decent to suppress this episode, as tending to degrade him in the most obvious manner. However, his mother interposes in his favour, and obtains the restoration of the arms only. Olgiati is delighted with the result of her interposition; he arms himself as for the field of battle, and prepares to set forth, telling his mother that he was going to pass the evening in the company of some young ladies, as a prelude, or preliminary step to marriage, since she had hinted to him the propriety of such a measure. In this case, he had every reason to equip himself in arms, because he was actually repairing to the assembly of the conspirators; but, at all events, he paid a high compliment to the good sense and discernment of his mother, and flattered himself that he had persuaded her to believe, that when a young man intends to pass the evening in the company of young ladies, he should previously arm himself *cap-a-pie*.

The tyrant, Sforza, as he is represented in this tragedy, is principally attended by two faithful courtiers; the one, an old preceptor, who is a sort of Seneca; and the other, a young libertine, who is the Narcissus of this Milanese Nero. He gives orders to *the latter*, to repair by night to the house of Olgiati, to carry off *his sister*, and conduct her to his palace with her brother, in order

that he might dishonour the one, and put the other to an ignominious death. It happened that the brother was not at home on the occasion, but the order was strictly executed with respect to the sister. When she appeared before Sforza, he loaded her with threats and imprecations, and handed her over to his guards, to be detained and confined at his disposal. It turns out, that Visconti, one of the conspirators, was on duty that night at the palace, and procured the means of escape for the princess, who returned to her father's house. But how, in so delicate a conjuncture, could he manage to corrupt the guards who were devoted to the service of their master, and who must have been convinced that they should pay with their heads for any omission of duty, or disobedience to his will? This is a difficulty not easily solved. But we forbear to comment, and we leave the obvious reflection on the subject to any man who may have been, for once in his life, placed under the pangs of a cruel and arrogant oppressor.

Visconti, however, after performing this exploit, quits his post; (perhaps at that time such a proceeding was permitted, and allowed to escape without punishment), and goes to the assembly of delegates, who were already discussing the means of promoting their plan. The convening of such a meeting is rather an extraordinary circumstance, both in its principles and results, and requires a little notice to be taken of it. It is not easy to imagine how three young men, who seem to have been totally destitute of influence in their own country, could have prevailed on the other states of Italy to send deputies to Milan, on a matter of so much peril and hazard as a traitorous conspiracy. How could these deputies, embarked in such desperate designs, find their way together to the city, without exciting the suspicions of the despot, who watched with the eyes of Argus over his own security, and had his spies in every direction, especially as among these deputies is an archbishop of Pisa, as representative of the Pope, and a Venetian senator, who belonged to the renowned Council of Ten, whose terrific authority is so notorious in modern history. It appears strange that, in a small city like Milan, which must, of course, at that period, have been filled with spies and assassins, a numerous assembly could have been held, without an account of it coming to the ears of the numerous agents of power. Neither is it very evident what was the object of the assembled deputies, for the Venetian plainly condemns the idea of a conspiracy, and consequently ought to have had no share in the meeting; and the other deputies, though they approved of the plot, took no part in its execution. The deputy from the republic of S. Marino, who is a garrulous old gentleman, amused the audience by reciting the exploits of his youth, and proposed some very wise laws for their adoption, after the fall of the tyrant, but declared, at the same time, without any circumlocution, that neither his country nor himself would afford any assistance to the conspirators. In short, the

catastrophe of the tragedy, the momentous period of the attack upon the tyrant, is not shared by these gentlemen, who did not even appear in the church where the conspiracy was to burst forth on the following day. It seems, therefore, that this grand piece of machinery has been introduced solely for the purpose of making a display of patriotic eloquence, and amusing the audience with a brilliant scene, which is both ill-judged and ill-placed. Besides, nothing comes to light in this assembly but what had been previously arranged by the three conspirators, and the council separated in good order, without any addition to the original plot.

In the meantime, Sforza, buried in the interior of his palace, became the prey of contending passions and remorse. Nobody ventured to approach him. From the consciousness of his numerous crimes arose no tumult in his heart, till the day before his fall and ruin. He was surrounded by his most intimate courtiers, among whom is a bishop of Como, who appears no where else in the piece. The tyrant, seized by a sort of delirium, acknowledges to have poisoned his own mother, whose bloody spectre seems to pursue, and to torment him. This resembles the introduction of the furies in the Aristodemus of Manti. The worthy bishop appears to be inspired by a prophetic phrenzy; he ascends the mysterious tripod, and while he acknowledges the guilt of Sforza, he foretels in a fine flow of lyric verse, that heaven at last deigns to cast an eye of clemency and compassion on the guilty ruler—that it pardons him every thing, and promises him felicity and consolation for the future. This prediction was undoubtedly inspired by some supernatural power, because Sforza, in order as it were to experience its beneficial effects, was stabbed in the chest on the following day. But favourable as this flight of prophecy might seem to appear, it raised a storm in the breast of the despot, so as to excite him to attempt the life of the bishop, who escapes terrified out of breath, and appears no more upon the stage. This episode is a palpable imitation of the Saul of Alfieri, when he breaks out into terms of violence and bitterness against the high priest who was his enemy, and who announced nothing but misery and ill-bodings to that prince. The Jewish priest had a sort of claim to prophetic inspiration; but the worthy bishop of Como does not go quite so far; the author does not venture to invest him with the power of truly predicting extraordinary events, though if he had done so, we should not have been surprised at his adoption of so vulgar an expedient, under the expectation that it would throw an air of novelty over his piece, and interrupt for a while its heavy, listless langour. Once, indeed, the bishop lets fall the word parricide, but it is only from what Sforza had himself acknowledged in the presence of all his courtiers. But as to his false prophecies, far from adding to the dignity of the tragedy, they tend to lower it, and to stamp the character of the bishop himself with a melodramatic, if not a ludicrous appearance. It may, perhaps, be urged, that they were intended by the author

to make the tyrant more confident in his safety: but they accomplish no such object. With respect to the merits of this scene, it need only be said, that it might be safely suppressed, without any injury to the piece.

In the meantime the fatal day appears; the feast of St. Stephen is celebrated with all the pomp which usually attended it from time immemorial. But Sforza hesitates to appear at church, according to his original resolution. He is agitated by the most frightful apprehensions, imagining that the approaching festival is to be his last day. His doubts, indeed, rested on no solid foundation. Cæsar himself had dismal forebodings of a similar nature, because the conspiracy of Brutus was nearly public at Rome, and a soothsayer had warned Cæsar against the Ides of March, and he was himself apprehensive of some opposition in the senate. But while all Italy is supposed to be engaged in a conspiracy against Sforza, this prince was the only person who entertained no suspicions on this subject. His apprehensions must, therefore, be attributed to the inspiration of some spirit that probably wished to open his eyes in order to save the life of so meritorious a personage. However, the exhortations of his courtiers reanimated his spirits, and Sforza, after embracing his children, proceeded to the church with all the solemnity usual on such an occasion.

It will be recollected, that the sister of Olgiati had previously escaped from the palace by the assistance of Visconti, on the eve of the festival, and the intended plot. It might naturally be imagined that the parents, delighted at finding her restored to them in perfect safety, and delivered from irreparable dishonour, would have removed her from Milan, or confined her in some secret cavern from the light of the sun. But this is a pure misconception; the young lady had scarcely returned to her apartment, when she engages for a short time at her toilet, and then repairs to the church, in company with her mother. One might be tempted to suspect that she repented of her delivery, and that, in unison with her mother, she was sighing for a second abduction; for it would be absurd to suppose that Sforza and his satellites, seeing her at church, decked out in finery, while they imagined she was in the palace, would not have seized her a second time, were it only to revenge the insult offered to the sovereign, by her returning home in direct opposition to his authority. This inconsistency must, however, admit of an excuse. The poet stood in need of these two ladies to vent their pathetic exclamations over the expiring bodies of their friends, who were destined to be slaughtered in the moment of success, and this task they performed with wonderful ability. The long expected thunder bursts forth; Sforza, on his arrival in the church, falls by the hands of the three conspirators, while the populace indignant at thus losing their favourite Marcus Aurelius, rise in a mass, and joining with the

satellites of the tyrant, strangle two of the conspirators who were destitute of support and protection, and give over the third into the hands of the public executioner; while the tragedy concluded amidst the shrieks and lamentations of women and children.

Thus it is that the characters are destitute of dramatic interest, and have no ultimate scope in view. Visconti is described as an aristocrat, (but there is no contention, in the tragedy, between the opposite factions of plebeians and noblesse), and with this turn of sentiment, he takes part in a conspiracy which might, or might not, be favourable to aristocratical claims and pretensions. For if we deprive him of his elegant effusion, in which he declares his contempt of a national parliament composed of the rabble, his actions possess no aristocratical tendency; which trait in his character is only introduced as a random touch of the poet's pencil. On the other hand, Olgiati is described as a zealous religionist, which is a character directly opposite to that of a conspirator engaged in a plot that is entirely of a political complexion. We do not mean to say, that a conspirator must be destitute of religious feelings; but in a dramatic composition, the characters ought not to be arbitrary, or conventional, as they ought to bring about, with a corresponding degree of dignity and importance, the final catastrophe of the piece. Should a poet, for example, introduce the death of Henry IV. on the stage, he would be justified in describing Ravaillac as labouring under the most violent impulses of fanaticism, as that furious enthusiast had engaged in his murderous enterprise from religious motives, and armed himself with a dagger to stab a prince whom he considered as the enemy of his faith. It would be characteristic in him, before he attempted the life of the best of French kings, to exhibit a passionate, nay even a frantic, devotion to the forms of his religion. His character would then be consistent and complete; it would correspond exactly with the correct axiom of Horace, simplex et unum. But such an intermixture of religious feeling is quite irrelevant in Olgiati; for this reason, that Sforza, however criminal and execrable he may be in other respects, never betrays any hostility to religion on the ground of principle; on the contrary, he is always surrounded by priests; not like Richard III., in ridicule of the superstitions of the people, but from motives of fear, weakness, and credulity. In the present instance, it would answer every judicious purpose in the conduct of the tragedy, to describe Olgiati as actuated by the spirit of liberty and revenge alone.

With respect to religion, it is a matter of just surprise with us, that the author, in the midst of the maxims and precepts of wisdom which he frequently puts into the mouth of his personages, repeatedly introduces the name of God. God is invoked almost in every page by various characters, and St. Ambrose, St. Stephen, as well as the other patron saints of Milan, are by no *means forgotten* or passed by. But it may be observed, that the

moral of a tragedy ought to be deduced from the nature of the action, and not from the sentiments of the dialogue, which by being interlarded with philosophical reflections, becomes tedious and turgid, and consequently divested of the charms of nature; and religious sentiments should not find place except when necessity and propriety demand them, and not for the purpose of converting them into an intolerable abuse. To act otherwise involves a writer in absurdity, and introduces a heterogeneous combination of Seneca and Tartuffe.

To flatter youth in the extreme, is to do it the most serious injury; and such would be our answer to those who would exclaim against the severity of our criticism. We by no means wish to discourage a young man, who, for the first time engages in so perilous an undertaking as theatrical composition; but we are desirous to enable him to do better, by suggesting to him that it is not sufficient to discover, in the perusal of history, a conspiracy, a revolution, a murder, or a suicide, or in short, any calamity whatsoever, and then to imagine that he can make a tragedy out of such materials. This elevated department of poetry indispensably requires dignity in the subject, unity in the arrangement, coherence in the parts, and splendour, pomp, and moral utility in the drift and tendency of the piece. It requires the characters to be strongly marked, the incidents to lead to interesting situations, the dialogue to display the power of the passions, and that every circumstance should be arranged in such a manner as to determine, and accelerate with progressive rapidity, the principal action towards its final catastrophe. When the subject does not possess intrinsic grandeur in itself, with reference to the issue of the event—when the plan is disfigured by episodes unconnected with the principal object—when the characters are conceived at random, and drawn almost at variance with the fundamental idea of the piece—when the dialogue quits the path of natural sentiment to expatiate in the wilds of incoherent reflections, bearing the aspect of an academical dissertation—when the plot, in short, by being divested of every dignity and moral utility, unfolds itself in a manner to deaden sensibility, and provoke to somnolency, we then think ourselves entitled to conclude that such a composition is no tragedy. Nor will it be sufficient to reply to us, with a tone of dogmatic prepossession, that it is not tragedy, it is *truth*. But the truths which belong to the understanding are different from those which result from the imagination; the former are immersed in realities, the latter expand themselves in the ideal world; the former are all sufficient in themselves, and possess a degree of independence totally complete and absolute; the latter combine to form a whole which conceals the parts of cohesion and succession that assimilate them into one uniform mass. In a word, it is sufficient for the former to be truths, but it is absolutely necessary to the latter to be beauties.

These observations we hazard with the more confidence, as the author of the present tragedy seems to us to possess very promising poetical talents. His versification is, in general, splendid, harmonious, and elaborate, and his diction has the gift of perspicuity, and propriety of style. The sentiments, considered in the abstract, are bold and energetic, and afford proofs of a vivid imagination. He is a perfect master of his own language, and seems to adopt the style and manner of the great masters, Dante in particular, than whom he could find no better model. He evidently possesses a portion of the sacred fire, and that liberality of opinion, which is alone capable of exciting a generous enthusiasm, as well as tender and powerful emotions. If, in addition to these qualities, characteristic of the true poet, he would endeavour to acquire more profound and various knowledge, especially respecting the tragic art, we are fully convinced that in his future essays he will meet with success.

ART. XII. *Personal Sketches of his own times;* by Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, &c. &c. &c. 2 vols., 8vo. 28*s*. London: Colburn. 1827.

IT would be unfair to treat this work as one of importance. It was intended by the author as a 'trifle:' the preparation of it formed 'the pastime of his winter evenings,' and if it serve to amuse his readers, its object would seem to be answered. Considering that all manner of people have lately taken to the trade of memoir-writing, there is no reason why an Irish admiralty judge should not venture a little in the same line, particularly as the said judge is in no small degree indebted to the public, since he receives a salary from them, for which he has hitherto made no substantial return. We believe that very soon after he was raised to the bench, he became a citizen of the world, limiting his excursions in the time of war, to Jersey and Guernsey; and since the peace, extending them to France, his principal residence having been for some years at Boulogne sur mer.

We own that we looked through these volumes, with some degree of curiosity, for something like an explanation of the causes which led Sir Jonah Barrington to adopt this system of voluntary banishment from his native country; the more so as his judicial duties cannot be discharged by deputy. But we looked in vain. The matter is still wrapped in a mystery which we cannot penetrate. Sometimes he approaches it, as if he meant to throw upon it the full light of day, but as often does he pass away to another topic; and so well does he play his card with the courteous reader, that no such person would ever dream of asking him a question on the subject.

We cannot but fancy that this sort of personal mystery, which *has been* prolonged through a considerable portion of the author's

existence, had some small share of influence upon the plan of his work. Had he given a memoir or even reminiscences of his own life, he would have been bound in some measure to follow the order of his years, and no considerable hiatus could be left in his chronology, without giving rise to speculations upon its cause. But 'Personal sketches of his own times,' afforded him all possible latitude as to dates, of which he has not failed to avail himself to the fullest extent. Anecdotes follow each other, without any regard to method or connection; events are related in the same chapter, which happened at an interval of twenty or thirty years from each other, and under the shelter of this confusion the author treats those subjects only which are most agreeable to his recollection. Hence his work abounds in that very convenient rhetorical figure called *reticence*, more than most productions of the kind which we have ever seen.

The author most probably imagined that he had provided a defence against this charge, by ingenuously mentioning the scheme which he says he pursued in constructing his work. From a trunk full of memoranda, he informs us that he took at random such papers as came first to hand, to the amount of the two volumes; the remainder he still keeps locked up. If this account must be believed to the letter, then we can only say that Sir Jonah's lottery system allows of a grain or two of discretion—under the rose.

Taking these sketches, however, in the spirit in which they were intended by the author, we must do him the justice to say, that there are many of them highly amusing. We allude particularly to those which relate to Sir Jonah's early life, and indeed to the whole of the time he spent in Ireland. Several of these it is impossible to read with any tolerable degree of gravity. We may have our misgivings occasionally as to the precise truth of some, and the colouring of others, but we do not know that strict historical accuracy is absolutely essential to this species of composition. If it were, we apprehend that the story of the Irish peasant who cut off his own head, and some half dozen similar episodes, must be taken as of "uncertain authority." But the sketches which he gives of rural life in Ireland some forty years ago, all that he tells of the nocturnal disorders practised about that time by the Dublin collegians, his delineations of some of his most celebrated contemporaries at the bar and in the Irish House of Commons, and his anecdotes of Irish duels, are not only correct and just, but marked by genuine traits of humour. Here Sir Jonah Barrington shines in his native element. Though not aspiring to be ranked with Curran at the bar, or with Grattan in parliament, yet he appears to have been in both spheres, a man of rather showy talents. Having the good fortune to have been "well born," he was always in the best society which Ireland afforded, and we understand he rendered himself generally acceptable by his pleasant manners and cheerful spirits, wherever he appeared. Strange to say, though a

high tory, his political opinions made him no enemies in a country where the government, never popular, was absolutely detested at the period he speaks of:—stranger still, though patronized by the castle, from his first entrance into his profession, and though holding a treasury seat in the Irish House of Commons, he opposed the Union! Was this from principle, or was it because he was not made, as he expected to be, Solicitor General? Or did it spring from that spirit of eccentricity, which appears to have lent a peculiar hue to every part of his life?

But we shall question Sir Jonah no farther. We shall content ourselves with transcribing a few of his sketches, which as they follow no recognised order, we shall take just as the volumes chance to open. Begin we with the portrait—and a very curious one it is—of Michael Lodge, our author's earliest instructor.

'I never shall forget his figure!—he was a tall man with thin legs and great hands, and was generally biting one of his nails whilst employed in teaching me. The top of his head was half bald: his hair was clubbed with a rose-ribbon; a tight stock, with a large silver buckle to it behind, appeared to be almost choaking him: his chin and jaws were very long—and he used to hang his under jaw, shut one eye, and look up to the cieling, when he was thinking or trying to recollect any thing.

'Mr. Michael Lodge had been what is called a Matross in the artillery service. My grandfather had got him made a guager; but he was turned adrift for letting a poor man do something wrong about distilling. He then became a land-surveyor and architect for the farmers:—he could farry, cure cows of the murrain, had numerous secrets about cattle and physic, and was accounted the best bleeder and bone-setter in that county—all of which healing accomplishments he exercised gratis. He was also a famous brewer and accountant—in fine, was every thing at Cullenagh: steward, agent, caterer, farmer, sportsman, secretary, clerk to the colonel as a magistrate, and also clerk to Mr. Barret as the parson: but he would not sing a stave in church, though he'd chant indefatigably in the hall. He had the greatest contempt for women, and used to beat the maid-servants; whilst the men durst not vex him, as he was quite despotic! He had a turning-lathe, a number of grinding-stones, and a carpenter's bench, in his room. He used to tin the saucepans, which act he called *chymistry;* and I have seen him, like a tailor, putting a new cape to his riding-coat! He made all sorts of nets, and knit stockings; but above all he piqued himself on the variety and depth of his *learning*.

'Under the tuition of this Mr. Michael Lodge, who was surnamed the "wise man of Cullenaghmore," I was placed at four years of age, to learn as much of the foregoing as he could teach me in the next five years: at the expiration of which period he had no doubt of my knowing as much as himself, and then (he said), I should go to school "*to teach the master.*"

'The idea of teaching the master was the greatest possible excitement to me; and as there was no other child in the house, I never was idle, but was as inquisitive and troublesome as can be imagined. Every thing was explained to me; and I not only got on surprisingly, but my memory was *found to be* so strong, that Mr. Michael Lodge told my grandfather, *half*

ning would answer me as well as *whole learning* would another child. ruth, before my sixth year, I was making a very great hole in Mr. ge's stock of information (fortification and gunnery excepted), and I ly believe he only began to learn many things himself when he com- ıced teaching them to me.'—vol. i., pp. 52—54.

n Ireland, as well as in other parts of the world, old customs e been long on the decline. The old men call this change eneracy; the young, civilization. We have heard some of the ner class stoutly maintain, that all the new inventions which e been applied to the wants of society within the last thirty years, e not added one jot to the general improvement of the coun- , but that on the contrary, they have changed the once "merry gland," into a nation of incessant toil, bordering on slavery. this as it may, there is no disputing that the times have won- fully changed both here and in Ireland, though whether for the ter, or the worse, those must decide who read the following ount of a real Irish carousal.

Close to the kennel of my father's hounds, he had built a small cot- ɜ, which was occupied solely by an old huntsman, his older wife, and nephew, a whipper-in. The chace, and the bottle, and the piper, e the enjoyments of winter; and nothing could recompense a suspen- ı of these enjoyments.

My elder brother, justly apprehending that the frost and snow of ristmas might probably prevent their usual occupation of the chace, ermined to provide against any listlessness during the shut-up period, an uninterrupted match of what was called "hard going," till the wea- r should break up.

A hogshead of superior claret was therefore sent to the cottage of old in the huntsman; and a fat cow, killed, and plundered of her skin, ; hung up by her heels. All the windows were closed to keep out the ıt. One room, filled with straw and numerous blankets, was destined a bed-chamber in common; and another was prepared as a kitchen for use of the servants. Claret, cold, mulled, or buttered, was to be the erage for the whole company; and in addition to the cow above men- ıed, chickens, bacon, potatoes, and bread, were the only admitted nds. Wallace and Hosey, my father's and my brother's pipers, and yle, a blind, but a famous fiddler, were employed to enliven the banquet, ich it was determined should continue till the cow became a skeleton, l the claret should be on the stoop.

My two elder brothers;—two gentlemen of the name of Taylor (one them afterwards a writer in India);—a Mr. Barrington Lodge, a ıgh songster;—Frank Skelton, a jester and a butt; Jemmy Moffat, the st knowing sportsman of the neigbourhood;—and two other sporting ıtlemen of the county,—composed the *permanent* bacchanalians. A r visitors were occasionally admitted.

As for myself, I was too unseasoned to go through more than the first leal, which was on a frosty St. Stephen's day, when the "*hard goers*" took of their opening banquet, and several neighbours were invited, to nour the commencement of what they called their "shut up pilgrim- e."

'The old huntsman was the only male attendant; and his ancient spouse, once a kitchen-maid in the family, now somewhat resembling the amiable Leonarda in Gil Blas, was the cook; whilst the drudgery fell to the lot of the whipper-in. A long knife was prepared to cut collops from the cow; a large turf fire seemed to court the gridiron; the pot bubbled up as if proud of its contents, whilst plump white chickens floated in crowds upon the surface of the water; the simmering potatoes, just bursting their drab surtouts, exposed the delicate whiteness of their mealy bosoms; the claret was tapped, and the long earthen wide-mouthed pitchers stood gaping under the impatient cock, to receive their portions. The pipers plied their chants; the fiddler tuned his Cremona; and never did any feast commence with more auspicious appearances of hilarity and dissipation,—appearances which were not doomed to be falsified.

'I shall never forget the attraction this novelty had for my youthful mind. All thoughts but those of good cheer were for the time totally obliterated. A few curses were, it is true, requisite to spur on old Leonarda's skill, but at length the banquet entered: the luscious smoked bacon, bedded on its cabbage mattress, and partly obscured by its own savoury steam, might have tempted the most fastidious of epicures; whilst the round trussed chickens, ranged by the half dozen on hot pewter dishes, turned up their white plump merry-thoughts exciting equally the eye and appetite: fat collops of the hanging cow, sliced indiscriminately from her tenderest points, grilled over the clear embers upon a shining gridiron, half drowned in their own luscious juices, and garnished with little pyramids of congenial shalots, smoked at the bottom of the well-furnished board. A prologue of cherry-bounce (brandy) preceded the entertainment, which was enlivened by hob-nobs and joyous toasts.

'Numerous toasts, in fact, as was customary in those days, intervened to prolong and give zest to the repast—every man shouted forth his fair favourite, or convivial pledge; and each voluntarily surrendered a portion of his own reason, in bumpers to the beauty of his neighbour's toast. The pipers jerked from their bags appropriate planxties to every jolly sentiment: the jokers cracked the usual jests and ribaldry: one songster chanted the joys of wine and women; another gave, in full glee, the pleasures of the fox-chace: the fiddler sawed his merriest jigs: the old huntsman sounded his horn, and thrusting his fore-finger into his ear (to aid the quaver), gave the *view holloa!* of nearly ten minutes duration; to which melody *tally ho!* was responded by every stentorian voice. A fox's brush stuck into a candlestick, in the centre of the table, was worshipped as a divinity! Claret flowed—bumpers were multiplied—and chickens, in the garb of spicy spitchcocks, assumed the name of *devils*, to whet the appetites which it was impossible to conquer!

'My reason gradually began to lighten me of its burden, and in its last efforts kindly suggested the straw-chamber as my asylum. Two couple of favourite hounds had been introduced to share in the joyous pastime of their friends and master; and the deep bass of their throats, excited by the shrillness of the huntsman's tenor, harmonized by two rattling pipers, a jigging fiddler, and twelve voices, in twelve different keys, all bellowing in one continuous unrelenting chime—was the last point of recognition which Bacchus permitted me to exercise: for my eyes began to perceive a *much* larger company than the room actually contained;—the lights were

more than doubled, without any virtual increase of their number; and even the chairs and tables commenced dancing a series of minuets before me. A faint *tally ho!* was attempted by my reluctant lips; but I believe the effort was unsuccessful, and I very soon lost, in the straw-room, all that brilliant consciousness of existence, in the possession of which the morning had found me so happy.

'Just as I was closing my eyes to a twelve hours' slumber, I distinguished the general roar of "*stole away!*" which rose almost up to the very roof of old Quin's cottage.

'At noon, next day, a scene of a different nature was exhibited. I found, on waking, two associates by my side, in as perfect insensibility as that from which I had just roused. Our piper seemed indubitably dead! but the fiddler, who had the privilege of age and blindness, had taken a hearty nap, and seemed as much alive as ever.

'The room of the banquet had been re-arranged by the old woman: spitch-cocked chickens, fried rashers, and broiled marrowbones, appeared struggling for precedence. The clean cloth looked, itself, fresh and exciting: jugs of mulled and buttered claret foamed hot upon the refurnished table, and a better or heartier breakfast I never in my life enjoyed.

'A few members of the jovial crew had remained all night at their posts; but I suppose alternately took some rest, as they seemed not at all affected by their repletion. Soap and hot water restored at once their spirits and their persons; and it was determined that the rooms should be ventilated and cleared out for a cock-fight, to pass time till the approach of dinner.

'In this battle-royal, every man backed his own bird; twelve of which courageous animals were set down together to fight it out—the survivor to gain all. In point of principle, the battle of the Horatii and Curiatii was re-acted; and in about an hour, one cock crowed out his triumph over the mangled body of his last opponent;—being himself, strange to say, but little wounded. The other eleven lay dead; and to the victor was unanimously voted a writ of ease, with sole monarchy over the hen-roost for the remainder of his days; and I remember him, for many years, the proud commandant of his poultry-yard and seraglio.— Fresh visitors were introduced each successive day, and the seventh morning had arisen before the feast broke up. As that day advanced, the cow was proclaimed to have furnished her full quantum of good dishes; the claret was upon its stoop; and the last gallon, mulled with a pound of spices, was drunk in tumblers to the next merry meeting! All now retired to their *natural* rest, until the evening announced a different scene.

'An early supper, to be partaken of by all the young folks, of both sexes, in the neighbourhood, was provided in the dwelling-house, to terminate the festivities. A dance, as usual, wound up the entertainment; and what was then termed a 'raking pot of tea,' put a finishing stroke, in jollity and good-humour, to such a revel as I never saw before, and, I am sure, shall never see again.'—vol. i., pp. 64--71.

Here was a scene for Hogarth! But it is exceeded by another, which we find a few pages farther on. Whether the reader believes it or not, we defy him to resist the drollery with which it is sketched. The place of action was a hunting lodge in the south of Ireland,

belonging to our author's brother, whom he surprised one morning with an early visit. It is necessary to premise, that the lodge was newly built, and that the day before Sir Jonah's visit, his brother had given a "house-warming," in an unfinished dining room, the walls of which had only just received their last coat of plaster, and, of course, were susceptible of every impression.

'It was about ten in the morning: the room was strewed with empty bottles—some broken—some interspersed with glasses, plates, dishes, knives, spoons, &c., all in glorious confusion. Here and there were heaps of bones, relics of the former day's entertainment, which the dogs, seizing their opportunity, had cleanly picked.—Three or four of the Bacchanalians lay fast asleep upon chairs—one or two others on the floor, among whom a piper lay on his back, apparently dead, with a table-cloth spread over him, and surrounded by four or five candles, burnt to the sockets; his chanter and bags were laid scientifically across his body, his mouth was quite open, and his nose made ample amends for the silence of his drone. Joe Kelly* and a Mr. Peter Alley were fast asleep in their chairs, close to the wall.

'Had I never viewed such a scene before, it would have almost terrified me; but it was nothing more than the ordinary custom which we called *waking the piper*, when he had got too drunk to make any more music.

'No servant was to be seen, man or woman. I went to the stables, wherein I found three or four more of the goodly company, who had just been able to reach their horses, but were seized by Morpheus before they could mount them, and so lay in the mangers awaiting a more favourable opportunity. Returning hence to the cottage, I found my brother, also asleep, on the only bed which it then afforded: he had no occasion to put on his clothes, since he had never taken them off.

'I next waked Dan Tyron, a wood-ranger of Lord Ashbrook, who had acted as maitre d'hôtel in making the arrangements, and providing a horse load of game to fill up the banquet. I then inspected the parlour, and insisted on breakfast. Dan Tyron set to work: an old woman was called in from an adjoining cabin, the windows were opened, the room cleared, the floor swept, the relics removed, and the fire lighted in the kitchen. The piper was taken away senseless, but my brother would not suffer either Joe or Alley to be disturbed till breakfast was ready. No time was lost; and, after a very brief interval, we had before us abundance of fine eggs, and milk fresh from the cow, with brandy, sugar and nutmeg in plenty; a large loaf, fresh butter, a cold round of beef, which had not been produced on the previous day, red herrings, and a bowl dish of potatoes roasted on the turf ashes;—in addition to which, ale, whiskey, and port, made up the refreshments. All being duly in order, we at length awaked Joe Kelly and Peter Alley, his neighbour: they had slept soundly, though with no other pillow than the wall; and my brother announced breakfast with a *view holloa!* †

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* 'A good songster, the brother of Michael, who, by the way, never mentions him in his "Reminiscences." He was shot not long since in a duel with a commissary at Paris—a just retribution, for he had himself, in a preceding duel, killed his antagonist.'

† 'The shout of hunters when the game is in view.'

'The twain immediately started, and roared in unison with their host ost tremendously! it was, however, in a very different tone from the *ew holloa!*—and perpetuated much longer.

' "Come, boys," says French, giving Joe a pull—"come!"

' "Oh, murder!" says Joe, "I can't!"—"Murder!—murder!" echoed eter.—French pulled them again, upon which they roared the more, still taining their places.—I have in my life-time laughed till I nearly became asmodic; but never were my risible muscles put to greater tension than on this occasion. The wall, as I said before, had only that day received coat of mortar, and of course was quite soft and yielding when Joe and eter thought proper to make it their pillow; it was nevertheless setting st from the heat and lights of an eighteen hours' carousal; and, in the orning, when my brother awakened his guests, the mortar had completely t, and their hair being the thing most calculated to amalgamate there-ith, the entire of Joe's stock, together with his *queue*, and half his head, as thoroughly and irrecoverably bedded in the greedy and now marble ment, so that if determined to move, he must have taken the wall along ith him, for separate it would not.—One side of Peter's head was in the me state of imprisonment. Nobody was able to assist them, and there ey both stuck fast.

'A consultation was now held on this pitiful case, which I maliciously deavoured to prolong as much as I could, and which was, in fact, every w and then interrupted by a roar from Peter or Joe, as they made fresh forts to rise. At length, it was proposed by Dan Tyron to send for the one-cutter, and get him to cut them out of the wall with a chisel. I was terally unable to speak two sentences for laughing. The old woman eanwhile tried to soften the obdurate wall with melted butter and new ilk—but in vain—I related the school story how Hannibal had worked rough the Alps with hot vinegar and hot irons:—this experiment like-ise was made, but Hannibal's solvent had no better success than the old one's."—vol. i, pp. 79—83.

With a good deal of difficulty, aided by a hair-dresser, they nally succeeded in extricating the prisoners, who had been thus terally *immured.*

Though quite opposed to each other in politics, we find Sir nah always on the best terms with Curran. Their tempers ppear, indeed, to have been quite congenial. Accordingly, we ave here several anecdotes of that highly gifted and eccentric an, the gloom of whose latter days formed so sad a contrast to is brilliant career at the bar. The following character of him ppears to us to be the most impartial, as well as the most accu-ately just one, which we have seen.

'He was not fitted to pursue the niceties of detail;—but his imagination as infinite, his fancy boundless, his wit indefatigable. There was scarce ny species of talent to which he did not possess some pretension. He as gifted by Nature with the faculties of an advocate and a dramatist; nd the lesser but ingenious accomplishment of personification (without imicry), was equally familiar to him. In the circles of society, where e appeared every body's superior, nobody ever seemed jealous of the periority.

'Curran's person was mean and decrepit: very slight, very shapeless—with nothing of the gentleman about it; on the contrary, displaying spindle limbs, a shambling gait, one hand imperfect, and a face yellow, furrowed, rather flat, and thoroughly ordinary. Yet his features were the very reverse of disagreeable: there was something so indescribably dramatic in his eye and the play of his eye-brow, that his visage seemed the index of his mind, and his humour the slave of his will. I never was so happy in the company of any man as in Curran's, for many years. His very foibles were amusing.—He had no vein for poetry; yet fancying himself a bard, he contrived to throw off pretty verses: he certainly was no musician; but conceiving himself to be one, played very pleasingly: Nature had denied him a voice; but he thought he could sing; and in the rich mould of his capabilities, the desire here also bred, in some degree, the capacity.'—vol. i., pp. 373, 374.

We subjoin one or two anecdotes.

'Curran had a perfect *horror* of fleas: nor was this very extraordinary, since those vermin seemed to shew him peculiar hostility. If they infested a house, my friend said, that "they always flocked to his bed-chamber, when they heard he was to sleep there!" I recollect his being dreadfully annoyed in this way at Carlow; and, on making his complaint in the morning to the woman of the house, "By heavens! Madam," cried he, "they were in such numbers, and seized upon my carcass with so much ferocity, that if they had been *unanimous*, and all pulled one way, they must have dragged me out of bed entirely!"

'I never saw Curran's opinion of himself so much disconcerted as by Mr. Godwin, whom he had brought, at the Carlow assizes, to dine with Mr. Byrne, a friend of ours, in whose cause he and I had been specially employed as counsel. Curran, undoubtedly, was not happy in his speech on this occasion—but he thought he was. Nevertheless, we succeeded; and Curran, in great spirits, was very anxious to receive a public compliment from Mr. Godwin, as an eminent literary man, teasing him (half-jokingly) for his opinion of his speech. Godwin fought shy for a considerable time: at length, Curran put the question home to him, and it could no longer be shifted.

'"Since you *will* have my opinion," said Godwin, folding his arms, and leaning back in his chair with much *sang froid*, "I really never did hear any thing so bad as your *prose*—except your *poetry*, my dear Curran!"'—vol. i., pp. 375, 376.

There is another anecdote so characteristic of both parties, that we must extract it. We suppose that such an occurrence could not have happened, in the common order of things, to any persons in the world except Curran and Barrington.

'Curran and I were in the habit, for several years, of meeting, by appointment, in London, during the long vacation, and spending a month there together, in the enjoyment of the public amusements—but we were neither extravagant nor dissipated.

'We were in the habit of frequenting the Cannon coffee-house, Charing Cross, (kept by the uncle of Mr. Roberts, proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Calais), where we had a box every day at the end of the room; and as when Curran was free from professional cares, his universal language was

that of wit, my high spirits never failed to prompt my performance of *Jackall* to the *Lion*. Two young gentlemen of the Irish bar were frequently of our party in 1796, and contributed to keep up the flow of wit, which, on Curran's part, was well-nigh miraculous. Gradually the ear and attention of the company were caught. Nobody knew us, and, as if carelessly, the guests flocked round our box to listen. We perceived them, and increased our flights accordingly. Involuntarily, they joined in the laugh, and the more so when they saw it gave no offence. Day after day the number of our satellites increased,—until the room, at five o'clock, was thronged to hear "the Irishmen." One or two days we went elsewhere; and, on returning to "the Cannon," our host begged to speak a word with me at the bar. "Sir," said he, "I never had such a set of pleasant gentlemen in my house, and I hope you have received no offence." I replied, "quite the contrary!"—"Why, sir," rejoined he, "as you did not come the last few days, the company fell off. Now, sir, I hope you and the other gentleman will excuse me if I remark that you will find an excellent dish of fish, and a roast turkey or joint, with any wine you please, hot on your table, every day at five o'clock, whilst you stay in town; and, I must beg to add, *no charge*, gentlemen."

'I reported to Curran, and we agreed to see it out. The landlord was as good as his word:—the room was filled: we coined stories to tell each other, the lookers-on laughed almost to convulsions, and for some time we literally feasted. Having had our humour out, I desired a bill, which the landlord positively refused: however, we computed for ourselves, and sent him a 10*l.* note enclosed in a letter, desiring him to give the balance to his waiters.'—vol. i., pp. 376—378.

The Irish bench appears to have been curiously 'manned' in our author's time. Neither the bench, nor the bar, was as yet very remarkable for skill in law, and of some of the judges it was said, libellously we must presume, that they were more deeply versed in red wine than black letter. Of one it was reported, that so great was his humanity and tender-heartedness, that he seldom passed sentence of death upon any unfortunate criminal, without having "a drop in his eye." Another, previous to his promotion to the bench, was ingeniously surnamed Counsellor *Necessity*, upon the strength of the maxim, that "*necessitas non legem habet.*" Such a title, we believe, would have suited most of the minor judicial personages, who administered the law in Ireland forty years ago. The story related of old Judge Henn, affords an exquisite sample of the whole class of puisne Irish judges of that day.

'Old Judge Henn (a very excellent private character), was dreadfully puzzled on circuit, about 1789, by two pertinacious young barristers (arguing a civil bill upon some trifling subject), repeatedly haranguing the Court, and each most positively laying down the "law of the case" in *direct* opposition to his adversary's statement thereupon. The judge listened with great attention until both were tired of stating the law and contradicting each other, when they unanimously requested his Lordship to decide the point.

'"*How, gentlemen,*" said Judge Henn, "can I settle it between

you?—You, sir, positively say the law is *one way*, and you, (turning to the opposite party), as unequivocally affirm that it is the other way. I wish to God, Billy Harris, (to his registrar, who sat underneath), I knew what the law *really* was!"

'"My Lord," replied Billy Harris most sententiously, rising at the same moment, and casting a despairing glance towards the bench, "if I possessed that knowledge, I protest to God I would tell your Lordship with a great deal of pleasure!"

'"Then we 'll *save the point*, Billy Harris," exclaimed the judge.—vol. ii., pp. 453, 454.

The Chief Justice, and the Chancellors, however, are represented generally as very able and very dignified men. But strange to say, they were most of them great duellists. Our author gives a list of their exploits in this way, which we subjoin for the edification of Lord Lyndhurst.

'The lord chancellor of Ireland, Earl Clare, fought the master of the Rolls, Curran.

'The chief justice K. B., Lord Clonmell, fought Lord Tyrawley, (a privy counsellor), Lord Llandaff, and two others.

'The judge of the county of Dublin, Egan, fought the master of the Rolls, Roger Barrett, and three others.

'The chancellor of the exchequer, the Right Honourable Isaac Corry, fought the Right Honourable Henry Grattan, a privy counsellor, and another.

'A baron of the exchequer, Baron Medge, fought his brother-in-law and two others.

'The chief justice C. P., Lord Norbury, fought Fire-eater Fitzgerald, and two other gentlemen, and frightened Napper Tandy and several besides: one hit only.

'The judge of the Prerogative Court, Doctor Duigenan, fought one barrister and frightened another on the ground.—N.B. The latter case a curious one.

'The master of the Rolls fought Lord Buckinghamshire, the chief secretary, &c.

'The chief justice C. P., Patterson, fought three country gentlemen, one of them with swords, another with guns, and wounded all of them.'—vol. ii., pp. 3—5.

This list, after all, is but an abridgment. Our author informs us, that during his grand climacteric, no less than 227 memorable and official duels have been actually fought. It was at one time a very common practice in Ireland, when a young gentleman proposed for a wife, to ask first, "what family is he of?" and next, not "what fortune has he?" but—"did he ever *blaze*?" In other words, had he fought a duel? for that was considered an essential step to the lady's favour. Our author assigns the palm to Tipperary and Galway, as the ablest schools of the science. 'Galway,' he adds, 'was most scientific at the sword: Tipperary most practical and prized at the pistol: Mayo not amiss at either: Roscommon and Sligo had many professors, and a high reputation

in the leaden branch of the pastime.' Our author gives a regular code of laws, drawn up by a club called the Knights of Java, in which all the punctilios of the field are settled with the nicest discrimination. We cannot help extracting his account of an election duel, in the Queen's county, between a secondary sort of squire, named Frank Skelton, and an exciseman of Maryborough.

'Frank was prevailed on, much against his grain, to challenge the exciseman for running the butt-end of a horse-whip down his throat the night before, whilst he lay drunk and sleeping with his mouth open. The exciseman insisted that snoring at a dinner-table was a personal offence to every gentleman in company, and would therefore make no apology.

'Frank, though he had been nearly choaked, was very reluctant to fight; he said "he was sure to die if he did, as the exciseman could snuff a candle with his pistol-ball; and as he himself was as big as a hundred dozen of candles, what chance could he have?" We told him jocosely to give the exciseman no time to take aim at him, by which means, he might perhaps hit his adversary first, and thus survive the contest. He seemed somewhat encouraged and consoled by the hint, and most strictly did he adhere to it.

'Hundreds of the towns-people went to see the fight on the green of Maryborough. The ground was regularly measured; and the friends of each party pitched a ragged tent on the green, where whiskey and salt beef were consumed in abundance. Skelton having taken his ground, and at the same time two heavy drams from a bottle his foster-brother had brought, appeared quite stout till he saw the balls entering the mouths of the exciseman's pistols, which shone as bright as silver, and were nearly as long as fusils. This vision made a palpable alteration in Skelton's sentiments: he changed colour, and looked about him as if he wanted some assistance. However, their seconds, who were of the same rank and description, handed to each party his case of pistols, and half-bellowed to them—"blaze away, boys!"

'Skelton now recollected his instructions, and *lost no time:* he cocked *both* his pistols at once; and as the exciseman was deliberately and most scientifically coming to his "dead level," as he called it, Skelton let fly.

'"Holloa!" said the exciseman, dropping his level, "I'm battered, by Jasus!"

'"The devil's cure to you!" said Skelton, instantly firing his second pistol.

'One of the exciseman's legs then gave way, and down he came on his knee, exclaiming, "Holloa! holloa! you blood-thirsty villain! do you want to take my life?"

'"Why, to be sure I do!" said Skelton. "Ha! ha! have I *stiffened* you, my lad?" Wisely judging, however, that if he staid till the exciseman recovered his legs, he might have a couple of shots to stand, he wheeled about, took to his heels, and got away as fast as possible. The crowd shouted; but Skelton, like a hare when started, ran the faster for the shouting.

'Jemmy Moffit, his own second, followed, overtook, tripped up his heels, and cursing him for a disgraceful rascal, asked, "why he ran away from the exciseman?"

'"Ough, thunther!" said Skelton, with his chastest brogue, "how many holes did the villain want to have drilled into his carcase? Would you have me stop to make a *riddle* of him, Jemmy?"

'The second insisted that Skelton should return to the field, to be shot at. He resisted, affirming that he had done *all* that *honour* required. The second called him "*a coward!*"

'"By my sowl," returned he, "my dear Jemmy Moffit, may be so! you may call me a coward, if you please; but I did it all for *the best.*"

'"The *best!* you blackguard?"

'"Yes," said Frank: "sure it's *better* to be a *coward* than a *corpse!* and I must have been either *one* or *t'other* of them."

'However, he was dragged up to the ground by his second, after agreeing to fight again, if he had another pistol given him. But, luckily for Frank, the last bullet had stuck so fast between the bones of the exciseman's leg that he could not stand. The friends of the latter then proposed to strap him to a tree, that he might be able to shoot Skelton; but this being positively objected to by Frank, the exciseman was carried home: his first wound was on the side of his thigh, and the second in his right leg; but neither proved at all dangerous.'—pp. 30—33.

Our author was himself engaged in more than one affair; but this was not at all extraordinary in a country, where defeated suitors often called out the counsel who were engaged on the adverse side!

Sir Jonah devotes a long chapter to the unhappy story of George Hartpole, a young Irish gentleman of a highly respectable and popular family, in the Queen's county. He had the misfortune, soon after he came of age, to form a deplorable *mesalliance*, and what was still worse, to contract a second marriage before the first was legally dissolved. His heart was broken with the misery which he suffered: his first wife was so much beneath him, and the second, though his equal in rank, so utterly indifferent about him. The history is altogether a sad one. We have next a chapter on the celebrated Father O'Leary, but it contains nothing worthy of the memory of that most witty of Irishmen. The death of Lord Rossmore forms, perhaps, one of the most astounding subjects in the whole work. The author frequently warns us, that he is of an extremely superstitious turn of mind; he even boasts of this infirmity, as if it were an acquisition which it was his duty rather to encourage than to remove. Some of our readers, we dare say, have read, or heard, of the *Banshee*, a guardian spirit which is said to attend on particular families in Ireland, and to predict by peculiar sounds, the approach of death to any of their principal members. This is the supernatural messenger, of whose existence Sir Jonah seems to be most firmly persuaded, if we may believe the evidence of the following extraordinary narrative.

'Lord Rossmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having *had a single* day's indisposition. He bore, in his green old age, the *appearance of* robust health. During the viceroyalty of Earl Hardwick, *Lady Barrington*, at a drawing-room at Dublin Castle, met Lord Ross-

more. He had been making up one of his weekly parties for Mount Kennedy, to commence the next day, and had sent down orders for every preparation to be made. The Lord-Lieutenant was to be of the company.

'"My little farmer," said he to Lady Barrington, addressing her by a pet name, "when you go home, tell Sir Jonah that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to-morrow. I will have no *ifs* in the matter—so tell him that come he *must!*" She promised positively, and on her return informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve; and towards two in the morning, I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature. I listened: it occurred first at short intervals; it resembled neither a voice nor an instrument; it was softer than any voice and wilder than any music, and seemed to float in the air. I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat forcibly: the sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air; when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed its tone: it seemed *descending*. I felt every nerve tremble: it was not a *natural* sound, nor could I make out the point from whence it came.

'At length I awakened Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself: she suggested that it might be an Eolian harp—but to that instrument it bore no similitude: it was altogether a different *character of sound*. My wife at first appeared less affected than I; but subsequently she was more so.

'We now went to a large window in our bed-room, which looked directly upon a small garden underneath: the sound seemed then obviously to *ascend* from a grass-plot immediately below our window. It continued; Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sounds lasted for more than half an hour. At last a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded by a sharp but low cry, and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, of "Rossmore—Rossmore—Rossmore!" I will not attempt to describe my own feelings; indeed I cannot. The maid fled in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on Lady Barrington to return to bed: in about a minute after, the sound died gradually away, until all was silent.

'Lady Barrington, who is not so *superstitious* as I, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes, and made me promise that I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should be thereby rendered *laughing-stocks*. At length, wearied with speculations, we fell into a sound slumber.

'About seven the ensuing morning, a strong rap at my chamber-door awakened me. The recollection of the past night's adventure rushed instantly upon my mind, and rendered me very unfit to be taken suddenly on any subject. It was light: I went to the door, when my faithful servant, Lawler, exclaimed, on the other side, "Oh, Lord, Sir!"—"What is the matter?" said I, hurriedly: "Oh, Sir!" ejaculated he, "Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me in passing that my Lord, after coming from the Castle, had gone to bed in perfect health; but that about *half after two* this morning, his own man hearing a noise in his master's bed (he slept in the same room), went to

him, and found him in the agonies of death; and before he could alarm the other servants, all was over!"

'I conjecture nothing. I only relate the incident as unequivocally matter of *fact*: Lord Rossmore *was absolutely dying at the moment I heard his named pronounced.* Let sceptics draw their own conclusions: perhaps natural causes *may* be assigned: but *I* am totally unequal to the task.'—pp. 152—155.

After disposing of numberless theatrical, poetical and miscellaneous memoranda, Sir Jonah takes us with him to France, where it appears he resided during the Hundred Days. Of course, he abounds in anecdotes of Napoleon, and some of these really are new and interesting. By some mischance, our Admiralty Judge got into very suspicious company during his stay at Paris, and had two or three narrow escapes of being arrested as a spy. His description of the utter tranquillity and indifference which prevailed in that capital, when the Allied armies were approaching it in hostile array, is not the least striking part of his work. We were much amused with his account of the *battle* of Issy, which he witnessed, while coolly seated in a cabriolet at the top of the Rue de Bataille! After this adventurous expedition, our author sets off to Jersey, to hunt after his pedigree, fondly imagining that he can trace his descent from a Norman ancestry! We should not be surprised to find him hereafter succeed in this investigation, for, to say the truth, while perusing his sketches, we sometimes thought that the humour of the Irishman was merged in that sort of *niaiserie* which more peculiarly belongs to the Frenchman.

We have hitherto abstained from alluding to a chapter in the present work, which details some circumstances connected with the life of Mrs. Jordan, during her residence at Boulogne and Versailles. Sir Jonah Barrington says, that he is intimately acquainted with the motives which led that unfortunate lady to quit England; and that, although for some undiscoverable reason she affected to be poor, she had, in reality, an abundance of pecuniary resources, even to the hour of her death. He leaves the whole subject, however, wrapped in the same mantle of mystery in which he found it. We "guess" that his chief motive in introducing it at all, was, that it afforded him an opportunity of paying his court to an illustrious person, whom he vehemently defends from charges, which we really believe never had the slightest foundation.

Our author has ornamented several of his pages with extracts from a collection of poems in manuscript, which, he says, are the productions of a young lady, who feels too diffident to publish them. We have read most of them with pleasure; and we think that they deserve the praise which Sir Jonah has given them.

We observe, from a prospectus inserted in the second volume, that the author has at length made arrangements for the publication of his long promised "Historic Memoirs of Ireland, with *Secret* Anecdotes of the Union;" but that he has materially

altered his original plan. Having uniformly opposed that measure, his first idea was to write such a history of it, as would not only expose its impolicy, but contribute to dissolve it. But while he was silent, years rolled on, and cemented the two countries by so many new relations, that he now thinks such a dissolution not feasible, and he means to apply himself chiefly to the elucidation of the miseries and capabilities of Ireland; at the same time, *not suppressing* the materials which he possessed for the history of the Union. We shall be glad to see the work completed, and hope that the author will strictly fulfil his promise in the latter respect.

NOTICES.

ART. XIII. *Papistry Storm'd; or the Dingin down o' the Cathedral. Ane Poem in Sax Sangs.* M. W. T. (Tennant). 8vo. pp. 224. 7*s.* 6*d.* Imprentit at Edinbrogh: be Oliver & Boyd, 1827.

IF poetry is intended for general delight, its language should surely be generally intelligible. Familiar as readers of the present day are with Chaucer, we should have regretted infinitely any spirit of affectation that should have induced Lord Byron to adopt the antique phraseology, and obsolete style of that venerable poet; but even in that case he would have been understood. Had his Lordship, however, gone back still farther, and written in pure Saxon, he would have had precisely as much chance of being read and relished as Mr. Tennant—who, not content with the obscurity and vulgarity with which the native Doric of his own day is invested, has chosen to adopt the style and manner of Sir David Lyndsay, and insists upon our admiration of the profound judgment and exquisite taste, which have inspired him in the selection of his model.

In Mr. Tennant's estimate of the poetical powers of Sir David Lyndsay, we are partly inclined to agree with him, though his comparison of him to Chaucer, is highly absurd: but there is no reason why, because a Scottish poet wrote with some vigour, and intelligibly some centuries ago, another Scottish poet should revive his vernacular tongue, at a time when it is no longer understood. We, Southrons, at all events, cannot be expected at all to comprehend it: and we have run very considerable personal risks, in poising down from their shelves Dr. Jamieson's huge Scottish Dictionary, in order to have a glimpse of the author's meaning and purpose. By a diligent perusal of the said two corpulent quartos, we have acquired just enough of the story to be able to lay before our readers the following brief account of it.

The poem opens with an account of the murmurs uttered against the monks and the pope, by the sage folks of Fife—the inspiration by Momus and Minerva, of a learned clerk and a knight, to proceed to the demolition of the cathedral.

The morning of that famous day, is described with some pomp of poetry. Nor is the dream of the stalwart knight, destitute of imagination.

> He slept;—he dreamit ance again;
> He dreamit, that, on ocean's plain,

He in his paintit pleasure-boat,
At mid-day, when the sun was hot,
Did sail for pastime and for play,
Far, far ayont the isle o' May;
The lift was clear throughout and bricht
Wi' rivers o' sun-shiney licht;
The sea in clearness seem't to vie
Wi' the round looking-glass o' sky:
He saw the rocks and tangly meads
Whair the big meer-swine mak their beds,
A thousand faddom deep and mair,
As clear as gin he walkit there;
Great skulls o' haddock, cod, and ling,
Like siller arrows frae the wing,
Gaed skuddin' thro' the mighty deep;
He heard them whizzen' in his sleep:
His nets he cast; and, lo! wi' fish
His nets were gluttit to his wish;
He drew them up wi' toyle and fecht;
His yawl near swampit wi' the wecht:
But sic a draft o' fishes sheen
He never saw yet wi' his een:
Siller lay shimmerin' on their skins;
Gowd was affrontit by their fins;
As glowr'd he on his fishy heaps,
Lo! lo! cam sailin' owr the deeps
(Three frae the east, three down the Forth,
Twa frae the south, twa frae the north),
Ten bonnie boaties, skimmin' licht,
Garnisht wi' gowden foolyie bricht.'—pp. 35—37.

The poet proceeds to detail the multitude's march to St. Andrew's, and their sayings and doings on the way. Here is a sketch of their first view of the town and Cathedral.

'As they cam' to the Prior-muir,
And saw Sanct Androis town and towr
Atween them and the sea,
A wee they haltit to look down
Upon the multi-towred town,
That on her mountain o' renown
Sat in her majestie;
Her sindry steeples, shootin' high,
Amid the schimmer o' the sky,
They set themsels, wi' curious eye,
To recon up and tell:
Her goodlie, great cathedral, spread
Upon the mountain's lordlie head,
In leviathan length, becrown'd
I' the middle, and at ilka bound,
Wi' towr and spindyl turrets round,
They mark'd and noted well;

The gowd that glitter't on ilk spire,
The capper roofs that flared like fire,
Heigh sparklin' ower kirk and quire,
Wi' langsame gaze they did admire.'—pp. 71, 72.

The catastrophe is, of course, the demolition of the splendid fane; but we fear that our readers would not understand the quotations we should have to make, in order to give them an idea of the humour and fancy with which Mr. Tennant tells the story, and we must therefore dismiss "Papistry Storm'd," by pronouncing it a very clever imitation of a style not worth imitating. It is prodigiously inferior to the author's "Anster Fair," in all respects. There is more bad taste in it, too, than in that gay and original poem. Of this, the introduction of the travestied Minerva and Momus is one proof: the poets of the south, to whose practice Mr. T. appeals for justification, never degraded the allegorical personages they employed in their romantic verse.

ART. XIV. *The Citizen's Pocket Chronicle: containing a Digested View of the History, Antiquity, and Temporal Government of the City of London; its Laws, Customs, &c.* 16mo. pp. 400. *7s. 6d. bds.* London: Tait. 1827.

THE materials are so abundant and ready for a compilation worthy of the name of the 'Citizen's Pocket Chronicle,' that it required almost ingenuity to deal with them, and not turn them to a very useful account. The editor of the volume before us, appears to be largely endowed with this neutralizing quality. Upon nearly every topic cognizable by the human understanding, he has a paragraph, a period, or an allusion—those important matters excepted, which come within the immediate scope of his undertaking! Thus, whilst on the one hand we have a very full account of the Royal Seals of England, the Statute of Mortmain, and Doomsday Book, there is not a syllable about the Freedom of the City of London—there is no sufficient description of the present mode of electing Common Councilmen, or holding a Common Hall, and not a word about the history or structure of St. Paul's Cathedral. If a stranger, for instance, were desirous of ascertaining in what way the freedom of the city might be obtained—what was the difference between a liveryman and a freeman—what were the privileges of the former, and how they were ordinarily procured; he would be in no better condition, as to his knowledge of such matters, from consulting the Citizen's Chronicle. In the notice given of the city companies, we observe also a great deficiency of detail—the present state of those bodies being wholly overlooked, and nothing whatever being said to mark those changes of time and customs, in consequence of which it happens, that scarcely a modern member of most of those civic associations belongs to the trade which is indicated by the name of his guild.

In a work, where the omissions are so palpable, it would be idle to expect that due attention should be paid to those nicer peculiarities, which prevail in the administration of civil justice within the City of London; particularly as they exist in the proceedings under the anomalous jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor's Court.

The compiler could not do better than cancel the volume altogether:

let him give to the many curious and important particulars which it contains, the advantage of better arrangement; and, by combining them with more ample and accurate details respecting the modern state of the City of London, which he appears to have so strangely neglected, he may give a production to his fellow citizens, which will deserve their patronage and gratitude.

ART. XV. *On the Nobility of the British Gentry; or, the Political Ranks and Dignities of the British Empire, compared with those on the Continent, &c. &c.* By Sir James Lawrence, Knight of Malta. A new edition. 8vo. pp. 129. London: T. Hookham. 1827.

SIR JAMES LAWRENCE, a man of competence, of a family that may be traced at least to the Conquest, and moreover a knight of the most ancient order of Malta, might have been the most contented—the happiest of his species, but for the prevalence of one vulgar prejudice; namely, that peers are the only nobility in the British empire. The vast political injustice involved in such a doctrine, is not to be computed by ordinary minds—and the worthy knight descends from the dignity of arms, to write a book explaining the true heraldic faith on the subject.

A person may become a peer—he may vote or speak in the House of Lords—give, either by himself or his lady, routs and fetes, by the month or week, to the fashionable world; and be even free of Almack's—still he may not be a person of family and quality, for all that. He is but an individual of rank and distinction; a mere creation of royalty. Nobility, then, *quoad* nobility, is an inferior degree to gentility; to which description appertains a great number of Englishmen, who are neither lords, nor of, or belonging to, lords. Sir James Lawrence would have these persons called nobles, too—he thinks it hard, that they should not assert their right to be so designated,—he chastises their supineness, and laments its consequences to themselves, the memory of their ancestors, and reflectively, to the country which they honour by their presence. The worst result of all is, that in these latter days, we are absolutely ignorant who and what a "gentleman" is. Doctor Johnson explains it to be, "one of good extraction, but not noble"—and there the lexicographer is at fault; whatever else he might have been, he was certainly neither gentleman nor herald, or he would as soon have cut off his right hand, as have blundered on such an assertion as confounds nobility with peerage.

The abuse of the word gentleman, the practice of assuming it in the very lowest walks of life, form the themes of many a pathetic reflection of the worthy knight. The shoals of tradesmen and shopkeepers, of whom London, from the Minories to Temple-Bar, is wont to empty itself once a year; and, no longer content with the voyage as far as the Isle of Thanet and its dependencies, now have the ambition to rush by steam-boats full to Calais; every one of these invaders of the male kind, arrogates to himself the style and title of gentleman. It is recorded on their very passports, which bear the dirty marks and tokens of their mechanical avocations. Now they who deliver passports have a great deal to answer for, that they thus indiscriminately confer the designation of honour to every one who presents himself. This custom should be checked; and *whilst the* citizen should abate the pretension to this august name, the

genuine gentleman ought to be scrupulous in seeing that it should never be omitted in his description. 'For,' says the author, 'the disuse of the word may be of the greatest disadvantage. If arrived at the place of his destination, his letters of recommendation may indeed prove who and what a traveller he is; but he may be induced to alter his route—his carriage may break down—he may have a dispute at a table-d'hote—he may be mistaken by the police-officers, who are in quest of some offender!' If the apprehension of meeting with such casualties has not its effect on the born gentleman, we are afraid that there is no hope of reforming the species. Indeed, things have come to such a pass; "gentleman" is so bandied from warehouse to counter, that the learned knight of Malta has serious thoughts of recommending the man of family to take up once more the title of nobleman, to which he has an incontestible right, and which his ancestors, only a couple of centuries ago, laid aside for that of "gentleman," *then* the indication of superior rank; now, by a train of unforeseen calamities, denoting an inferior one.

It seems, however, that plebeian ambition has been playing the like pranks in the countries on the Continent, and in those places it has facilities for its gratification, to which we in Great Britain are utter strangers. In France or Germany, a title is easily procured—but the "new-baked" lord, as he is called, obtains no consideration by his rank; and if he marries, his wife will be treated as a plebeian. It is, therefore, not the least of the valuable uses of this book, that it will serve to open the eyes of our wealthy heiresses, and teach them in time to distinguish, among the titled foreigners who come over in the capacity of husbands elect, the parvenu baron, from the nobleman of quality.

A great deal of curious matter on the subjects of rank and title will be found in this little volume.

ART. XVI. *The City of Refuge; a Poem, in Four Books.* By Thomas Quin. Second edition, with corrections. 8vo. pp. 155. London: Wightman & Cramp. 1827.

IF one of those handicraft aspirants, who take a spring from the shop to the Dissenting pulpit of a Sunday—very well meaning, though ignorant individuals—were to commit such a sin as to think himself a poet; and should he be tempted into an overt act of versification, turning his homily into rhyme, it is just about such an offence as 'the City of Refuge,' that he would have to answer for. Religious fervour, spiritual charity, missionary zeal, are laudable—most highly to be commended; and the only fault we find with those sentiments at present, is, that they are not convertible into invention, fancy, and elegance, and all those attributes, which constitute the source of poetry.

Mr. Quin attempts to be familiar with those divine themes, beneath which, the genius of a Milton could scarcely sustain itself: and, what shall we expect upon those topics from one, to whose mind the fabrication of a regular line, correct English, and grammar, seem to be yet as unexplored mysteries?

The poem is divided into four cantos—to each an argument is assigned; but we profess our inability to seize, after the most careful and laborious inquiry, the practical drift which the poet has in view. The first canto is

employed upon Faith—and a reference is made to those periods in history, when that virtue was most severely tried. Of the early species of martyr, Mr. Quin sings:

> 'But the bold martyr, faithful to the cause
> Of God, *unbribed by threat'ning* or applause,
> Endured the fiery baptism and the strife
> Of nature struggling between death and life,
> Till, sinking down beneath a mortal dart,
> Death took the lifeless, life the deathless part.'—p. 26.

Here are some very strange events recorded: a martyr is shewn to have been 'unbribed by threat'ning'—which would have been rather a novel mode of corruption—and in the last two lines, death is described as sinking beneath a mortal dart; at least no other construction will be warranted by the rules of syntax. The canto concludes with the following rhapsody:

> 'Fly, swift, ye shades of night! and flourish soon—
> But we must not see, yet, that glorious noon!
> Nor the bright full-orb'd sun, that shines afar,
> Nor the blest land, where perfect spirits are!'

It is possible that the injunction to 'flourish' was really addressed to the 'glorious noon,' which still would involve a confusion of metaphors—but the arrangement of the sentence necessarily appropriates 'flourish' to 'the shades of night,' which, in that case, are called upon to 'fly swiftly,' and 'flourish' at the same time. But it is worth while to mark, how our author rises with his subject.

> 'Enough! that wakened from the deadly sleep,
> We find our couch, *unburied in the deep*!"
> And what are those dim forms in yonder sky?
> Zion! the dwelling-place of the Most High!
> Are those her turrets, or *herself in rear*,
> Are those her shadows, *and is she so near?*
> Sure, there is something in those joys which seem
> So lively, more than fancy, or a dream.'—p. 33.

When we assure the reader that the samples we have furnished, honestly indicate the quality of this poem, we will readily be pardoned for closing our extracts at this place. It may be worth the attention of one who appears so thoroughly influenced by religious zeal as Mr. Quin, to ponder well the question, whether or not his ambition to be a poet, is quite consistent with his duty as a Christian. Between the sublime and the ridiculous, we are aware there is but a step; and we know that the subject, which, in the hands of a Milton, may lose but little of its solemnity, can become exceedingly ludicrous under such an artist as the poet of the 'City of Refuge.'

ART. XVII. *Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest; being an Attempt to Illustrate the first Principles of Natural Philosophy, by the Aid of Popular Toys and Sports.* 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1s. Longman & Co. 1827.

THE idea on which the volumes before us are founded, is very new and

ıgenious; and it is admirably worked out by the anonymous author. Irs. Marcet's excellent "Conversations" have made that mode of com-ıunicating knowledge very popular; but her style is rather too dry and idactic for young people. Miss Edgeworth's "Dialogues" have one dvantage over Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations"—in admitting incidental ımarks, which do not come within the "question and answer" system: ut she, too, is rather frigid and precise, her characters are all rigidly cor-ect, and she never admits the aid of humour or wit.

There is a very pleasing little work on perspective, also, written on this lan, by Mr. Hayter, who has managed to communicate the principal ele-ıents of that difficult and abstruse science, in an affectionate and familiar ialogue, between himself and his children. There is something very weet in this. The reader feels as if admitted, a privileged guest, into the osom of an amiable family; and, his *feelings* being thus stimulated, the ıformation is at once received more agreeably, and retained with greater ertainty. Still, however, there is no humour:—there is an interchange f opinion; there is a craving for knowledge, and a supply of it; there s a free, unformal, and unbiassed discussion;—but there is no gaiety. The author of 'Philosophy in Sport,' on the contrary, has pressed into he service of instruction, not only drollery of story, but *paranomasia:* ıuns stud every page; and the Rev. Mr. Twaddleton, the vicar, is always t hand to enliven the story by his blunders, his learning, and his peculia-ities. Besides all this, the author has trenched upon the province of the ıovel, and has connected with his dialogue a story, which would of itself ıave displayed no mean talent, if published separately as a fiction intended or mere amusement.

The plan of the author is pretty clearly explained by his title page. Toys and sports are made the instruments of philosophical instruction. The laws of motion are demonstrated by a game at *ball:* the composition ınd resolution of forces, by *ring-taw:* the *cricket-bat* explains the centre f percussion. Elasticity, rotatory and reflected motion, the angles of ncidence and reflection, and projectiles, are all illustrated by the *ball.* The *sucker* exemplifies cohesion, the nature of a vacuum, and the influence f atmospheric pressure. The *squirt* and *pump*, shew the effect of the veight of the atmosphere in raising a column of water. The *sling* explains entrifugal force: the *cup and ball* shew how rotatory motion steadies the ectilinear path of a sphere. The *swing* exhibits the elements of oscilla-ion: the *arrow* and *shuttlecock* explain the principles of projectiles. The *kite* developes the theory of the composition and resolution of forces: he theory of colours are shewn in *blowing soap-bubbles:* that of sound, y the *whistle* and *humming-top*, &c.

We should have been glad to have quoted some of the very delightful xperiments made by Mr. Seymour, when his pupils have made greater rogress; but to do this, we should be obliged to give the diagrams with hich these beautifully printed volumes are abundantly illustrated. We ish that we could contrive to give our readers some notion of the very lever vignettes and head-pieces which decorate the work: but since we annot do this, we must content ourselves by saying, that they are quite orthy of their artist, George Cruickshank. Need we say more in their raise?

We ought to add, that there are ample notes appended to the third

volume, illustrating at greater length what has been only touched on in the text. Upon the whole, we do not know any one who has rendered a higher or more important service to the young inquirers into the secrets of nature, than the author of this charming and intelligent work, to which we predict all the success that its ingenuity and usefulness deserve.

ART. XVIII. *A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Calcutta, at the Primary Visitation of the Right Reverend Father in God, Reginald Heber, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta.* 4to. pp. 38. London: Murray. 1827.

IT is simply as a specimen of elegant literature, that we advert to the Charge of the late Dr. Heber: and, regarded in that point of view, it will be found not unworthy the taste and fancy of the Right Reverend Prelate.

This discourse was delivered in four different places successively, within the diocese of Doctor Heber in India; and its object generally is, to describe the past and present condition of the Anglo-Indian church, and prospectively to describe the means of supplying its spiritual wants. The deficiency of ministers he attributes, amongst other reasons, to an apprehension (certainly, not an unnatural one) on the part of the younger clergy, of the climate of India, and a life of long banishment to that place. It will be seen from the following extract, how little the Right Reverend Prelate was disposed to conceal the evils and sacrifices, incident to missionary labour in the East.

'An Indian chaplain must come prepared for hard labour, in a climate where labour is often death: he must come prepared for rigid self-denial, in situations where all around him invites to sensual indulgence: he must be content with an income, liberal indeed of itself, but very often extremely disproportioned to the charities, the hospitalities, the unavoidable expenses of his station. He must be content to bear his life in his hand; and to leave, very often, those dearer than life, to His care who feeds the ravens.

'Nor are the qualifications which he will need, nor are the duties which will rest on him, less arduous than the perils of his situation. He must be no uncourtly recluse, or he will lose his influence over the higher ranks of his congregation. He must be no man of pleasure, or he will endanger their souls and his own. He must be a scholar and a man of cultivated mind; for, in many of his hearers (wherever he is stationed), he will meet with a degree of knowledge and refinement which a parochial minister in England does not often encounter; and a spirit sometimes of fastidious and even sceptical criticism, which the society, the habits, and, perhaps, the very climate, of India, has a natural tendency to engender. He must condescend to simple men; for here, as elsewhere, the majority of his congregation will, nevertheless, be the ignorant and the poor.

'Nor in his intercourse with this humble class of his hearers, must he anticipate the same cheering circumstances which make the house of the English parochial minister, a school and temple of religion, and his morning and evening walk a source of blessing and blessedness. His servants will be of a different creed from himself, and insensible, in too many instances, to his example, his exhortations, and his prayers. His intercourse will not be with the happy and harmless peasant; but with the

dissipated, the diseased, and often, the demoralised soldier. His feet will not be found at the wicket-gate of the well-known cottage: beneath the venerable tree: in the gray church-porch, or by the side of the hop ground and the corn field: but he must kneel by the bed of infection or despair, in the barrack, the prison, or the hospital."—pp. 6—8.

Doctor Heber then dwells on the necessity, on the part of the clergy, of aiding the circulation of tracts, and of encouraging the institution of religious lending libraries. He likewise strongly insists upon the utility of their acquiring a complete knowledge of those dialects, which are understood by the great body of the people in India. In speculating on the probable success of the church in India, the Right Reverend Prelate takes occasion to notice the opinion, which has been broached and believed in Europe, that the Hindoo natives are so thoroughly enslaved by a degrading superstition, that they are wholly unsusceptible of the pure faith of Christianity. His experience, brief as it had been, led him to form a different estimate of the character of that people.

"I have found," he says, "or seemed to myself to find, a race of men like other men who are not partakers in the regenerating principle of the gospel, very far gone, indeed, from God and his original righteousness; but exempt, perhaps, by the fortunate circumstances of their climate and habits, from some of those more outrageous and appalling vices, of which so dreadful a picture is drawn in those nations, to whom the Apostles preached Christ crucified. I have found a race of gentle and temperate habits; with a natural talent and acuteness beyond the ordinary level of mankind, and with a thirst for general knowledge, which even the renowned and inquisitive Athenians can hardly have surpassed or equalled. Prejudiced, indeed, they are, in favour of their ancient superstitions; nor should I think, to say the truth, more favourably of the character, or augur more happily of the eventual conversion and perseverance of any man, or set of men, whom a light consideration could stir from their paternal creed, or who received the word of truth without cautious and patient inquiry. But I am yet to learn, that the idolatry which surrounds us, is more enthralling in its influence on the human mind, than those beautiful phantoms and horrid sorceries which lurked beneath the laurels of Delos and Daphne, and floated on the clouds of Olympus. I am not yet convinced that the miserable bondage of castes, and the consequences of breaking that bondage, are more grievous to be endured by the modern Indian, than those ghastly and countless shapes of death which beset the path of the Roman convert: And who shall make me believe that the same word of the Most High, which consigned to the moles and the bats the idols of Chaldee and Babylon, and dragged down the lying father of gods and men from his own capital, and the battlements of his "Eternal City," must yet arrest its victorious wheels on the banks of the Indies or the Ganges, and admit the trident of Siva to share, with the cross, a divided empire."—pp. 21, 22.

The labours of the late Bishop Middleton are then alluded to in terms of suitable eulogy—and an eloquent character is drawn of the Chief Justice of Bengal, Sir C. Puller, whose death took place in a very short time after his arrival in India. It is only to be lamented, that the author of so eloquent and candid a discourse should not have been permitted to carry on his pious labours, from which much valuable fruit would undoubtedly have accrued.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Domestic and Foreign.

Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon has been published in Paris, in nine volumes 8vo, and in nine volumes 12mo. The former edition is sold for 67 francs and a half, the latter for 50 francs. Thus the French have the octavo edition for nearly half what it costs in London, and the duodecimo edition still less. The French translation has not yet been published. We hope to be able to review this voluminous work in the course of the next month.

It is said that Sir James Macintosh's long promised history of England, is at length completed, and is now in a state of readiness for the press. Report adds, that he has sold his copy-right to Messrs. Longman & Co. for the sum of 6000 guineas.

It is a favourable theory of the celebrated naturalist M. Cuvier, that the continents of the two hemispheres have been twice or thrice submerged under the waters of the sea. This theory has been lately combated by M. Constant Prevost, who thinks with Deluc, that the *ancient* continents, which were contemporary with the *ancient sea*, had sunk below the level of its bed; and that the sea, on filling up the space which they occupied, left its *ancient bed* dry, and that this bed forms our present continents.

It has been for a long time generally believed, that the charming little work, entitled "The Imitation of Christ," (of which, by the way, Pickering has recently printed an edition in his usual style of neatness and elegance), was the production of Thomas à Kempis, a German monk. Indeed, so popular has this supposition become, that the book is indiscriminately called as well by his name, as by its title. M. Lanjuinais, a peer of France, has recently published a memoir on the real author of this work, from the papers of G. de Gregory, in which it is demonstrated, that the "Imitation of Christ," was written about the year 1240, by the Abbate *Gersen*, an Italian, and a Benedictine monk, belonging to a convent at Verceil in Lombardy. It appears, that the Germans first printed the work from a copy of it, which was written by Thomas à Kempis, and to which, according to the custom of the times, he had put his own name, not with a view of passing himself off as the author, but merely to shew by whom the MS. was transcribed. The French next published it, but for the name of Thomas à Kempis, they substituted that of Gerson, the learned and eminent chancellor of the university of Paris, supposing from the near resemblance of the name to that of the obscure Italian, that it could have been intended for no other person than their own celebrated countryman. But this is now acknowledged to have been a mistake, and the real author is admitted on all hands to have been the humble Benedictine of Verceil.

A work, upon the state of the Jews established in England, is a great desideratum. It would be a useful book of reference, if it contained an accurate statement of their numbers, their pursuits, their wealth, their houses of worship, their sectarian tenets, their religious ceremonies, their education, and their general habits and manners, at the present day.

A very curious report has been recently made to the Academy of Medicine, by a commission of French Physicians, on the causes of the insalubrity of the plain of Forez, and on the means of remedying it. One of

the principal remedies proposed by the commissioners is, *the education of the lower classes*, which they justly consider as one of the most efficacious means of resisting the deleterious influence of an unhealthy topographical position.

A foreign journal, upon what authority we know not, relates the following anecdote of Milton:—'Milton was in the flower of his age, when he went from St. Paul's school to the university of Cambridge. On account of the comeliness of his person, and the modesty of his manners, he was called *the young lady* of Christ's college. One summer's day, having strolled into the country, he was overcome with the heat and fatigue, and sat down at the foot of a tree, where he fell asleep. During his slumber, two strange ladies happened to pass in their carriage near the spot. They were struck with the beauty of the young student; they alighted, and after having looked at him for some time, without awakening him, one of them, a very pretty girl, of about fifteen years of age, took a pencil out of her pocket, wrote some lines on a slip of paper, and tremblingly placed it in his hand. She immediately returned with her companion to her carriage, and was soon lost sight of. Milton's companions, who were looking for him every where, had observed from a distance this mute scene, without being able to distinguish the face of the young man who was sleeping on the grass; but on approaching him, after the departure of the two ladies, they informed him of what had just occurred. The billet which Milton found in his hand, told him something still more. He opened it, and read these words, taken from Guarini:—"Beauteous eyes, deadly stars, authors of all my woe; if sealed in sleep you have wounded my heart, what would have been your power had you been open?" So strange an adventure was highly flattering to his vanity. From that moment, he felt an irresistible desire to see the fair Italian, whom he long sought without ever finding. For her sake he loved her charming language; in order to discover her, he travelled to Genoa, Naples, Florence, Rome, and all over Italy. To this fair incognita, England partly owes a poem (Paradise Lost) which sheds upon her so much glory; it was she, too, that beautiful Italian, who, always present to the poet's imagination, animated with such lively colours the portrait of Eve, and the Garden of Eden.'

In the commune of Epinchal, department of Puy-de-Dome, an old man named Antoine Brachieux is now living, who, within the last month, entered on his hundred and twenty-sixth year. He is in remarkably good health, and usually walks four leagues every day. He has a son, who follows the business of a tin-man at Paris, and who, in his eighty-first year, has recently married for the third time. The ceremony was attended by fifty-two children, whom he had by his two first wives. It is said, that he was some time ago remonstrating on some subject very respectfully with his father, when the latter exclaimed—"These *young men*, forsooth! They always think that they know more than their fathers!"

The Royal Musical Academy of Paris, which has within the last season made great exertions in French opera, has lately produced *Macbeth* as a *lyrical tragedy* in three acts, with music, by M. Chelard.

From a general report of the Administration of Criminal Justice in France *during the year 1826*, it appears that crime increases in that country;

but (considering its population of thirty-one millions) by no means with the rapidity, or the degree of atrocity, which we have the pain to witness in our own country. In 1825, the number indicted in France was 7234; in 1826, 7591, giving an excess of 357. Of the latter number, 603 absconded; 2640 were acquitted; 150 were condemned to death; 281 to perpetual hard labour; 1139 to hard labour for a fixed period; 1228 to solitary imprisonment; 5 to the pillory; 1 to banishment; 1 to civil degradation; 1487 to imprisonment, with or without fines; and 56 (under the age of 16) to the house of correction for a certain number of years.

Dr. Lingard's History of England has been admirably translated into French, by M. de Roujoux. We hope the reverend historian will lose no time in completing his work, down, at least, to the reign of George III.

At the last exhibition of flowers at Brussels, the rose still preserved its empire, the prize having been unanimously adjudged by the jury, to M. Vanhaelewick, for his *rose unique de Provençe*. A magnificent plant, called the *pœonia suffruticosa*, exhibited in the name of her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands, also attracted great attention, on account of its singular beauty.

A very erudite work, entitled, "History of the Maritime Expeditions of the Normans, and of their settlement in France," by Mr. Depping, has been published by Ponthieu, of the Palais Royal. 2 vols. 8vo. This very clear historical treatise obtained a prize from the Institute of France. The author has drawn his accounts of the early adventures of these Norman pirates, from the Icelandish, Sagas, and from the writings of the Danish and Swedish historians, and archeologists. For the details of the wars between the Normans and French, he has consulted the ancient chronicles; and, amongst others, the still inedited chronicle of Normandy, by St. Maur, the only copy of which is in the library of the British Museum.

From a work on medals, recently published at Florence, by that most indefatigable and most learned of antiquarians, Domenico Sestini, it appears, that there are numerous coiners of Greek medals, who carry on a thriving trade in several parts of the East, especially at Smyrna and at Sira, at the expense of credulous Europeans. One of these worthies, settled at Constantinople, obtained from an amateur, the sum of *fourteen thousand two hundred and four francs, for twenty-nine false medals.* Another counterfeiter, of the name of Becker, has inundated Europe with his coins, chiefly gold; and Sestini gives, in this work, a catalogue of them, pointing out the various museums into which they have found their way. A Greek of Athens has also counterfeited many Greek medals in silver, which he has sold over the Levant; he succeeded in imposing upon an amateur for the sum of ten thousand Turkish piastres (about one thousand dollars). Two Italians have established at Smyrna a manufactory of medals, cast upon the originals with the greatest skill. These coiners have their agents all over Europe, on the watch for dupes. Rome, Naples, and Catania in Sicily, have likewise manufactories of similar gear. Sestini complains that there should not be any law to punish such depredations.

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